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Early Settler

The Moss Rose

For 1848.

New York, Nafis & Cornish.

St. Louis Nafis Cornish & Co.

THE

MOSS ROSE.

EDITED BY

ALFRED A. PHILLIPS.

*Y306.68
1848

SWEET Moss Rose! the flower of flowers,
Whose breath perfumes Olympus' bowers,
Whose virgin blush, of chastened dye,
Enchants so much our mental eye.

GREEK POET.

[illegible]

1848.

New-York:

PUBLISHED BY NAFIS & CORNISH.

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B. H.
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July 8, 1892.

TO

HENRY VANDERVOORT, ESQ.,

AS A

FEEBLE TOKEN OF ESTEEM AND RESPECT,

This Volume

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED BY HIS SINCERE FRIEND,

THE EDITOR.

PREFACE.

The Moss Rose that, at fall of dew,
Was freshly gathered from its stem,
She values as a ruby gem.—Cottage Girl.

In the poetic vocabulary of the Orientals, the Moss Rose denotes "superior merit;" and we have selected this name for our volume, trusting that the treasure within its leaves will be deemed deserving of its title. The language of flowers has ever been the language of the affections, and the contributions to our work will, we trust, be found to be such as will tend to elevate the tone of feeling, and instill new ardor into the hearts of our youthful readers, while it affords food for reflection and study for those of maturer years. Cold must be the heart, and blunted the sensibility of one, who finds not inspiration in the contemplation of the glories of creation, and whose heart opens not at the description of those bright eyes of beauteous nature, her sweet and smiling flowers. We have, therefore, inserted many poetical effusions, descriptive of various flowers, believing that they would not

be found misplaced or inappropriate, among more serious matter.

To our readers, and particularly to those just verging into maturity, we commit our volume; and, if our labors will tend to raise within your breasts one ennobling thought, or serve to instruct, while it affords amusement to your leisure hours, our reward is rich and glorious.

A. A. P.

New York, Sept., 1847.

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THE EARLY SETTLER.

BY S. H. STUART.

"The early settler—his wife and children! God bless them!—his dog and gun."
Gov. Cass.

"This match shall on; for I intend to prove
Which thrives the best, mean or lofty love."
Haley.

"He told no tales of his pedigree, but left his deeds to prove his blood; while the other spun out his lineage from Leda's distaff, when it was afterward proved that his grandsire cried coney-skins in Sparta."—Old Play.

At Newton, a beautiful little village in the county of Sussex, state of New Jersey, resided, at the commencement of the American Revolution, an aged and worthy farmer, and village squire withal, who, by dint of industry and prudence, had accumulated sufficient means to insure him against all the wants of life's dreary winter, leaving a surplus of perchance a thousand pounds, as a marriage dower for an only and well-esteemed daughter.

Sybilla—for such indeed was the name of Judge Odenwelder's prized and only child—was at the time our pen finds her, passing well nigh into womanhood: In size she was somewhat above the ordinary stature of her sex, and in form, feature, and symmetry of chest, full and well ordered proportion, possessing all those personal attractions that render virtue, combined with youth and beauty in woman, of such priceless value. Both her mental and physical constitution, unlike many of her sex, who are reared in large and populous cities, and who are ushered

from childhood untimely upon the stage of woman's life, were of an active, healthy, and promising tone and character. She was fond of letters, and had a disposition to learn much of the world; and, in despite of her circumstances in life, which in some degree barred her from a knowledge of men and things, she studied much and earnestly the best books of a somewhat antique library, which had slowly enlarged as it came out of ancestry, and passed from the hands of sire to son, until it reached her father's family, and learned from them that man is governed through this uneven world entirely by the events of time as they arise in his way, and is spurred to action only by the circumstances of life as they cross the path of his existence.

Thus in part, but more truly accomplished, and full happier conditioned than we stay to describe, was our heroine, when she saw, and on the sight sincerely loved, a brave and noble young soldier, of prepossessing demeanor and manly beauty.

Lieutenant Waldegrave was at that time attached to the camp of the afterward traitor Arnold, at West Point, but having been wounded was on a furlough, visiting some friends at Sussex, and was the leader of a band of brave and daring young men, whose more especial duty it was to intercept and cut off all means of communication by which Lord Howe, then at New York, so anxiously hoped to gain information of the strength, numbers, and relative position, of the American army.

Nor was this young and intrepid soldier beloved without his consecrating her the idol of his heart, who had so readily chosen him for the object of her affections; for under the government of a train of circumstances, each unknown to the other, and unsued by art or studied policy, but, guided by nature's unerring laws, formed for that other a silent but sacred regard. Time in passing but served to mature

their first and favored passion into temperate and holy love, while their almost accidental knowledge of each other grew into a confidential and virtuous intimacy.

A month after Waldegrave's furlough was granted, and while still at Newton, he received orders from General Hamilton forthwith to enlist and raise a company of one hundred young men within the county of Sussex, to serve during the war—the several counties of the state furnishing an equal relative proportion, and all for the purpose of supplying the vacancies almost daily occurring in the American army by expiration of enlistments. It was Sybilla's custom, in the afternoon of each successive day, to repair to and meet the object of her affections upon the margin of a beautiful little lake, about a mile distant from her father's residence—then, and still known by its Indian name of Emuckshaw—and whose tranquil waters slept in the silent bosom of a heavy wood. Limpid streams and laughing rivulets ever came from hill and height around, leaping over groups of rocks and crystal steeps down into its placid bed, supplying its wasting waters. Speckled jays and tuneful larks perched upon each bush and bough, along its pebbled shore, and white-necked swans and wood-ducks floated in timid majesty upon its blue pellucid surface, and purple grapes and honey fruit clustered each woody arbor and forest lawn far around. It was in this retired temple of nature, that the heroine of our simple story spent full many a happy hour in sweet and blest converse with her heart's only choice—or in his absence, sacred in sweet serenity and surrounded by nature's cherub spirits of busy silence, she held correspondence with his love on the swift courier of thought, and drew largely upon the store-house of future good, to supply the (perhaps) extravagance of her young and unschooled mind. And thus alone on a rich summer's evening was

she placed with all nature charmed into merry mood around her, and each verdant field and listless forest clad in mantled dun and ripened foliage, feasting in imagination on the happy days which hope—that bright, but alas! too often false harbinger of the future—had presented to her mind, with her eyes steadily resting upon the broken clouds of the western horizon, so richly clad in the golden and purple rays of a setting sun; when of a sudden, and but a short distance off, she heard the welcome and well-known foot-tread of the gallant young Waldegrave approaching her.

"Would to Heaven," she sighed, as her quick eye fell upon his noble form, "the cause of his country demanded not of him thus so soon to leave me!" for by a kind of presentiment, which in matters we most of all dislike to learn, so unaccountably comes to our senses, she became assured that this was to be their last fond meeting—at least for a time, and perhaps forever.

"I come, queen-idol of my soul," said Waldegrave, as he advanced, and eagerly grasped her hand, "to say that love has prevailed: I shall not again return to the army! Patriotism, duty, honor, all have yielded to the dread pain dependent on my parting with thee!"

"Waldegrave!" she exclaimed, "what words are these that come so unwelcome to my ear? And dost thou then refuse to serve thy country in the time of her deepest distress? I know thou dost not," she added. "Thou wilt not—I know thou wilt not—prove thyself and me so unworthy the land of our birth—our native land!

"Enough," said Waldegrave; "thou art my fate's bright counsellor, the dictator of my every future act," he added; for these few simple words had, under the circumstances, entirely resolved him to leave her, and forthwith return with his hundred new enlistors in their country's cause, to his

post in the army. " In obedience to the loud war call of our country and thy desire, on the hour I will leave thee, Sybilla," he said, " to mix in the crimson tide of battle, where man deals death to man, and strangers meet that never met before, to fill a soldier's grave; and when in exchange for the blest melody of thy voice, I shall hear the trumpet's clang and deep-mouthed cannon's clamorous peal, and for thy warm and thrilling embrace the last mad struggle of a dying stranger enemy, I will yet find a solace in dwelling in memory on thy love, and in reviewing in ecstasy of thought the many happy hours we have passed in this woodland shade."

" From such contemplations——" she said.

" From contemplations like these, sweet maid," he replied, interrupting her words, " I will draw inducements alike to patriotism and duty—will acquire a spirit of daring valor and a soldier's perseverance."

" Thy hundred free listed comrades for the war, have they, too," she ironically yet pleasingly inquired, " found ties on the very eve of their march as inseparable as thou didst fancy thine, to stay them from their country's help?"

" Not one, by Heaven!" he replied; " but, like men determined with their country's cause to live or with it to die, they congregate on the plains below, and wait but my arrival to set us out with fixed purposes of devoted service, blood and life, to our country, trusting in God, the virtue of our cause, and our own great Washington, for the issue."

" Leave me, then, dear Waldegrave, and quickly too," she proudly rejoined; " and on thy return from war, with victory on thy shield, and our country's rights secured, thy fond maid will esteem thee more, nay, if possible, love thee better than now."

" I could worship thee for such sentiments," he replied.

"In my absence Heaven will protect thee, in compensation of thy virtues, and I too shall win favor from above for the severe, though willing sacrifice I now make. Ah! my beloved Sybilla," he continued, once more evincing his feelings of mingled joy and sorrow, "it is no fickleness of thy mind I dread, but events may occur in my absence, severely to try thy faith; forgive me then, if I wish to secure thy love by a solemn vow—to make thee my betrothed!"

"Thou dost doubt my love," she replied, with a playful smile, "and yet would trust my faith, given in words that may be used alike by both false and true."

"I doubt thee not, sweet maid," he answered; "yet would I have thee a consecrated bride, lest through the interposition of thy good sire, albeit though against thy choice, another may too successfully sue for thy hand."

"It were a suit, dear Waldegrave," she replied, in merry confidence, "sure to bring the plaintiff the whole cost of trial."

"May the guardian spirit of a maiden's vow aid thee to keep that good resolve!" he rejoined, with increased earnestness.

"So will I keep it," she said, in a more serious manner, "that life shall leave me ere I that promise break."

"Thanks, a thousand thanks," said Waldegrave, as he clasped both her hands within his own. But before he had time to say more she bade him leave her in the care of Heaven, and hasten to the camp of war without delay; kindly intimating that, however studied his disguise, she knew he had come to that sacred spot with a full intention of making it their last meeting for the time, and then and there to bid her a farewell for the army, his professions on first arriving to the contrary notwithstanding. Waldegrave was mute with surprise, that she should so well understand his every thought and purpose, (for so she did,) while she sensibly

felt and fully appreciated the great and earnest love he entertained for her. A fond farewell was then exchanged, and for an instant they were fondly clasped in each other's arms, in a manner that too plainly told that their every feeling and greatest love were deposited in the bosom they each so fondly pressed.

A moment passed, and in that moment their souls and every sense thrilled with a feeling above the reach of language, and known only to the upright in heart, and to that mind in which love and virtue join.

Anon, and they were apart!—he fast wending his way through the lane below, and she, leaving not her little woodland palace, stood a breathing statue in eager gaze, riveting her last fond look upon the receding form of her departing friend.

Twilight was now closing upon its deepest shade! The night-hawk had mounted her path in the air, and the whooping owl was perched upon the high oak's bough, discoursing in dismal discord with the evening's still hour. The brindle wolf and small gray fox sat at the door of their noon-day retreat, snuffing the breeze in precaution of man's intrusion, or in scent of food. The laboring ox lowed for his mate on the plain, and the ungeared horse rolled in hearty extravagance on the green sod of his pasture. Still serenity held her solemn reign around. Night came in noiseless pace, and man sought his repose under her sable curtain—though not all; for the good sire of our fair heroine, in forming the evening circle of his family, found not the bright charm of his domestic peace within his doors. Alarm and disquiet filled the mind of every inmate of the house; and among other places sought wherein to find the lost pride of the domestic circle, her fond parent bethought him of her haunted grove retreat, where she yet, perchance, might remain, though never before

had she so far trespassed upon his parental love and care.

The moon ere this had risen in calm and pensive splendor, and from the half-filled horn of her dim orb, was leisurely shedding her mellow beams through the broken ranks of flying clouds, in scattering sheets of light upon the earth below.

With the feelings of one who seeks, yet doubts, still seeks while he doubts, Squire Odenwelder hastened to the festooned arbor of his daughter's solitary retreat, and ere he had reached the goal of his conflicting doubts and hopes, he gladly saw, through the loomed jessamine and climbing holly, which, in its untrained order, so beautifully exhibited the ingenuity and handiwork of nature's woodland artist, his daughter seated in heavy thought, upon the favorite rock of her wooded retreat. He advanced with cautious step, and glad, though wondering heart, till within the sound of her voice, when words like these, strangely and half uttered to herself, fell upon his ear.

"Adieu, adieu, loved one! Thou art, alas! too soon gone from thy fond and devoted girl! Too soon!" she exclaimed, half awaking from her deep revery. "No, no; not too soon—not too soon; thou shouldst have went before. The distant cannon of war has oft in clamorous note of bloody strife demanded thee back to the fields of battle, where was closed thy countrymen with thy country's invaders, and yet thou went not till now! And was it I—I who kept thee away, away from the rescue of thy country's rights? Alas! yes, in very truth it was; but I knew not of the wicked crime. Well," she continued, after a moment, and in a tone and manner of more conscious self, "he has now resolved him to the goodly work, and may the wrongs of an injured people and the God of battles direct him and his comrade band to their country's

best service! and may our own great Washington lead them and his valiant army, all, to battle, to victory, and to the holy and glorious consummation of a nation's freedom!" * * * * * *

Days, months, and well nigh a year had passed, ere word came to her ear, or paper to her hand, from Lieutenant Waldegrave; but not because he had not taken all means in his power to advise her of his state and every condition, for the many letters he had indited for her reception and perusal, were subscribed to the hand and care of her father, in the belief that they would be the more sure to arrive at their purposed destination. But how entirely mistaken was he in this reasonable conclusion! Each parchment the young warrior filled for the eye of his intended bride, reached in due time and order the hands of her mistaken sire; and, strange to relate, was by him immediately burned with an unbroken seal, and without his daughter's knowledge even of its existence, and for what purpose, an exposition of the sequel will discover.

Soon after the departure of Waldegrave for the army, Squire Odenwelder, by what means need not now be related, formed an acquaintance, and through him his lovely daughter, with an individual who, by self-appellation, was known to them as Colonel Monford, and who, through his base chicanery, professing great interest for the "rebel cause," and a hearty devotion of his service to Congress and the people, won the confidence and great esteem of the good, over-credulous old farmer, and through his interposition, sought, with much cunning and untiring zeal, the hand of his charming, though, unknown to him, already-betrothed daughter.

Monford was an American by birth, but a tory in principle. He was a native of one of the eastern colonies, and had at some period in his life, obtained a primary knowl-

edge of military discipline. He was under the middle age of life, of prepossessing demeanor and gentlemanly deportment, but as divested of all moral principle in private life, as he was of right or purity of purpose as a partisan. A particular survey of his early life is not necessary, nor would a glance at the future be incumbent, was it not so closely connected with the subject of our story.

Nor letter, nor tidings of any kind reached Sybilla from Waldegrave for nearly a year; the consequence of which was, that she was led to fear, not that he had forgotten her, had found another, or in any manner proved untrue, but that, from some cause beyond her knowledge or conception, (other than that he might be slain or a prisoner of war,) she had lost him forever. Under this state of things, it will not here be denied that Monford, in part by means of his own apparently untiring devotion to Sybilla, and his solemn protestations of honorable love, but mostly through the interposition of her abused good sire, received from her at sundry times some very slight tokens of regard and favor—though it can scarce be said that they were any other than such as she could not avoid, out of respect to her father, aside from any disposition of her own. While Sybilla had not forgotten her love's first choice, she had, by this time, relinquished almost all expectation (resting alone upon hope) of ever again seeing her proud young warrior; and it was while she was thus impressed, that a letter came to hand, directed to her father, but who (as chance had caused) was absent from home. The manner in which that letter had been conveyed, had broken the wax that sealed it, and entirely loosened the paper, so that Sybilla might, as she did, through a perhaps improper curiosity, open the folded sheet, when, lo! to her great surprise and astonishment, she read the following epistle:

WORTHY AND HONORED SIR:

Favored by a passing moment unfilled with other duty, I gladly note thee my present good health, and the blest condition of our camp withal. Bear to thy daughter, so blest with a goodly sire, the ever constant love of her favored Waldegrave. Tell her, the time for our return, is when our country is free indeed; when the brave Pulaski, the good and virtuous Lafayette, and our own great Washington, no longer need the services of her constant friend: then, and not till then, will he return, and claim a blushing bride, his betrothed Sybilla. Adieu, till circumstances again serve thee.

From the pen of thy much indebted
HENRY WALDEGRAVE.

Great was her surprise on reading these lines, for they were drawn in characters that left no doubt on her mind of their authenticity. They did much to renew the spirit and fervor of her first love, and rekindle the taper of hope in her bosom, of again enjoying the blest sight of him in whom her heart took delight.

To counteract the effect of this letter upon the mind and feelings of Sybilla toward the good and brave young Waldegrave, and upon her conduct toward the base Monford, it became necessary for her father, at the instigation of the latter, to have written and forwarded to his address, a letter purporting to have been penned by a soldier comrade of Waldegrave, announcing his sudden and positive death in battle.

This letter, a forgery, and greatly unworthy the previous correct life and upright conduct of the aged farmer of our narrative, but which was pushed upon him by a misguided zeal for his daughter's good, and the damnable hypocrisy of the indirect author of all her misery, was shown

to, read by her, and believed; when at once and forever departed her every hope of happiness; and all fond anticipations of love's delight and gladsome days fell from her heart, as did the parchment from her hand that contained the unblest report.

An elapse of time followed, and although it did not entirely banish sorrow from her heart, yet of a truth it did very much dispel the deep anguish of her soul, which, at the first announcement of Waldegrave's death, so completely took possession of her; and she each day grew more and more cheerful, and at every recurrence of word or thought of the hard fate of her true and late lamented friend, became less and less affected. And yet, withal, though in the full knowledge that it was her father's earnest wish, she manifested but little disposition, and, indeed, felt none whatever, to form an intimacy with Col. Monford.

After repeated protestations of love and honorable purpose, aided by all the virtue of a constant and untiring suit, together with the interposition of an aged and revered parent, all of which proved ineffectual toward winning the young maid's heart, this precious villain hit upon the following new and extraordinary scheme to gain, if not her love, at least her favor and good opinion. And here, in justice to the senior character of our story, it may be stated that he knew nothing of the following wicked and most cruel adventure, at the cost of his daughter's peace. It was all Monford's own, well worthy his character and ambition, and to the effect following. After repeated solicitations, Sybilla finally consented to accompany him a few miles distant in a ride on horseback, on a summer's afternoon. Having set out, they proceeded to some considerable distance through the adjoining country, until they finally approached a deep, heavy wood. It was now

near sunset. Sybilla felt much, though she expressed no reluctance to continue their ride further, and enter this gloomy forest. After having passed a mile or more over a silent and seldom-travelled road, leading far into the deep chambers of the wood, she at first proposed, and soon earnestly desired, that they should forthwith return homeward. The tide of evening had now set in, and the mighty branched trees threw the heavy shades of night on the earth below. The whooping owl was heard from the door of his day-light retreat, in the great boughs of the storm-wrecked oak, while the night-hawk's shrill note was heard from his high path in the air. It was nearly dark when they turned toward home. Immediately they set their horses at a much swifter pace, and after continuing their course at a galloping rate for perhaps three hundred yards, they suddenly heard the sharp note of a rifle close at hand, at which instant Monford was seen to fall headlong from his horse to the ground; no sooner this, than two masked ruffians were seen to rush from the wood, seize hold of Monford, and affect to rob him of what his pockets contained. Immediately after doing this, these murderers in masks, leaving Monford still upon the earth and at the road-side, where they had carried or dragged him, as Sybilla supposed, a dying or dead man, they caught hold of her horse's reins, and forthwith led him, with her still mounted upon his back, far away down into the silent chambers of the deep and fearful forest. Monford immediately arose, remounted his steed, and followed these hireling mock-murderers—for so they were, having been previously engaged, as the reader must have already discovered, for this very purpose—to the place where they made her animal fast, when he dismissed them, and returned to a farm-house upon the skirts of the great wood.

It was now dark; and the deep bosom of the unbroken

forest to which the foul plot of this ingrate had consigned the unhappy maid, was to her clothed in more than sable horror. An elapse of less than half an hour, and the heavens were overcast by one black canopy of lowering clouds. A moment, and ever and anon the breathless elements of storm unsheathed their swords of fire. At length a warning of the approaching flood came rustling among the tree-tops, and whispered ominously to the deep solemnity of the hour. Then was heard the distant note of preparation among the artillery of elements, drawn in mighty phalanx of strife. Large drops of rain fell heavily upon the earth. The winds sprang from their caverns of undiscovered retirement, and brought with them a fearful rushing of waters. The rain fell in torrents, and the vivid lightning crackled through the branches of the forest. The pealing thunder rattled from the clouds, as if charged with retribution dire, taking vengeance on all below. While a giant oak gave partial shelter to the unhappy maid, seated upon her horse, she was seized with alarm and consternation that well nigh paralyzed her senses, not as the good reader may imagine, that she in blanched horror, with a swollen heart and blood curdling in her veins, shrank from the loud crashing of elements in stormy battle; nor, indeed, from any nor all the conspired dread exigencies by which she was surrounded, was she in so much real danger, as from the ominous apparition given in the following detail.

For several days previous to the period of which we have just noted, while living in unsuspecting peace at the home of her birth, and on the evening of each of those days she had discovered lurking through a bottom of underwood, which in part girded her father's house around, a young Mohawk Indian, of whom several of that tribe then inhabited a section of country but a few miles distant: and it

was at this period, that at each successive flash of lightning, she saw at but a few yards distant, this same young forester, together with another of his race, in watchful and eager consultation, as if maturing a disposition to seize upon her. Nor in this was she mistaken, for Ta-da-es-conda, though with no dishonorable intention, for he was a young chief, and his high-bred soul was incapable of any act which the end would not justify, but spurred by a wild, natural love for "the daughter of the pale-face," he had been made to watch for several successive days about her father's house, that in the event he might cross some favorable circumstance which would place her in his power, which, when done, with the aid of his runner, he would convey her to his lodge in the deep chambers of the wood. He had not followed her in this instance, however, to this unblest place and condition, where storm, night and distilled villany had unconditionally given her into his power, but the course of his late returning path from that day's chase placed her thus opportunely in his way.

The storm had long since unbent its fury, and was fast dispersing in broken clouds of noiseless vapor. The half-made moon, ever and anon, bent her mellow beams to the earth, and patched the wood-bottom around with tranquil light.

The appearance of those two "sons of the wood" to Sybilla, under such circumstances, had nearly bereft her of her reason, and she sat upon her quiet horse, a motionless, storm-drenched victim of a heartless villain's caprice, and misfortune's unpitying hand.

It was at this hour of the night that Monford deemed it best for the interest and entire success of his wicked purpose, to repair to the place where a few hours before he had left the object of his criminal love, and under the foul pretence of having just arisen from the severe wound he

had on the road and by her side received from the "villanous highwayman," assure her of his great joy at finding her still alive, and in "gladness, maddened with ecstasy," conduct her in safety to her home; hoping that by this foul, though at best disingenuous plot, while it assimilated in her breast feelings of danger and wrong, in which, as she supposed, both had been participants, it would at the same time create and blend in her bosom a love for him, which it would be his care to maintain, and turn to the credit account of his criminal passion. Previous to his return to the fearful spot where Sybilla was left, it had occurred to the two hired highwaymen, whether it was not equally commendable for them to practice a wrong upon the unoffending female they had just left in the forest, from the spur of their own passion as for hire. It required but little argument to resolve them into an immediate return to the place where they had left the young girl, and for what purpose can be better imagined than described. Instantly on arriving in her presence, the foremost of the two advanced to the horse, where she still sat, her senses almost lost in fear, and on reaching up to pass her from her seat in the saddle to the ground, she gave a shriek of horror and increased alarm, when Ta-da-es-con-da quickly balanced his rifle—a sharp report, and a fearful yell, at which moment the rude assailant of the "pale-face maid" was seen to bound upward, and fall a corpse upon the ground at her horse's feet. No sooner this, than the companion of the base hireling (just shot) fled at the top of his speed through the wood, as for his life, and was as swiftly pursued by Eh-a-zis-ki, the associate of the young Mohawk chief, who, after a chase of less than half a mile, came up to the coward wretch, who begged most piteously for his life, but to no purpose—a moment, and the Indian's war-axe glittered in the moonlight: a startling yell from

the savage—a deep groan from the ill-fated victim, and the body of the wicked, but unfortunate man, lay upon the cold earth, a fit banquet for the ravenous birds of the forest. During this transaction, and while the last-named Indian was absent, Monford arrived at the location of the victim of his wicked conspiracy with the highwaymen, and on his hastily approaching her, (who still sat dumb with horror upon her steed,) and without the knowledge that another being was within sight or hearing, he, of a sudden, heard the expression, Heugh! heugh! (characteristic of an Indian,) which caused him to stop with alarm, when, after a moment's pause, on seeing no red forester about, he proceeded to Sybilla's horse, and with a beating heart and unquiet nerve, caused by the time and circumstances around, helped her (who was now well nigh motionless, and certainly insensible to everything about) to the ground. After seating her upon a rock hard by, and while in the act of endeavoring to reanimate her to consciousness and sense, for the purpose of now conducting her as rapidly as possible from the wood, and on the way homeward, his blood was again well nigh chilled, and himself rendered a still, unbreathing, frightened listener, by an echo through the forest of the well-known words or voice of an Indian Ughm! Hooh! Uagh! ever made upon the instant of some sudden thought or daring act. A moment scarcely had passed, when the ominous noise was followed by the quick shot of a rifle from the hands of Ta-da-es-con-da, who, supposing Monford was with the two before-mentioned white men, and whose only object was to violate the "white man's daughter," had seized the rifle left leaning against a tree by Eh-a-zis-ki, the less to impede his pursuit of the fleeing pale-face, as before related, and with it had aimed at the life of Monford, but had only succeeded in shattering his right arm, which now hung a bleeding member

by his side. Frightened, pained, and bleeding, Monford was unable long to keep upon his feet, but soon fainted insensible upon the earth. In pursuance of the red man's practice, the young chief advanced upon this villain in misfortune, for the purpose of burying his tomahawk deep into his head; and, on arriving at his side, Sybilla, as if aroused to life, and summoned to action by all the dread exigencies of the hour, awoke, if not to her full sense and self, yet to a degree of consciousness to strength and purpose, and who at the moment the rude Indian's axe was poised highest in air over Monford's prostrate body, sprung from her seat on the rock, (then at the Indian's back) and seized, with a union of determination, strength and good fortune summoned together, and combined alone for the object to be accomplished, the life and body devouring cleaver from his grip, and with one supreme effort of might and courage, never before approached by her, nor afterward achieved, dashed it with terrible force against the red monster's head, felling him, stunned and quivering, upon the earth. Sybilla's next and ready thought, (however inconsistent with her past condition and conduct in the wood,) was to save herself and Monford, the latter of whom, had now given ample evidence that he was not yet a dead man, by the act in which he was then engaged of rising from the earth, by an immediate remounting of their horses, and swifter flight, if not from the woods, at least from that place—nor was a moment's time to be lost, lest the forest savage should recover from the assault just made by Sybilla, and, by his superior skill and power, blast every chance of life and escape. With much encouragement, and all the aid Sybilla could afford, Monford soon found himself mounted on his trusty animal, while she, from the rock on which she had so recently sat an inanimate victim of the infamous Monford's villany and misfortune's unpi-

tying hand, swiftly sprang into the saddle of her true and gentle steed, and, which no sooner done, than they discovered Eh-a-zis-ki returning from his recent chase of the white man, to the very place from whence he started, and where they yet were. On seeing Monford, of whom he had before known nothing, and the "pale man's child" moving away upon their horses, he increased his returning speed, as did they the departing pace of their animals. On the arrival of this Mohawk hunter to the spot of their departure, he instantly discovered his young and beloved chief lying prostrate upon the ground, and just sufficiently recovering to indicate the cause of his condition, feebly pointing toward the fast receding persons of Monford and Sybilla, as the perpetrators of the offence from which he was then suffering. No sooner had the red hunter learned this, than he seized his rifle, (left behind him on his outset on the chase from which he had just returned,) and dashing swiftly in pursuit of the cowardly Monford, and usually timid, but *now* desperately heroic lady; and, on arriving within rifle shot—for his speed was greater through the thick woods and in the moonlight, than the fleetest horse, however pushed, on such a road—he almost instinctively levelled his fire-arm, with unerring aim, at Monford, drew upon the match-lock, but no other report than the small click of the flint was given. Again he tried, and still again, and yet with no better success than at first, and for the amply sufficient reason, that the death-administering contents of his rifle's deep chamber, had, by his young chief, during his absence, been lodged in the arm of the heartless villain whom he now so earnestly sought to slay. Eh-a-zis-ki, disappointed, and with much dissatisfaction, threw his gun upon the rocks at his feet, and gave up the assault, returning to his nation's young leader, in whose care and condition he at that moment felt more

interest, than even in the satisfaction of avenging his wrongs. Ta-da-es-con-da, in less than an hour almost entirely recovered from the shock, and, with his comrade Mohawk, retired thence to their wigwam, a few miles distant; the proud young warrior chief first, and as soon as he was able, calling upon all the following named deities of Indian worship and homage, viz: MANETO, (good spirit) KIRTAN, (supreme spirit of storm and war) AGRISKAUAY, (spirit of revenge) HABAMOCK, (evil spirit of defeat and misfortune) and WAHCONDA, (master of life) to witness, and hold him to the redemption (under penalty of his never entering the spirit land) of his oath, to have revenge for the assault and disgrace inflicted upon him by a pale-face squaw. Monford and Sybilla reached the home of her father at or near sunrise in the morning, where was recounted, to the wondering family and friends, the dread adventures of the night; eliciting from all many thanks to Heaven for their safe delivery, and much sorrow for the injury received by Monford; who, till then, and afterward, maintained that his arm was broken by the shot first received upon the roadside, by the highwaymen, and not by the Indian in the wood; Sybilla being uncertain in the matter, would have thought otherwise, but for the assurance of the wounded man.

Monford grew well, and time passed along, producing no other result than that of obtaining, at the still and ever constant courting of Monford, and the unceasing solicitations of her father, Sybilla's consent to wed him. No sooner was this victory achieved by this low-bred and subtle hypocrite, than he resolved now, not to wed her in good truth and faith, as he, at their earlier stage of acquaintance, would have done; but, in the stead of which, to practice upon her and her friends a mock marriage ceremony. The day of their nuptials was appointed; and the

rites and ceremony, though contrary to her wish, and that of all her friends, were, at his instance, to be read and solemnized by a strange clergyman, from the city of New York, known only to himself. As the bridal day drew near, her heart grew sad; and her downy bed of rest seemed hard. Time increased its speed as the solemn day approached: she wished it passed, and she knew not why; she wished it was not; and for no especial reason. The hour of her conflicting hopes and fears at length arrived: All things in readiness, the priest arrived, (a stranger villain hireling, in a parson's attire, provided by Monford for the purpose,) she was led to the altar, not a gladsome smiling bride, but a lovely, weeping maid, with a half visible ray flickering upon her countenance, and a heart full of strange sorrow she could not define, and which found relief only in tears. The ceremony was in order, and duly performed. The rites passed, the clergyman left, and the guests, busying themselves in the hilarity common to such an occasion; the young wife and her honorable husband, as by mutual consent, set them out upon a short walk through an adjoining lane, richly carpeted with greenest grass, tufted thickly over, and overhung by majestic willows, whose delicate and bending boughs were waving to and fro in the evening breeze. During their brief absence an event of much moment occurred, and may be quickly told:—Strange and extraordinary, (all things considered,) as it may seem, it is nevertheless as true as any other event we have narrated, that, at this very hour, the good, gallant, and noble young Waldegrave suddenly appeared, and entered among the wedding guests at her father's house. The surprise and confusion, mingled with pleasure and pain, hopes and fears, caused among the company by this sudden and unexpected visitor, can be far better imagined than related, nor will we stop to attempt even a faint de-

scription: suffice it to say, that, on Waldegrave's way thither, and when within three miles of the house, he, (as fortune, it seems, had decreed it,) met the returning *clergyman*, and whom, as drummer, (subsequently expelled,) he had, some three years previous, known in the army. Soon after their recognition of each other, this fellow, as a matter of boast and pride, proceeded to relate to Waldegrave his recent expedition, from which he was then returning, and the money he had made by the operation. Waldegrave swelled with rage, sorrow, and surprise, said nothing; but took the mock minister back to the house of his late exploit, solely to prove the truth of his story, and found it, alas! too strictly as he had related. But a few minutes passed when Monford and Sybilla returned to the house; they having, as yet, heard nothing of Waldegrave's return. Instantly, on entering the door, the devoted girl saw her first and only loved object in this world, but could not endure the sensation produced; she fainted, and fell upon the ground helpless, and, for a time, without breath or motion. Waldegrave, cool and collected, as his discipline and practice in war had made him, stepped steadily and firmly forward; drew his bright sword from its gilded scabbard, and, quicker than word or thought, thrust the keen blade through the body and heart of Colonel Monford, who fell dead at his feet. With all the nerve of a brave and desperate man—calm, and fully sensible of what he was about—Waldegrave forthwith raised Sybilla, (still insensible) from the ground; and yet, while all about him were appalled, and motionless with horror, placed her in his carriage, and drove swiftly away. The rising sun, next morning, found Waldegrave and his betrothed Sybilla crossing the majestic Delaware, a noble river, thirty miles distant, and the line dividing the state of New Jersey from Pennsylvania. Sybilla, the mean

while, had become restored to self and happiness; and had recounted to her still and ever beloved proud warrior, the sorry circumstances that had occurred to her during his absence; and from which she was now so mysteriously and happily freed.

A few short months, and freedom's youthful champion and Judge Odenwelder's chaste daughter were united in the bonds of marriage; and were settlers—Early Settlers—on the green and bosky banks of the Susquehanna river, a few miles from the celebrated (and since made classic) Valley of Wyoming—that section of country then being deemed almost the frontiers of civilization. Years rolled by, and Heaven blessed the union of our early settlers. A happy husband—cheerful and contented wife—with three healthful, bright, and lovely offspring, made a family circle, graced with the enjoyment of all the peace and prosperity, health and happiness, allowed to man outside of heaven. Eight years of such holy communion with Nature and Nature's God—the truest element of our existence, and most blissful life on earth—scarce had passed when the golden bowl was broken!

It was night—the yell of savages startled them from their sweet repose—parents and their little ones! A gleam of light burst upon their affrighted senses: the barn and farm-house of this blest family had been lighted by the accursed savages, and were burning to the ground; the house that sheltered them next crackled in the curling flames: safety consisted alone in flight. Waldegrave could not account for this midnight assault by these forest monsters, as he, and all the other early settlers in the neighborhood had ever been on the most friendly terms with the Indians of the surrounding country: it was no time, however, to reason Waldegrave, his wife and innocent children sought safety in their river boat, with their

trusty dog. They set out to row across the water, seeking safety on the opposite shore.

Soon as they started, they were hotly pursued in another, by three red savages: their hearts grew sick as they saw the pursuing bark, fast outride their own more heavy canoe. Death inevitable was their doom now; nought could save them: parents, that might have offended—children, that never did—all must find a watery grave. An aperture, or hole, was made in the bottom of Waldegrave's boat, filled with cork, and served for the purpose of letting off the water that might accumulate in the body of the vessel during protracted storms. As the Indian's boat approached his, and when sufficiently near to afford him, by their savage demonstrations and hurtling battle-axes, full proof that it was their determination to murder him, his wife, and little ones, he, unknown to the objects of his care and charge, silently forced the cork from the hole in the bottom of his canoe, which instantly commenced to fill, and settle in the water, and all unobserved by his wild and distracted wife and weeping children; all of whom were clinging about their father with fast grip, and earnest petition for help and succor. Just as their fated boat was full of water, and ready to sink with all on board, to rise no more forever, Waldegrave pointed his gun at the foremost of the Indians—a blaze on the dark bosom of the river, a quick report, and the savage bounded high in air, plunging headforemost into the deep, dark abyss of the waters beneath. Frightened at this, the two other "red devils of the wood," sprang from their boat and attempted to swim to land; but, in the attempt, as it afterward appeared, were drowned.

Incited by this sudden change of scene and circumstance, Waldegrave, quick as thought, caught up his children from their own sinking boat, and passed them to

the empty one of the Indians, now beside his own; and after, his wife, and then himself—his last foot-press leaving his own bark after she had passed from above the river's surface, and was invisible to sight. Waldegrave and his family found the opposite shore, and were timely saved. (The foremost of these Indians, (the one shot by Waldegrave,) and who was the sole cause of this outrage upon the family of our story, was Ta-da-es-con-da; still seeking, in the true spirit of an Indian's revenge, direst vengeance upon Sybilla, the pale-faced maid, who eight years before had, by felling him to the earth, so wounded his pride, and for which he had sworn to have redress. The county of Luzerne, in the state of Pennsylvania, now contains four or five families, the most wealthy and respectable inhabitants of the state, who are the immediate descendants of the EARLY SETTLERS of our narrative.

EARLY FLOWERS.

BY MRS. WHITMAN.

As the fabled stone into music woke,
When the morning sun o'er the marble broke,
So wakes the heart from its stern repose,
As o'er brow and bosom the spring-wind blows;
So it stirs and trembles, as each low sigh
Of the breezy south comes murmuring by;—

Murmuring by like a voice of love,
Wooing us forth amid flowers to rove;
Breathing of forest-paths, damp with dew,
Which the milk-white buds of the strawberry strew;
And of banks that slope to the southern sky,
Where languid violets love to lie.

Its wings are heavy with rich perfume,
Won from the hyacinth's purple bloom;
It has rifled the buds from the blossoming tree,
And robbed of his banquet the roving bee;
Their white petals far o'er the fields are blown,
Like pearls on a mantle of emerald sown.
No foliage droops o'er the wood-path now,
Flinging rich curtains from bough to bough,
But a trembling shadow of silvery green,
Falls through the young leaf's tender screen,
Like the hue that borders the snow-drop's bell,
Or lines the lid of an eastern shell;

There the gold-cup may burnish her crown all day,
As she basks in the sunshine beside the way;
The anemone open her sleepy eye,
And look at the clouds as they wander by,
Or hide 'neath the shade of a drooping fern,
To gather the dew in her waxen urn.

Already the green-budding birchen spray,
Catches the light in its quivering play,
And the aspen thrills to a low, sweet tone,
Breathed for her listening ear alone.
Through the tangled coppice the dwarf-oak weaves
Its fringe-like blossoms and crimson leaves,
And the velvet buds of the willow unfold
Into downy feathers bedropt with gold,
While, thick as the stars of the midnight sky,
In the dark, wet meadows the cowslips lie.

Now on rocky ledges the columbines grow,
With their heavy honey-cups bending low,
As a heart, which vague, sweet thoughts oppress,
Droops 'neath its burden of happiness.
There the waters drip from their mossy wells,
With a sound like the tinkling of silver bells,
Or fall, with a mellow and flute-like flow,
Through the channelled clefts of the rock below.

Ay, music gushes in every tone,
And perfume on every breeze is blown!
On the flashing fount and the blossoming bough,
The light of gladness and beauty glow;
While all sweet sounds through the air that float,
The hum of the bee and the wild-bird's note,

The flush on the wind-flower's delicate cheek,
The perfume that steals from the violet's beak,
Confess a presence of joy and love,
That bends o'er earth like a brooding dove.

The flower in fragrance, the bird in song,
The glittering wave as it glides along,
All breathe incense of boundless bliss,
The eloquent music of happiness.

And the soul, as it sheds o'er the sun-bright hour
The priceless wealth of its princely dower,
Linked to all nature by chords of love,
Lifted by faith to pure worlds above,
In vain would it utter the full, free tide
Of grateful thoughts through the heart that glide,
Fervid and deep as the hue that glows
In the burning core of the crimson rose.

Yet sad would the heart of the dreamer be,
And this world a withering mockery;
Its glory, a meteor that sweeps the sky,
A blossom, that floats on the storm-wind by;
If, as it passes on arrowy wing,
It left not a token of endless spring,
If it nurtured no rich-fruited flower of love,
To bloom for yon far land of beauty above.

Winnie Daly.

WINNIE DALY.

BY ELIZA McNULTY.

THE dignity of the Irish character is not understood by those who, relying upon the false assurances of novelists, believe its national characteristics to be light and trivial. The "*gaucheries*" of the lower classes have unfortunately composed the stores from which writers have presented to the world, Irishmen and buffoon, as synonymous. In a land so rich in the production of national events, it were a seeming loss of time to tax the ingenuity to frame events, or the imagination to conceive characters; yet, as one of the anomalies which mark the destiny of that nation, it is remarkable how little of genuine Irish character has reached us through such medium. Truly has it been said, that "never was there a land which has so little reason to be grateful to its chroniclers; never was a country so defamed by its describers."

Foreign to the purpose would it be, to usurp the prerogative of more able historians in portraying events, whose scenic effect would require the tracery of blood which marked their course; and much more to the taste of the reader as well as the writer, will be, it is presumed, the record of an event in domestic life; showing, that if the children of Irar are celebrated for their mirth, they are also deeply susceptible of its opposite—melancholy.

The scene to which we call the attention of our readers,

is the Salmon Leap of Coleraine, so called, from its river Baun falling over "weirs" extending from shore to shore, forming a break, over which the finny visitants at this season of the year frolic in great numbers. The most remarkable place of capturing, was usually called the Cuts. In contiguity with beautiful surrounding scenery, and at that time a large corn-mill, which was shortly afterwards destroyed by fire, the Cuts well deserved the title of picturesque. Of the mill and its occupants, we shall have further occasion to speak; at present, the events claim our attention which marked the course of the Bishop's Monday, so called from an ancient usage conferring a privilege to the Bishop of Derry, of drawing a net on the first Monday after Midsummer's-day, which yielded him a handsome perquisite, from the average amount, estimated at £1000 per annum.

On that morning there was unusual commotion among the inhabitants. Aye, and even the aqueous tenants of the Cuts, by their evolutions from the water into upper air, sportingly provoked the fishermen assembled, to hasten their introduction from their own native element. The fishermen had constructed a net of the largest dimensions, determined to leave no effort untried, to procure a second "miraculous draught," if possible; and while they waited for the turn of the tide to haul in their burden, they beguiled the time in parleying with the crowds of old and young, ragged and well-dressed, who thronged the bridge, and even the windows of the mill, to participate in the wild excitement of hauling in the net. While thus engaged, we will leave them, for the purpose of introducing other characters.

William, or as he was more familiarly termed, Billy Regan, held a life-lease, renewable to his heirs, of the site on which the before-mentioned mill was erected. In the

honest pursuit of his calling, he secured the respect and good will of his neighbors. Possessing the advantage of a good education, his judgment was invariably resorted to, for the establishment of all disputed points; and so well-balanced were his decisions, that he was commonly regarded as learned in the law as a barrister, and to use their own expression, as "knowin as the parish *Praste* himself." Coming a stranger in the place many years before, he relied for relaxation during his intervals of business, upon his only daughter, "Winnie," who, from childhood, had borne the cognomen of Maid of the Mill. Regularly as the sun rose over the tops of the opposite hills, could Winnie's merry song, accompanying her work, be heard over the hum of the paddle wheel, animating the spirits of the fishermen as they passed her door on the way to the Cuts, and saluting them with a "good morrow, kindly," or, to others, the more familiar expression so common among the Irish, of "God speed yer work." Many were the fine salmon left at her door for the kind wish that spoke through her sparkling eyes, and strange as it may seem, it became a proverb among the fishermen, that the draughts were light of a day that Winnie's voice was not heard as usual, thus starting an hypothesis, that as Egyptians charmed serpents by the power of harmony, so did Winnie's dulcet tones enslave the fishes. With the love of all around her, the Maid of the Mill grew to womanhood, a picture of rustic loveliness. The demon of vanity had never met with a response in her breast, to the silent messages he sent her through the medium of her numerous admirers; and if an effect was engendered, the bud was nipped ere it bloomed, by the counteracting influence of her father's parental admonitions. Contiguous to the mill, was the estate of the Marquis of L——, under whose protection the tenantry flourished. Affairs of much import-

ance, requiring his presence abroad, the management of his estate was placed in the hands of an agent by the name of Dakers. But a short time elapsed after his arrival at the Cuts, when, attracted by Regan's wit and Winnie's beauty, Dakers had paid several visits at the mill, where, upon the occasion of the Bishop's Monday, he had succeeded in gaining, only for the first time, owing to her father's watchfulness, Winnie's company to himself. The nature of his feelings for the beautiful girl, could be understood in the bold gaze with which he surveyed the gracefully rounded form of Winnie, as she stood absorbed with interest in the scene around her. His protruding eyes gleamed with an expression of intenseness equalling the snake, which first charms, then destroys its victim. That such unworthiness should profane with a look the brow of innocence, were a seeming crime ; yet the tone of Daker's voice, though breathing the language of love, gave the blushing and frightened girl, no evidence of the existence of that feeling which his words implied ; but, on the contrary, created for the first time in her breast, distrust for a fellow creature. Too unsuspicious to divine the intended purpose of his flattery, she was forced to draw comparisons in her own mind unfavorable to the agent, and resulting greatly to the advantage of Shane Daly, her devoted admirer, who, though his attachment had never breathed itself to her in words, yet his thousand acts of kindness had conveyed to her an interpretation, which was proof against the effect of Dakers' wily flattery.

Observing with mortification that he was playing a losing game with "Winnie," Dakers, becoming bold as he grew despondent, drew from his finger a ring, which, with all the address his intelligence could command, and the burning words his admiration could supply, he urged her to accept, and at the moment she was endeavoring to free

her hand from Dakers, who had caught it for the purpose of forcing it upon her finger, Shane came running breathlessly from the bridge, to inform her of the joyful news, that fifteen hundred salmon were taken at a drag in the Bishop's net. Too much agitated to reply to the announcement of Shane, Winnie raised her hand, now sparkling with a brilliant, to her burning face, while tears of vexation forced themselves down her cheek. Uncertain whether to retreat or advance, Shane Daly first looked at the one, then the other. The tears of "Winnie" rooted him to the spot, but the cool assurance of Dakers' manner perplexed him. Every feeling of anger, however, was aroused, as Dakers demanded, with a look which would have withered any other intruder than a lover—"Tell me, sirrah! had you no other business than to interrupt us with your nonsense?" Well was it for the speaker that a stone wall divided the party, otherwise Winnie's cause would have been quickly avenged. Irresolute what reply to make, not sufficiently comprehending the situation of the parties, Shane eyed the speaker with a gaze bolder than his own. Quite different, however, was the look he gave Winnie, when, as hastily pulling from her finger the glittering bauble, she threw it into the dam below.

"Hell and furies!" exclaimed Dakers, at this convincing proof of Winnie's contempt, "what fiend tempted you to throw away what should purchase your love a thousand times?"

In less time than the words were spoken, Shane had, with a bound, cleared the height from the ground to the open window at which they were standing, and in a second Dakers had exchanged places with him, and lay prostrate on the ground outside. The disappointed and fallen agent with difficulty rose to his feet, and with curses loud and deep, vowed vengeance upon his conqueror, who, support-

ing the now terrified Winnie to a seat, called from the window to one of his companions, to send Regan up immediately from the bridge. A few moments brought him to his home, where, pale and agitated, he listened to the recital of Dakers' treachery, and Shane's bravery.

"God bless you, my son!" said the grateful Regan, "for protecting my innocent child from the hands of a traitor. The black-hearted thief! that he should dhrame of makin' a light o'love of my motherless child! What can such a villain meet with, but disappointment in all he undertakes? I need not sin my sowl by wishing him bad luck, for it 'ill overtake him fast enough; the cowardly rascal, to take advantage of my absence, to sow poison in the ear of my child! The saints be my guide! but if I had been here, I would have had the life of him. He a servant of the public good! Bad must be the laws depending on the likes of him!"

And true enough it was for the speaker, and unhappily for Ireland, that men holding situations in which they had the power of redressing the grievances of the tenantry, either as magistrates or the *locum tenans* of some landed proprietor, have only aggravated the evils they professed to deprecate.

By degrees, the tumult occasioned by Shane's collision with Dakers, spread among the assembled crowd, and, Irish-like, a faction was formed upon the spot, composed of Shane's friends, who in a body marched to the mill, with the intention of putting him at their head, for the purpose of fighting it out with any who espoused the side of Dakers. Failing in the excitement of his present feelings to persuade the mob to disperse, Regan despatched a messenger to Father Roach, who, hearing on his way of the disturbance, soon came to the relief of Regan's embarrassment. Answering in person the repeated calls of

the excited mob for Shane, he bade them, in a commanding tone, to stay their purpose, and, to use his own words, "not stir a fut till he would hear the 'rights' of the case from the aggraved party." A few moment's conversation ensued between the parties inside, when Father Roach resumed his station at the window, and instead of the admonition for their imprudence which the crowd expected, he thus addressed them:—"Put down your cudgels, boys, and ivery mother's son of ye go home and prepare yerselves to be present at the weddin' of Winnie Regan, spinsther, to Shane Daly of the Cuts."

No sooner had this piece of news spread like wild-fire through their ranks, than by a sudden transition from one state of excitement to another, for which an Irish mob is remarkable, they broke out with one voice into loud exclamations, of "Long life to Father Roach! Hurrah for Shane Daly, of the Cuts!"

So sudden a climax to the wishes of Shane and Winnie, can be easily accounted for from the character of Regan, who, as quick to reward virtue as to condemn vice, conceived the idea, that no other moment was more fitting to put into practice a resolution he had longed formed, of giving his daughter a protector in the worthy Shane, who might succeed him in business, and be a "stay" to him in his old age.

What the feelings of Shane were upon the happy consummation of his wishes, we leave the reader to imagine, as well as to rejoice with him at the happy turn in the tide of his affairs upon the Bishop's Monday.

Very little was now seen of the crest-fallen Dakers. From the evidence he had given of his disposition and character, he became universally shunned. Coming into the management of the estates at a period when leases had been given to the tenants by the Marquis in person, his

power of oppressing the peasantry was in a great degree limited. Suspicions were afloat concerning his being leagued in with the employments of a band of smugglers, who made their visits to the Cuts during the interval of fishing; frequent encounters with them, created such a panic in the minds of the peasants, as to make them as close prisoners after night-fall, as when the "curfew" was in existence.

The Cuts, until this period, had seldom needed the services of a magistrate, so quiet and orderly were a class of people flourishing under the repose of peace, supported by temperance, industry, and brotherly love. What wonder, then, that so new a condition of things created alarm? Too wise to meddle themselves in what did not immediately concern them, they left Dakers with his reputed companions, to their own pursuits. If at any time his threats were remembered by Shane and Winnie, they quickly dismissed the thought, being unwilling to believe that resentment could survive the length of time which had occurred since their marriage, forgetful, in their own happiness, of the serpent that still lingered near their Eden. Winnie was now mother to a son, on whom she lavished all that exclusive devotion which elevates the soul of woman, and adds lustre to her dignity of character: refined by nature, she still continued to be surrounded by a halo of simplicity, which was her distinguishing ornament; and as time transformed the lovely girl into the no less blooming woman, affection bound closer the ties, which, by the all-wise decrees of Providence, were so soon to be torn asunder.

The season of fishing being now over, the preparations for winter had commenced, and the lengthened evenings invited those who sought rest from the day's labor, to an early repose. Unconscious of the evil which was to sad-

den their little hamlet, they had retired to rest one evening earlier than usual, when they were roused from their slumbers by exclamations that the mill was on fire. Scarcely comprehending the evidence of their senses, and hastily performing a disordered toilet, they traversed the road leading to the mill, and there, sure enough, beheld it in flames. Human aid proved unavailing in mastering the fiery element, as bucket upon bucket of water, but aggravated the wrath it was sought to appease. The peasants were left but to exert themselves in saving what moveables they could. On sped the flames, devouring everything within their reach; round and round went the wheel, as though an unseen hand was guiding it, adding the horror of its splashing hum to the sound of the burning timbers. Fragment after fragment caracoling in the air, fell, with a scorpion-like hiss in the turbid falls beneath; grief, adding its mournful cadences as hope died within the breast of the unfortunate Regans. Suddenly a pause occurred in the conflicting din, as if to increase the terror of the succeeding moment, and the roof fell in with a noise of thunder, which was echoed back a thousand fold by the surrounding hills Anxious inquiries now commenced for husbands and brothers, who had taken an active part in the saving of the building, for fear that accident had happened them in the falling of the roof. As each reclaimed those they eagerly sought, joy struggled with sorrow for utterance. Meanwhile, Winnie, seated on a stone within view of the fire, clasped her child to her bosom, and sustained the head of her sorrowing parent, with words of consolation which she more than needed herself. Turning to a neighbor, she hurriedly demanded if anything had been seen of Shane?

"Och! niver heed, Winnie, dear, he'll be safe; howld, an' I'll send the bouchals after him."

Enquiries were now heard concerning Shane; to all of which no affirmative answer was returned. Winnie's heart filled with the most dreadful forebodings. Anxiety became painfully depicted upon the faces of the crowd, as no answer was returned to their repeated callings. "He has perished in the flames; I know it. Let me go," said the now almost frantic wife. "I must—I will save him." With the speed of an arrow she broke from the grasp of her friends, and rushed to the burning pile, where another victim would have been added to the now fatal tragedy, had not unconsciousness deprived her of the power of putting her resolution of seeking him, into effect. Quickly removing her to the cabin of a neighbor, all concern for the ill-fated mill was now lost, in anxiety for Shane. When last seen, he had been sent by Winnie to their cottage adjoining the mill, to save a sum of money she had secreted there. The supposition now became confirmed, that he had perished in the flames. The sorrowing crowd at last departed for their homes, determined to seek for his body among the ruins at an early period; but even this melancholy duty was denied them, by the fact of the river seeking its level and covering, with its rise and flow, all effects of the fire, with the exception of the blackened walls of the mill.

The once light-hearted Winnie now lay in the shadow of death. For a long time the delirium of fever had wrestled with her strength; but, as both became subdued, tears came to her relief, and with a look, deprived of all hope for the future, her eye would wander listlessly over the faces of those around her. Her father endeavored, with all his love, in vain, to rouse her. To Father Roach alone, did she exert herself to speak, as with a faltering earnestness, he represented to her the duties of affection she must exert herself to perform for her aged father and

surviving child. Time, youth, and a good constitution, at last prevailed; and, as she resumed her duties as Shane's widow, those who truly loved her, looked in vain for the color to be restored to her cheek, or the wonted sparkle to her eye; the only comfort she appeared to take, as the summer came, was to sally forth, with a bundle of work, her child, and his book, to a shady retreat, overlooking her once happy home, and pass her time in alternate sewing, instructing her boy, and recounting to him the many virtues of his lost parent, or in shedding bitter tears to his memory.

In a period of five years after her bereavement, Regan died: the widow and her son—now doubly fatherless—bebecame renewed objects of solicitude to the sympathising neighbors, all of whom she welcomed with a calm smile of resignation, that taught a sad and useful lesson to both old and young. Her father had not been dead many months, when she was one morning surprised by a visit from the agent, Dakers; he informed her that it became his painful duty through the Marquis, to place an additional rent upon the cottage she had occupied since her husband's death; but not to inconvenience her, he would wait, until a convenient time, for its payment. Dakers sympathized with her upon her recent loss, with so much feeling, that Winnie forgot her usual distrust of him, and really believed the promises he made her, of seeking to interest the Marquis in her case.

"I will write to him immediately," said Dakers, as she rose from her chair, expecting the interview to terminate, "and will call, in a few days, with his answer."

"Thank you!" was the modest reply of Winnie, who, by her standing posture, plainly intimated as words could, that she had no more time at her disposal.

Bidding her a reluctant adieu, Dakers departed. Win-

nie resumed her work with tears, as the reflection crossed her mind, of the hard task before her of an additional rent depending upon the labors of her needle; which had, as yet, but scantily provided for her wants: but trusting in Him, who has promised to be the comforter of the widow, and father to the fatherless, she renewed her exertions with a heavy heart and a saddened brow.

The visits of Dakers had now become frequent, always excused, as they were, by regrets, on his part, of the silence of the Marquis upon the subject of the widow's rent; he would seek to draw her into conversation about matters, so entirely foreign to her thoughts, that, much annoyed, she would take her seat at her cabin door, where, still pursuing her daily toil, she would reply to his questions in monosyllables.

At last quarter-day arrived; and with it the expected visit of Dakers, with a letter from the Marquis, urging the fulfillment of his orders in exacting the rent of his estate, without one single exception. With tears the young widow brought forth her hoarded stores, and, with a bursting heart, could only offer him the half of his demand. Slowly counting over the little sum, he asked her, when he might expect the remainder.

"God in heaven only knows!" exclaimed the hope-deserted woman; "there lies before you, in those golden guineas, my health, strength, food, and raiment; more I have not, until the Almighty sends it. I have nothing left but a cow: it is the only support of myself and child; take it, if you will, and thou, O God, take me!" exclaimed she, as bursting into an agony of grief, she cast herself on an unoccupied seat.

This was a crisis that Dakers had expected, and was prepared for. Approaching Winnie, with an appearance of respect, he seated himself at her side; and, after begging

of her to be calm, that there was no need of her paying the debt; if she would only treat him as a friend, he would only be too happy to serve her, as he had always regarded her with admiration: thus saying, he hastily seized her hand, and covered it with the most passionate kisses.

Quickly recovering her self-command, she started from her seat, and bade him take the cow, leave her sight, and lease the cottage when he would.

"But why do you despise my offers of friendship?"

"Despise! sooner would I starve than be under an obligation to you. I did trust to your promises; but from your conduct to me, this day, I believe you are acting a deceiving part. I see now through your designs: you would wish me to accept favors from you that would compel me to receive your visits. You would that I should become an object for the finger of scorn to point at; but it never shall be said, that Shane Daly's widow preferred disgrace to poverty. Thank God, I yet have friends, who will protect me," said the indignant Winnie; as tying on her hood, she prepared to depart.

"Where are you going, rash woman?" demanded Dakers.

"To leave this place, until you are gone," was the firm reply; as, with a resolute step she crossed the threshold, to seek another home for herself and child.

Dakers, foiled in this second attempt to ingratiate himself in Winnie's favor, hastily secured the cow, which browsed, unmindful of the misery of its luckless owner; and, fearing that Winnie's story might create a disturbance, to his disadvantage, made good his retreat. The hapless Winnie soon found friends; and, safe from any further annoyance from Dakers, she regained her usual placidity of mind.

Some time before the fire, a man, by the name of

O'Cane, appeared in the neighborhood of the Cuts, looking for employment; in want of help, Regan hired him; when but a short time elapsed till he was found to be dishonest. Regan dismissed him immediately; and for a long time he was not seen or heard of, until the period of Dakers' punishment by Shane, when they were observed frequently together. Not doubting but he was an agent of Dakers, in evading the officers of excise, who had, fer some time, maintained a sharp lookout on the coast, they quietly left him to the pursuance of his own affairs; and to a course of justice, which, from recent events, was likely soon to overtake him. Information had been given that contraband goods were seen in O'Cane's possession; the officers of justice but waited for the proper moment to apprehend him and his companions. An opportunity soon presented itself; from the appearance of a cutter on the coast, which, under cover of the night, had lain-to among a ledge of rocks which skirted the shore of the river, for no other purpose, it now became manifest, than evading the customs. Boats, filled with officers, now started from the Cuts; and, under cover of the same darkness which favored the smugglers, the excisemen arrived at a point of interception between the vessel and the rocks. They had not waited long, when the sound of a whistle reached their ears, which was responded to from the vessel, and at the same moment a boat put off from the shore, followed by four others.

In a few seconds, without noise or scuffle, O'Cane and his companions were apprehended and gagged. Proceeding to the vessel, they had no difficulty in effecting a landing; as the captain, deceived by the darkness, and taking the figures of the officers for the kegs he expected, extended a hand to help on board the officer, who was dressed in one of the smugglers' great coats. This trick

succeeded so well, that, in a few moments, the Cutter and her contents were in the hands of government.

Great excitement prevailed among the town's-people of Coleraine, when it became known that O'Cane, and his accomplices were caught smuggling. The day following the arrest, Dakers had been also apprehended; having been seized upon information given by the Captain, who, by turning king's evidence, had secured his pardon. At an early hour in the morning, Father Roach had been sent for by one of the prisoners; and up to the hour of trial had remained with him. No wonder then, that such a combination of unusual circumstances caused the town-house to be crowded to overflowing. At an early hour, that portion of the crowd whose curiosty could not be restrained, had, by an almost superhuman effort, gained access to the windows; where, if to hear were impossible, they could at least, see the trial going on.

Among the prisoners Dakers sat in the dock, with his face buried in his hands. Father Roach, after a few moments' consultation with the chief magistrate, left the court-house, in the direction of his home. When the testimony was closed, the judge summed up the points of the case, and the clerk ordered the prisoners to arise, the jury gave their verdict.

Suddenly a shout filled the court-room, which communicated to the outside, of "Shane Daly! Shane Daly, of the Cuts!" The foreman of the jury pronounced the words, "Shane Daly, not Guilty!" Overpowered with his emotion, more dead than alive, Shane was supported to the door; where, lifted upon the shoulders of his rejoicing friends, he was carried to a car, in waiting; and, amid their cheers and blessings, he rode along, unable to make himself heard among them. At last, making a sign that he wanted to speak, he exclaimed,—

"God in heaven bless you, boys! has any one gone with word to Winnie?"

Cries of "Yes! yes! Father Roach!" drowned further speech: and before many minutes, the now triumphal car had borne Shane to his native place; where Winnie and her son, supported on the venerable arm of Father Roach, and the Marquis himself, stood with open arms to receive him.

Description would but feebly pourtray the welcomes with which the lost husband was received, or the joy of the heaven-protected Winnie, as she clung to her husband with an embrace which renewed her love of life.

The surprise of the Marquis knew no bounds as he listened to the recital of the treachery of his agent from the lips of Father Roach; but his indignation was unlimited, when, by the evidence of the Captain of the cutter, it was clearly proved, that, jealous of the happiness of Winnie, and the affront put upon him by Shane, he had conceived the bold project of separating them. Fearful of the severity of the laws, in committing the crime of murder, he made use of the plan, for which he employed O'Cane and the captain; to first fire the mill, and, in the confusion, seize Shane, and press him into his service of smuggling; where, closely watched, he could be detained a prisoner; a situation which, from the honesty of Shane, he knew would be worse than death. He then trusted to time and opportunity to succeed in bringing over Winnie to his wishes.

The protection of her father prevented him from earlier endeavoring to execute his base designs; but when his death took place, he renewed his intercourse with Winnie, with a false authority for raising her rent. The sequel to that attempt is known to the reader.

Dakers and his accomplices were sentenced to transportation for life; while the worthy Shane, and his again

blooming wife were taken into his lordship's employment. There they passed the remainder of their days, with minds fully sensible of the blessings they enjoyed; and in the happiness of their singular re-union experienced full compensation for the sorrows and trials of the past.

MARY HOWITT'S

BIRDS AND FLOWERS.

BY J. F. F.

To us, on whom the sunshine beams but scantily, and the west winds blow but seldom; to us, who feel in every breeze that fans our foreheads, a thousand sensations that remind us of pleasant places away off over the hills, and down, down, where the sun goes at nightfall, this little book comes with a welcome, which may not be written out by the cold point of a common pen.

Sweet Mary Howitt! How often since the warm days came round again, have two or three of us strolled out almost before light into the grassy walks, and with here a verse and there a sentence culled from thy dainty leaves, waited for the morning hours to usher along the sun; and when, after all the busy day-thoughts had been hushed, how often have we sat in the calm twilight together, and listened to some loved voice as its tones ran over thy soothing rhymes, till their melody involuntarily entered our hearts, and played its soft and quiet tune. Among thy modest pages, we ever found something suited to the hour. Here are no gorgeous images, stiff and startling with their over-

dressed finish—no haughty lines glittering along with stately march, cold and proudly; but here is something that we love to call up, when we wander by the low hedges of the country, radiant with blossom and bud; something that we feel to be true, and as such of which we can never grow weary.

But we keep you from the book, friendly reader, so come under the shadow of the hill yonder, and listen to a song or two before the sun dashes his golden rays into the State House windows. So—we are comfortably seated, and now, hearken to

"THE OLD MILL-STREAM."

Long trails of cistus-flower
  Creep on the rocky hill;
And beds of strong spear-mint
  Grows round about the mill;
And from a mountain tarn above,
  As peaceful as a dream,
Like to a child unruly,
'Though schooled and counselled truly,
  Foams down the wild mill-stream!
The wild mill-stream it dasheth,
  In merriment away,
And keeps the miller and his son
  So busy all the day.

Into the mad mill-stream
  The mountain roses fall;
And fern and adder's tongue
  Grow on the old mill-wall.
The tarn is on the upland moor,
  Where not a leaf doth grow;

And through the mountain-gashes,
The merry mill-stream lashes
Down to the sea below;
But in the quiet hollows,
The red trout groweth prime,
For the miller and the miller's son
To angle when they've time.

Then fair befall the stream
That turns the mountain-mill;
And fair befall the narrow road
That windeth up the hill!
And good luck to the countryman,
And to his old gray mare
That upward toileth steadily,
With meal-sacks laden heavily,
In storm as well as fair!
And good luck to the miller,
And to the miller's son;
And ever may the mill-wheel turn
While mountain-waters run!

Here are some verses which poor Sir Walter would have brightened over. We cannot stay to read them all; but hark a moment:

Oh, falcon proud, and goshawk gay,
Your pride of place has passed away;
The lone wood is your home by day,
Your resting place by night;
The craggy rock your castle tower;
The gay green wood your ladies bower;
Your own wild will, the master power
That can control your flight.

Yet, noble bird, old fame is thine;
Still livest thou in the minstrel's line;
Still in old pictures art the sign
Of high and pure degree;
And still with kindling hearts we read,
How barons came to Runnemede,
Falcon on wrist, to do the deed,
That made all England free!

Who does not love the author of such verses as these?

THE HAREBELL.

It springeth on the heaths,
The forest tree beneath,
Like to some elfin dweller of the wild;
Light as a breeze astir,
Stemmed with the gossamer,
Soft as the blue eyes of a poet's child.

The very flower to take
Into the heart, and was
The cherished memory of all pleasant places;
Name but the light harebell,
And straight is pictured well
Whate'er of fallen state lie lonely traces.

We vision wild sea rocks,
Where hang its clustering locks,
Waving at dizzy height, o'er ocean's brink;
The hermit's scooped cell;
The forest's sylvan well,
Where the poor wounded hart came down to drink.

We vision moors far-spread,
Where blooms the heather red,
And hunters with their dogs lie down at noon;
Lone shepherd-boys, who keep
On mountain-sides their sheep,
Cheating the time with flowers and fancies' boon.

Old slopes of pasture-ground;
Old fosse, and moat and mound,
Where the mailed warrior and crusader came;
Old walls of crumbling stone,
Where trails the snap-dragon;
Rise at the speaking of the hare-bell's name.

We see the sere turf brown,
And the dry yarrow's crown,
Scarce rising from the stem its thick-set flowers;
The pale hawkweed we see,
The blue-flowered chiccory,
And the strong ivy-growth o'er crumbling towers.

Light hare-bell, there thou art,
Making a lovely part
Of the old splendor of the days gone by;
Waving, if but a breeze
Pant through the chestnut-trees,
That on the hill-top grow broad branched and high.

Oh! when I look on thee,
In thy fair symmetry,
And look on other flowers as fair beside,
My sense is gratitude,
That God has been thus good
To scatter flowers, like common blessings, wide!

And so I might go on, and read those fine and touching stanzas on "Childhood," and the lines to "The Sea Gull," and "Summer Woods," and "The Flax Flower," but this must suffice for this morning. Some other day, when the weather is fine, we will, perchance, look over the volume more carefully together.

THE AMERICAN OAK.

BY CLIO.

On mountain-side, securely growing,
Without the aid of mortal hands,
Abroad his giant branches throwing,
The king of all the forest stands.

Awhile, and then, new features wearing,
Armed with the thunder-bolts of war,
The oak becomes a frigate, bearing
The starry flag o'er seas afar.

Come, all who love their country's glory,
Unto the broad oak growing free,
Fit subject he, for song or story,
The monarch of both land and sea.

MY COUSIN KATE'S WILL.

BY A. A. PHILLIPS.

Cousin Kate and myself were the best of friends. Constant companions from the earliest days of childhood, until the dawning of womanhood and manhood separated us, and sent her to a boarding-school to complete her education, and me to college to learn deviltry and Greek, we formed an affection of the most tender nature. Even now I see Kate's merry, laughing eye, sparkling with mirth, as when we played together years *lang syne*, and hear her joyous laugh ring through the air as we played at "hide and seek." A thousand of her mischievous pranks, played off upon me, are crowding upon my mind, as my fingers trace these lines. I remember her laughing prognostication, as when I pushed home upon her the charge of having marked an astounding pair of whiskers upon my cheeks with burnt cork, while enjoying my afternoon's siesta, or fastened some other mischievous freak upon her.

"You'll be a lawyer, Cousin A——, I know you will; for you are such a one to question. Pa can't find out who spoils his pens, or runs off with his spectacles; Ma can't guess who sews her apron strings together, breaks the china, or plunders the cake-tray; but you always manage to make me convict myself with your cross-questions. You must be a lawyer, cousin; you shall have all my business, and I'll make a breach-of-promise case, just to furnish a field for a brilliant display of your eloquence! I

see you now, rising with a face as long as a yardstick, and as solemn as old Mother Wiggins' white-faced cow, to make your opening speech! M-a-y i-t p-l-e-a-s-e t-h-e c-o-u-r-t!" And her merry laugh resounded through the room, as she saw the flush rise upon my cheek. I might detail a thousand other jokes and pranks of my lively cousin; and for a girl then only fourteen, they were really amusing; at least so thought all but myself, the luckless victim.

Kate was a universal favorite. Gay and dashing as was her temperament, there was a depth of feeling and a fund of affection in her young heart, which were displayed on occasions of trouble and distress, that won the affections, and commanded the respect of friends and acquaintances. Kate was left motherless at a very tender age, but having, from a child, been taught to trust to her own powers in many matters, (together with an intrepidity and firmness of character, which were among not the least of her good qualities,) she had the appearance of having attained a much more advanced age than was really her due.

I had become so accustomed to the society of my lively cousin at home, that the dull, heavy, unsociable round of college hung upon me like an incubus. Many a time and oft, while within the precincts of my own silent chamber, poring over the folio of some prosy author, has my mind insensibly wandered from the page to the happy home I had left—mother, father, sister, and Cousin Kate—a brilliant circle were about me, and their voices fell upon my ear in those tones of tenderness, which nothing but absence can impart, nor but true affection appreciate. A year passed by, and I had not seen my friends, when I received a letter from Kate, urging my immediate return, as her father, my kind uncle, was lying upon a bed of death. She poured forth the tenderness of her soul in such pathos, and urged her request with so much fervor, that my heart

melted in sympathy, and, obtaining leave from the faculty, the same afternoon saw me on my way to the house of affliction.

Upon my arrival, I found the house in the greatest confusion; servants hurrying hither and thither, with no apparent object in view, yet all in great distress. I inquired for my cousin, and was told she was with her father; I entered the room where he lay. The chamber was darkened, and just light enough admitted to throw a trembling shade about each object. My uncle lay upon the bed—beside him stood the physician, counting the beating of his pulse—the nurse sat at the foot of the bed, weeping—Kate held her father's other hand—his eyes were fixed upon her's with a look of heavenly sweetness.

"My sweet child," said he, "in what a world do I leave you; selfishness and ingratitude are its prominent characteristics, and I leave you without a protector; yet no, Kate, there is One who will be your friend—your more than father. I have looked to Him in my distress and tribulation, and His aid and support have never failed; to His care, my child, I commit you—trust Him, and seek His love, and you are safe from dangers, and will find Him a friend indeed."

I stepped forward, and embracing my cousin, who threw herself sobbing into my arms, kissed my uncle's damp brow. He pressed my hand in token that he recognised me, but he could not speak; his exertion had overcome him. He lay for a few moments; then summoning his remaining strength, rose in the bed, took my hand, and placing it in Kate's, said:

"Be to her a friend, a brother, for my sake! God bless you, my child! A——, I die happy!"

His chest heaved with a strong convulsive movement, and falling heavily upon the bed, his manly spirit winged

its flight from its clayey tenement, to join the sainted choir in the realms of his Maker.

I led the weeping girl from the scene of death. Her young heart bowed like the tender sapling beneath the blast; her love for her father was deep, and the loss was as dreadful as it was unexpected. I administered all the consolation I could bestow, but consolation at such a moment is a mockery; the heart must acknowledge the dispensation of Providence; nature will express her sufferings, and the soul, in spite of conventional and formal bars, will pour forth the grief it feels, and unburden its many sorrows. Kate wept bitterly. Her's were tears of genuine sorrow, not for herself, lone and friendless as she comparatively was; but the remembrance of her father's tenderness and affection were engraven upon her tender heart in indellible characters; her tears were the sacrifice of an humble and devoted spirit—a sacrifice more grateful than ostentatious display, which stirs the vanity or dazzles the eye. When the cold earth was thrown upon the coffin, I thought the heart of my sweet cousin had broken; a shriek of woe, piercing the very heavens, went up from her grief-smitten soul. I caught her in my arms, and she revived. Leaning upon my arm, she bent over the grave of her parent, and would not leave until the last sod was placed upon it, when, throwing herself upon the mound, her tears watered the ground freely. I could not but exclaim—"How touching an inscription!" The tear of a child is the sweetest epitaph a parent could wish. Upon my grave

"May no marble bestow
The splendor of woe,
Which the children of vanity rear;
No fiction of fame
Shall blazon my name:
All I ask, all I wish, is a tear."

Having seen Kate, after an interval allowed for the subsiding of the first violent emotions of grief, safely located at her former quarters, in the female seminary at C——, I returned to college. My cousin and myself now became almost daily correspondents, and contrived in this way to enliven the tedium of our separation. Another year passed, and Kate returned to her home, under the guardianship of an old friend of her father's. By this time I had become completely initiated into the mysteries of college life, and, becoming an adept in the performance of its ritual, became less regular in my correspondence. Three years after my uncle's death, and within a few months of the period when I should bid adieu to the scene of my four years' captivity, I received a letter from Kate, informing me that she was the next week to be married, and urging me, if I could obtain leave, to be present at her nuptials. "Married! the saucy minx, and not ask me about it!" was my first exclamation after reading her letter; not that I expected myself ever to claim Kate as my own wife. O, no! I wasn't such a fool as that. No, no; don't think so. I marry Kate Belmont! But she might have told me of it before, thought I. "What business had she to marry?" said a busy little imp, somewhere in my upper story. "Who ever thought of Kate's getting married while you were away?" yelled another. "You never would have married her," hissed a third. "Oh! no, no; that I wouldn't," said I, slamming my door, and rushing into the air, in the most delightful humor that can be imagined. I walked for a few minutes as if for a wager, then returned to my quarters, and wrote a reply to her letter, informing her that it was utterly impossible for me to leave college at that crisis, and wished her all possible happiness and prosperity in the married state. Soon after this, I saw in the

newspaper an announcement of the marriage of Miss Catharine Belmont to Frederick Halstead, M. D.

The newly-married pair removed to the western part of the state of New York, and from time to time letters were sent me by Kate, breathing the same spirit of affection which she entertained for me in her youth.

I had now established myself in the practice of the law, and the press of professional engagements prevented my corresponding as frequently with Kate as I wished; but she still continued to write me, often urging me to pay them a visit, which I promised to do on the first opportunity; but that opportunity never came.

I was astonished one day upon receiving a letter from Kate, informing me that she was a widow, her husband having been killed by falling from his horse, on returning late at night from a visit to a patient who resided at some distance. I would have flown to her at once, had not business of the most important nature prevented me. I wrote to her, however, condoling with her upon her affliction, and promising soon to visit her. She still continued her correspondence, but I had grown neglectful. She playfully reproached me at times with having forgotten my old companion, and many a time touched a chord that vibrated to feelings of the deepest affection; but the cares of professional life was my constant apology for my apparent carelessness. The next letter I received, was written in an indescribably happy mood; it was the very daguerreotype of the romping, merry Kate of my childhood; and as I ran over the well-known characters, her laughing countenance seemed impressed upon the page. "You can come if you will," said she, "and I am determined that you shall come—so mind your P's and Q's, or I shall apply to our 'squire for a habeas corpus." I vowed that I would gratify my sweet Kate with my presence, and with

this promise quieted my conscience. Months again passed, and yet my visit was delayed, when I received another letter from my cousin, urging me, if I wished to see her again, and receive her last wish, to fly to her without delay. The ingratitude of my conduct smote me; and hastily arranging my business, the next morning I stepped on board one of the North River steamers, on my way to Oneida, where Kate resided. How often have I gazed upon the beauteous scenery of the majestic Hudson! how often feasted my eye upon the varied beauties nature had there lavishly scattered! But—

> "Though I ever loved nature throughout all her forms;
> In the rich robes of summer, or winter's wild storms;
> And ocean's dark tempests were dear unto me,
> As the soft sunny breezes that dance o'er the sea;
> Though I loved the bold crag, adored the soft bower,
> Though my heart was akin to the oak and the flower,
> Now nature was dead to my eye and my ear,
> And soothed not my sorrow, for she was not here."

Never had time hung so heavily on my hands. The steamer appeared a sluggard upon the waters, and the locomotive seemed to have lost its wonted speed; my soul longed to fly to the abode of my Kate. At length I reached the village, and the residence of my cousin was soon found. I entered the house, and was received by a rosy-cheeked girl, who ushered me into the parlor. A young lady joined me almost immediately. "This is Mr. ——, from New York, I presume," said she. I replied affirmatively. "You have arrived too late," said she; "your cousin, my poor friend, is gone." "Gone!" I cried; "am I then too late to see her again?" She covered her face with her hands, and left the room. I was in an agony of distress, and paced the floor rapidly. Here was the home of my Kate, I thought; this room has many a time

rung with her laugh, and echoed with her sweet song, and I, ingrate that I am, will never see her more. Her portrait hung upon the wall, and I stopped before it; the artist had faithfully performed his task—my Kate was there, just as she had left me. At this moment the young lady whom I had just seen, reëntered the room, with a sealed packet in her hand; she appeared much excited, and seemed unable to control her feelings. I expressed my gratitude for the interest she took in my poor cousin; she turned her head for a moment to conceal her feelings, and then said, "Here is a packet sir, which, with the last words she uttered to me, she desired should be placed in your hands; it is her Will." She handed me the packet, and left the room. Hastily breaking the seal, I sat down to perform the melancholy duty of perusing my

COUSIN KATE'S WILL.

Inclosed was a letter to me, written in her own affectionate manner. She reviewed the happy days of our youth, and regretted that she should have been deprived of my society and counsel in after years, and concluded with wishing me happiness and unalloyed pleasure through life. I then proceeded to read the Will; my tears so blinded me, that I could scarcely trace the lines; but, brushing them from my eyes, I discovered that she had left her property, consisting of the farm and stock, together with some thousands of dollars in the Oneida Bank, to myself, reserving only a legacy of four hundred dollars, to Miss Mary Lent, who had been a friend to her in her trouble. "God bless you, Kate!" said I, and proceeded to read the conclusion aloud. "And now my last wish and will is, that my said well-beloved cousin A—— shall, for his ingratitude to, and shameful neglect of, his playmate

and cousin, upon the opening of this my last will, have his ears soundly boxed." As I read the concluding sentence, a hand from behind me bestowed upon my ears a hearty buffet, and my cousin Kate, her own laughing self, jumped before me, the room resounding, and she holding her sides with her boisterous mirth. As for myself, I—

Friend, did you ever take a shower-bath?

THE ROSES.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Two roses on one slender spray
In sweet communion grew,
Together hailed the morning ray,
And drank the evening dew;
While sweetly wreath'd in mossy green,
There sprang a little bud between.

Through clouds and sunshine, storm and showers,
They opened into bloom,
Mingling their foliage and their flowers,
Their beauty and perfume;
While fostered on its rising stem,
The bud became a purple gem.

But soon their summer splendor passed,
They faded in the wind;
Yet were these roses to the last
The loveliest of their kind,
Whose crimson leaves in falling round,
Adorned and sanctified the ground.

When thus were all their honors shorn,
The bud unfolding rose,
And blushed and brightened, as the morn
From dawn to sunrise glows,
Till o'er each parent's drooping head,
The daughter's crowning glory spread.

My friends! in youth's romantic prime,
The golden age of man,
Like these twin-roses spend your time,
—Life's little, lessening span;
Then be your breasts as free from cares,
Your hours as innocent as theirs.

And in the infant bud that blows
In your encircling arms,
Mark the dear promise of a rose,
The pledge of future charms,
That o'er your withering hours shall shine,
Fair, and more fair, as you decline!

'Till, planted in that realm of rest,
Where roses never die,
Amidst the gardens of the blest,
Beneath a stormless sky,
You flower afresh, like Aaron's rod,
That blossomed at the sight of God.

RESURRECTION OF NATURE.

BY MARGARET COXE.

A few short weeks since, as we looked abroad on the face of nature, we beheld the death of winter resting on every part. The woods, by which the horizon is encircled, presented nothing enlivening in the aspect of their dry and scathed trunks and branches, which, "barren as lances," could have afforded to a native of the torrid zone, ignorant of the phenomena of our latitude, no reasonable hope that the heart could ever again be cheered by new foliage, beautifying Nature afresh, and gladdening the soul by the spectacle.

We, however, who have been born and bred in a temperate clime, and have seen, year after year, Nature gradually fading away; dying and springing up again, to renewed, but in nowise less beautiful exhibitions of the life-giving principle, felt no misgivings while the pall of winter rested on the landscape. Our minds, accustomed to observation in times past, had come to feel, not only a strong presumption, but more than that—a full conviction that spring would once more dawn upon us; cheering and gladdening us by its progressive beauties.

And when the signal was given by the Divine Head of the universe, the secret springs of vegetable life were touched, and instinctively obeyed the mandate of its Lord. Man contemplates the vernal landscape with delight; and, as he watches the lately barren shoot, and beholds it

so swelling with the genial current as to prove it to have wakened from its dormant state, and sees it now circulating freely, he tries to satisfy his mind, and to silence it, by exclaiming, "It is but the operation of Nature, carried on in conformity to her common laws!"

We would ask, however, what are the laws of Nature, but the specific modes by which the Almighty mind has seen fit to manifest his wise and beneficent intentions towards his creatures, animate and inanimate?

If we seriously contemplate, even for a few moments, the process of germination in the case of one little seed alone, we can scarcely refrain from condemning ourselves for having so often, with listlessness and want of interest, looked abroad on the buddings of Nature in the spring-time.

We deposite in the bosom of the earth a minute seed; there, immured in its prison-house, it might seem that, amidst the multiplied operations of the world's economy, it would be forgotten among the million times million of more precious treasures that have been committed to the same store-house. But it is not, tiny as it is; the time of its committal was known and registered by Him who rules the rolling spheres. Certain chemical changes are prescribed to it, as to its fellows in the vegetable creation; and soon its feathery plume bursts through the earthy covering which rests on it; and the tiny plant is seen soaring heavenwards; changed in its external appearance, infinitely exceeding in beauty what its germ would have taught us to expect, but still the same in personal intensity.

Examine also the leaf-buds, which, on each returning spring, are gradually unfolded on our most common shrubs. If we pluck specimens from the different varieties of forest trees, or ornamental shrubs, and compare them together, we shall have occasion to see how much wisdom and beau-

tiful consideratlon has been manifestod by our Heavenly Father in the construction even of the mere leaf-buds, which we have so often wantonly plucked and crumbled in our childish grasp. He, who is so mighty in His operations throughout a universe, it will be seen, nevertheless disdains not to perform an humbler task ; but—

> " In its case,
> Russet and rude, fold up the tender germ,
> Uninjured, with inimitable art."

Those apparently insignificant portions of vegetable creation will, on examination, prove the Divine Mind to have exercised itself by a wise and beautiful adaptation of means to a required end. Those destined to unfold in cold climates, for example, will be seen sometimes protected externally by a scaly mantle ; in others, having their tender germs wrapped internally in one downy envelop over another ; in both cases enabled to maintain, by these varying means, the degree of heat necessary to act on them ; while the bud which is designed to encounter the long protracted rains of the tropics, will be found equally well prepared to surmount the dangers peculiar to its position ; by having, in many instances, a resinous texture in its outer covering, by which the injurious effects of too great dampness are obviated

When the appointed period arrives, and Nature, with us, is to be awakened from her wintry sleep, then does her Maker, in his watchful care, send the blasts of spring to agitate the dry and naked branches. An extra excitement is needed to give impetus to the sluggish sap, and cause it once more to circulate freely ; and no sooner is this stimulant required, than its appearance is provided for. The strong winds of March, which men shrink from, and often rail at, are God's messengers, sent to rouse the vegetable creation into new life.

The Hebrew language, in the names which it gives to common objects, is often found noting, with peculiar beauty and force, the peculiarities in the phenomena of nature. She gives to the almond-tree, whose snowy blossoms are the first to gladden the spring of Palestine, a name signifying "the watcher;" that is, to point out that this is the member of the vegetable world which is deputed first to give intelligence to its fellows, that the time is come for them to arise and shine in the beauty which their Creator is to bestow on them.

An observing mind is constantly made to perceive a striking analogy as existing between the operations of Nature and the system and dispensations of Providence and grace. We have been dwelling on the beauties of the scene which presents itself when the vegetable world is re-animated on each returning spring. St. Paul adduces this case as a striking illustration in confirmation of the doctrine of the resurrection from the dead.

If we have found it sweet to believe, and confidently to depend on the assurance that our God will continue to bring forth fresh and beautiful exhibitions of his creative power, when each returning spring shall open on our world; and experience has proved his faithfulness to a promise pledged, thousands of years since,—that spring-time and summer, autumn and winter, shall not fail,—shall we not, with equal confidence, trust his word, pledged to us, on another point, of far deeper interest, "that every one which seeth the Son, and believeth on him, may have everlasting life," and be raised up "at the last day?"

We deposite the dry, and apparently dead seed, in the bosom of the earth, and we doubt not what the result will be; but make all our business calculations in the full assurance that it will be quickened by some mysterious power, into new and vigorous life. Shall we not, also in

hope, commit the bodies of our loved ones to the tomb, without fear or doubting, believing, that from the crumbling ruins of their tabernacles of clay, God can, and will, raise up new, beautiful, and glorified bodies, which shall be re-united to their immortal spirits by a mysterious tie, never again to be sundered? Hard indeed would it be for us to see the beloved of our hearts dropping "their night mantles of clay," and folding them up in the dark chambers of the grave, had we not the Almighty word pledged, that, at the last day, at the signal of the archangel, the earth, which had covered them, it may be for centuries, in its cold embrace, should be riven; and they should be brought forth, fair and beautiful as "an army with banners!"

If, in the case of the leaf-buds of the most common shrubs, we observed the most beautiful adaptation of means to their due development; how much more confidently shall we depend on His wisdom, so to have arranged the peculiarities in the discipline of our beloved ones, as to evolve, in the most matured beauty, those traits which He designed to characterize them severally. Those destined to face the sterner realities of life will be found to have had internal elements that prepared them for its rigors; while those who were to be exposed to the scorching sun of prosperity had their counteractive, conservative discipline to shield them from its dangers. Yes! when "we awake up after his likeness," if we are privileged to be numbered among his redeemed people, then, and not till then, shall we be abundantly "satisfied." All apparent mysteries will be cleared up, all enigmas will be solved, and full, complete, and abiding satisfaction shall take possession of our souls!

THE IVY BUSH.

BY MISS HOWITT.

Far in the wood of Winter-burn,
Beyond the slopes of feathery fern;
Beyond the lake, and beyond the fen,
Down in a wild and sylvan glen,
In the very heart of Winter-burn wood;
Last summer an ivy-bush there stood:
As strong as an oak, as thick as a yew,
This ivy-bush in the forest grew.
Let us go down this day and see
If in Winter-burn still grows this tree.

Now we are here—the words I spoke
Were not, you see, an idle joke!
Stem, branch, and root, what think ye all
Of this ivy-bush, so broad and tall?
Many and many a year, I wis,
The tree has throve ere it grew to this!
Many a year has tried its speed,
Since this old bush was an ivy-seed;
And the woodman's children, that were then,
Long years ago were ancient men,
And now no more on earth are seen;
But the ivy-bush is hale and green,
And ere it sinks in slow decay
Many years to come will have passed away.

All round about 'mong its twisting boughs,
There's many an owl doth snugly house,
Warm feathered o'er, yet none can see
How they winking sit in the ivy-tree,
For the leaves are thick as they can be.
But at fall of night, when the stars come out,
The old owls begin to move about;
And the ivy-bush, like a busy hive,
Within its leaves is all alive;
And, were you here, you would declare
That the very bush began to stare;
For in the dusk of leaves dark-green,
The owl-eyes look out fixed and keen;
North and south, and round about,
East and west the eyes look out.
And anon is heard, afar and nigh,
How the ivy-bush sends forth a cry;
A cry so long, a cry so wild,
That it wakes, almost, the cradled child;
And the coach that comes with its peopled load,
Man, woman and babe, up the hilly road,
They hear in amaze the sudden hoot
That shakes the old bush, branch and root,
And the caped-up coachman, then, says he,
"In Winter-burn there grows a tree,
And in this tree more owls abide
Than in all Winter-burn beside;
And every night as we climb this brow,
The owls hoot out as they're hooting now!"
And when they hoot out and when they shout,
'Tis woe to the wood-mice all about;
And when the fires of their eyes appear,
The weak little birds they quake for fear,

For they know that the owls, with a fierce delight,
Riot and feast, like lords, at night.

Oh, bush, of ivy-trees the prime,
Men find thee out at winter time!
From the distant town, through frost and snow,
To the woods of Winter-burn they go;
And, if care were killed by an ivy-bough,
What a killer of care, old tree, wert thou!
And high in the hall, with laughter merry,
They hang thy twigs with the powdered berry.
And the red-gemmed holly they mix also,
With the spectral branches of misletoe.
Rare old tree! and the cottage small
Is decked as well as the baron's hall;
For the children's hands are busy, and fain
To dress up the little window-pane,
And set in the chinks of the roof-tree wood
The holly and ivy, green and good.

'Twere well for us, thou rare old tree,
Could we gladden the human heart like thee;
Like thee and the holly, that thus made gay
The lowliest cot for a winter's day!

Vision of the Burning Bush.

VISION OF THE BURNING BUSH.

BY REV. B. T. PHILLIPS.

"Now Moses kept the flocks of Jethro his father-in-law, the priest of Midian: and he led the flock to the back side of the desert, and came to the mountain of God, even to Horeb. And the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a flame of fire out of the midst of a bush: and he looked, and, behold, the bush burned with fire, and the bush was not consumed."

Such is the simple record, given by the pen of inspiration, of one of the most remarkable phenomena it has ever been the lot of man to witness. The time, place, and circumstances of its occurrence, were singularly in accordance with its nature and design. In its nature it was evidently miraculous. It was a suspension of the laws of nature, by the God of nature, for a special purpose; and we are therefore spared the necessity of accounting for it on natural principles by resolving it into an act of Almighty sovereignty. Nor is this beyond his power. He who makes wood, in ordinary circumstances, destructible by fire, can, if he so pleases, make it as impervious to such influences, as the rock of adamant or a metallic substance. He who called them into existence, at the first, by the exercise of omnipotence, and gave them the nature they now have, can as easily, by the exercise of the same power, give them an entirely different nature, and make them subserve a totally different purpose from that which they now do. A miracle therefore is not beyond the

power of God, as it is nothing more nor less than a suspension of those laws, of His own enacting, by which the operations of nature are conducted.

Nor will it answer to say that such a thing cannot be, because we have never seen one; and that the general experience of mankind is contrary to such phenomena. There are many things which happen, beyond the ken of most of mankind; and though we have not the testimony of most men in favor of miracles, yet we have that of some of the best of men in their favor, given under circumstances, which preclude all suspicion, even of imposture or ignorance, and whose evidence has never been overthrown by the bitterest and most powerful of their enemies.

It was then a miracle which Moses saw in the desert of Midian; a miracle which God performed for the purpose of calling his attention to the condition of the Israelites in Egypt, as well as a proof to Moses himself that it was Jehovah who was speaking to him; and that he was not laboring under a deception of a distempered and disordered imagination. The ultimate design of this vision, is supposed, by commentators, to be to typify the condition of the Church visible, that it should be always in affliction, but never destroyed; in the fire of adversity, but never consumed. The subsequent history of the Church does, indeed, afford strong presumptive evidence in favor of such a supposition; but our present purpose does not embrace the discussion of this question: it is enough for us to speak of that which appears upon the face of the scene itself: from which we learn, as we have endeavored to show, that it was a miraculous event, employed by God as the means of informing Moses of the condition of his countrymen in the land of bondage; and of commissioning him to be their leader in rescuing them from the Egyptian yoke.

Moses was now eighty years of age. The first forty years of his life had been spent in royal luxury at the court of Pharaoh, into whose family he had been adopted by the daughter of the monarch, who had discovered him, when, through fear of the king, he had been exposed, by his mother, to the dangers of the Nile, in an ark of bulrushes. There he had received a training which peculiarly fitted him for the wonderful vicissitudes of his subsequent life. He was carefully instructed in all the learning of the Egyptians, at that time the most scientific and educated nation of the earth; and all his powers developed in their fullest perfection, to qualify him, when the time for the assumption of that honor should arrive, to fill the throne of Egypt with credit to himself and advantage to the nation. But, though reared in such luxury, and the heir to such power and honors, he could not forget that he was still an Israelite, bound by every tie of affection and relationship to his suffering countrymen; nor could he be indifferent to the sufferings they had to endure in consequence of the rigid slavery in which they were held by their cruel taskmasters. His generous nature sympathized with them in their trials, and his warm heart beat in unison with theirs, when he saw them exposed to so many indignities from a people who were under such obligations to them, from the kindness they had received from Joseph, in averting from them the horrors of a dreadful famine; and who had, by his wisdom, contributed so much to their present greatness. It was the yielding to the indignation of his warm heart, that led to his flight from the land of his birth, and his present banishment, as an exile, in the land of Midian. On a certain occasion, we are told, "he went out unto his brethren, and looked on their burdens; and he spied an Egyptian smiting an Hebrew, one of his brethren; and he looked this way and

that way, and when he saw that there was no man, he slew the Egyptian, and hid him in the sand." It was for this act, which, though unjustifiable, is palliated by the provocation he received, and the fervor of his zeal for the rights of his oppressed brethren, that he was compelled to flee his country. Pharaoh's anger against the son of his daughter was aroused, and he sought to slay him; but Moses, hearing of it, "fled from the face of Pharaoh, and dwelt in the land of Midian."

The conduct of Moses in this transaction exhibits true greatness. He was in favor at court; on the highway to preferment and honor; but, rather than enjoy that honor at the expense of his brethren, he chose to make common cause with them, and forfeit all worldly advantages for the sake of identifying himself with them, and benefiting them by his sympathetic interest in their welfare. This benefit was indeed prospective; nor was the prospect, at that time, in the least bright or encouraging; but he could hope and believe, and was ready, at the expense of personal safety and honor, to act the part of a deliverer; nor did he flee, until he found that his brethren would not recognise him as such, but turned against him, and destroyed even the faint prospect there was, by their suicidal jealousy of his interference. He is worthy, therefore, of all honor, for thus boldly espousing the cause of his afflicted countrymen, even when they would not acknowledge him as their leader; and the pen of inspiration has given him that honor in the following eulogy, pronounced upon his conduct in this connection. "By faith, Moses, when he was come to years, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter; choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt; for he had respect

unto the recompense of the reward." It was for this future recompense that he sacrificed present enjoyment and honors, and left the pride and pomp of Pharaoh's court, to follow, in the land of Midian, the humble occupation of a shepherd.

But, though less honorable in the world's estimation, it was not a less useful portion of his life which he spent in the retirement of that desert. It was there that he enjoyed that converse with nature, which he would have sought in vain amidst the busy scenes of more active life. There he could acquire that self-knowledge which the ancients fabled to have come from heaven; which was above all other kinds, and by which he was fitted for the mighty responsibilities subsequently laid upon him as the champion of the enslaved Hebrews. There he had time to correct that impetuosity of spirit which would seem to have been characteristic of him in his early years; and which he so far conquered as to beocme noted as the meekest man that ever lived. He had there time to learn still more of the vanity of earthly honors, as he found in the peaceful retirement of pastoral life, how unnecessary those honors were to minister to human happiness.

It requires no great effort of the imagination to picture before us the good man, in the daily round of his inartificial and peaceful life; to behold him leading the flock of his father-in-law to the best pasturage; to follow him to the shady recesses of that desert, as he reclined under the spreading palm-tree, or on the bank of the gentle stream, his innocent charge feeding beside him, or laving their heated sides in the waters of the cooling brook. We almost hear the song of praise, which he raises to his God, or listen to the fervency of his devotions, as he dwells upon the suffering state of his brethren, and supplicates the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, that he would deliver them

from the galling yoke of the oppressor. Thus he dwelt for forty years, free from the cares of this bustling world; and in such peaceful occupations found that solace and comfort so grateful to a heart like his; attuned to the sweet harmony of nature, and free from all worldly and unhallowed ambition. He was content with his condition, satisfied to remain for life in just such an employment, with no more of worldly cares or honors; with no desire to enjoy the pleasures or the follies of that life from which he had escaped, and which had for him no charms.

But pleasing as was this mode of life, and grateful as it was to the meek spirit of this distinguished man of God, and little as he desired a change, there was a nobler work for him to perform in the busy world from which he had been for so long a time withdrawn; there were busy scenes waiting for him, in which he was to assume an important part; the groans, and sighing, and prayers of the oppressed Israelites, had entered the ears of the God of Israel, and he was come to bring deliverance, to loosen the iron chain, "to open the prison doors to them that were bound." The time for their disenthrallment was come, and in looking for the chosen instrument of effecting His merciful designs for his suffering people, none was found worthy of the honor but the Shepherd of Midian. Yes, none but the meek, humble, modest, retiring Moses, was qualified for the important undertaking, and he was chosen to lead the people of Israel "out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage." And now he is called to the discharge of this weighty responsibility. He is called upon to leave his inactive and quiet life, for scenes of busy, pregnant interest. The desert is to give place to the camp, the palace, and the court. The companionship of his gentle flock is to be given up for the society of a numerous host; and intercourse with the in-

nocent scenes of nature and pastoral life, for the intrigue and chicanery, the deceptions and *finesse* of a corrupt and idolatrous monarch and his courtiers. The simple shepherd's crook is to be laid aside, and exchanged for the truncheon and the rod, emblems of authority, with which he was to come before the wicked Pharaoh, the accredited messenger of Heaven—the leader of the host of Israel.

A change of state and mode of living so great as this, and one so little congenial to his nature, would not be likely to be entered upon by Moses, without the clearest evidence of the will of God in the matter. The time for his entrance upon the great work he had to perform was indeed come. The preparation, which he had obtained during the long repose of that forty years in the land of Midian, was now completed. Eighty years had settled upon his head, bringing with them the rich fruits of wisdom and discretion, ripened by experience and meditation, and with these, and the favor of God, he was abundantly qualified to go forth and fulfil his important mission, upon whose issue were suspended such momentous consequences to the Jewish and Egyptian nations. But before he should enter upon it, he was to receive his commission—to have ample proof that he was called to the work—that it was indeed the will of the Jehovah that he should undertake it; that proof was in the miracle which was performed before his wondering eyes; that evidence of the will of God, was exhibited in the burning bush which he saw; from the midst of which the Lord spake to him, unfolding to him His purpose concerning his afflicted people and their oppressors, and the part that was assigned to him in effecting their deliverance.

It was an appropriate place for such an exhibition of Divine power. It was near Horeb—in other places called Mount Sinai—the place from which God subsequently

gave the ten commandments to his people, when brought on their journey thus far, by the hand of Moses, to the land flowing with milk and honey. Here it was, in that place, honored of God by his displays of mercy and majesty; a place so fixed in the remembrance of the Jews—emblematic, by its stern majesty and proud eminence, of the rigid and inexorable law of which it was the type, God appeared to his wondering servant. It was away from the busy haunts of men; with no intruding footsteps of curious mortals to pollute that hallowed spot; with no opposing causes to call off the attention of Moses from that wondrous sight; with everything favorable to the impression it would make upon him, and yet with every facility to detect imposition, had any been practised upon his senses—"the Lord appeared unto him in a flame of fire, out of the midst of a bush; and he looked, and, behold, the bush burned with fire, and the bush was not consumed." No wonder that such a scene should attract and rivet the attention of the man of God; and we are prepared to hear him say, as it burst upon him with all its beauty, grandeur, and surprise, "I will now turn aside, and see this great sight, why the bush is not burned." Let us imitate his example, and, for a moment, "turn aside" to think upon that scene. We shall not do so in vain, if our impressions of the majesty of God be thereby strengthened; if we learn from it a lesson of reverential awe; and fasten upon our hearts, more deeply than ever, the sentiment so well expressed by the poet,

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform."

THE DEW-DROP AND THE LILY.

BY G. ALVAN HOWARD.

'Twas verdant June ;—the evening air,
Leaving awhile the crystal'd cave,
Stole laughingly forth from its drowsy lair
To dip its wing in the rippling wave,
And frolic away the vesper hour,
With the dimpling spring, and the fragrant flower.
The stars that jewel'd the spirits' way,
Faded before the moon's bright ray—
Stealing silently one by one away,—
As, half the maiden, half the queen,
She blushing rose the hills between ;
And still, with modest firmness trod,
Steadily onward to her throne,
Till her silvery light on all abroad
Like a glance of conscious power was thrown,
And the azure realm of the cloudless sky
Brighten'd beneath her gentle eye ;
While earth, from lakelet, rill and main,
Gave timidly back her smiles again.
Touched by her light, the trembling grove
Cast on the sward a deeper shade ;
Like the quiet sadness ever made
(Shadows dart from the light above),
In the earnest hearts of those that love.

Studding the plain, bright flowers were seen,
'Twining themselves with the blended green;
A brilliant band of rivals they,
With graceful forms and vestures gay;
Spreading each one its tiny bell,
And breathing a perfumed witchery up,
To meet the dews that sparkling fell,
And lure them into its scented cup.
One glittering drop, as it left the sky,
And hover'd down on its silvery wing,
Sought with a wandering glance to spy,
By rippling rill, or welling spring,
Its favorite bloom; and many a one,
Trembled and blush'd, as his brilliant eye
Rested awhile on her alone,
Bending modestly down while he lingered nigh.

With simple grace, in a little dell,
Its beauty but half revealed,
A delicate lily raised its bell,
And its sweets from the zephyr concealed.
Thither the sparkling wanderer flew:
For her pure and innocent loveliness
Was a greater charm to the spotless dew,
Than a gaudy bloom, and a flaunting grace.
Did she yield consent when he gently sued
To cheer with his love her solitude?
Not a word I trow, did the fair one say;
But he caught the glance of her modest eye,
As she timidly turned her head away,
And waited, I ween, no bolder reply.
O, happy was he while nestling there!
For he gave not a thought to the morning hour,

When he must leave, for the realms of air,
The verdant earth, and his beautiful flower ;
But sweetly whiled the hours away,
With answering smile, and words that stray,
And cease at times, in rapt delay :
Telling her tales of his wanderings wide
On the wings of the wind ; on the wild rushing tide ;
In the still, lucid stream, gliding through the dark glade,
Or silently stealing along the green lea ;
Of his leap from the hills in the foaming cascade,
And his eddying dive to the depths of the sea;
Of many a bright and vernal land,
Where flowers in beauty and pride expand,
Of stately form, and lasting bloom,
In gorgeous hues of beauty drest,
With purple robe, and golden crest,
And petals rich in a sweet perfume.
And she timidly listened to hear him swear,
With all their queenly pride and show,
He thought not one of them half so fair
As she who listens to him now !
And soon the little flatterer knew
The innocent flower did love him well,
Closer her snowy cup she drew,
And prayed him ever with her to dwell,
Shielded from harm in that verdant dell.
Till he fondly swore he never would leave
So sweet a flower for him to grieve.
Alas ! his vows were all in vain.—
Ere the hour returned again
The light breeze came from its gladsome play
With the frolicsome waves of the ruffled sea ;
Over the lovers he wing'd his way,

And, mischief moved, in sportive glee,
Kiss'd the unwilling flower—the dew
Shook from its clasping bell, and flew
Away, the laughter-loving gale,
To tell some other flower the tale,
Nor cared that Flora's pet did mourn
In silent grief for her lover gone.

The stars twinkle brightly as ever above;
The flowers on earth are as gay;
The dews are as bright; and the light zephyrs rove
With the fountains and flowers at play;
But lovely and sad, from that hour, 'tis said,
The lily-bell never has raised its head.

THE HAPPY RETURN.

BY THE EDITOR.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the faults I see;
The mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.—POPE.

IT was a sorrowful day in the little village of W———, when Farmer Melville died, for his good disposition led him to so many acts of charity and kindness, that the voices of the needy were ever raised in gratitude to him, who now, alas! had passed away from scenes of earthly happiness, to meet his reward in the kingdom of eternal bliss. None had greater cause to mourn for the death of Farmer Melville than the Widow Scott, as the sequel will show.

Twenty years before the commencement of this tale, there were not two individuals more talked of, or more regarded than the rival wives of Farmer Melville and Farmer Scott; the former had been for some time the reigning rural belle, when Mrs. Scott, with superior personal attractions, and newer fashions from the country town, was brought to superintend the domestic affairs of her happy bridegroom, and commenced a contest for superiority with the hitherto predominant wife of Farmer Melville. Fortune prospered the exertions of the two farmers, and for some time their wives were enabled to vie with each other in all matters of public and private life; though, like their

superiors, they kept up a friendly intercourse, and nodded to each other familiarly at church, before the parson ascended the pulpit, although everybody knew them to be rivals, and of course enemies, in the common acceptation of the word. Thus they passed a year or two in a very harmless manner, when it began to be whispered, that Dame Melville, notwithstanding her smiles and graciousness, possessed in reality a bad temper and malicious disposition; and when Farmer Melville left his own chimney corner in the frosty Christmas nights, for those of his neighbor's, it was whispered that that circumstance was occasioned by the ill temper of his wife. From this time the wife of Farmer Scott obtained pre-eminence; for people, in whatever station of life they may be, will yield their reverence to the good; and the patient and meek-hearted always have that homage paid to their virtues which they so eminently deserve. Still, all the goodness, all the amiability of Mrs. Scott, could not prevent the rapid strides ill fortune was making in their little property; cattle died, corn fields were unfruitful, hay ricks were burned, and, in short, an accumulation of misfortunes threw the pains-taking farmer back in his career; his circumstances were embarrassed, and as a last resource, he was compelled reluctantly to mortgage his little patrimonial possessions to his neighbor, Farmer Melville.

The triumphant dame exulted in this sudden distress, which, humbling the spirit of her rival, precluded any further opposition; but her triumph was but a brief one. Emma Scott retired from the contest, and no longer appeared in silks and laces as she was wont; but assuming a garb more consonant with her changed condition, perseveringly applied herself to her household duties, and, without a murmur, lightened the distress of her husband, by her willing exertions in the change of fortune which had

happened. Still, even in her humbleness, Emma Scott was the people's favorite; they despised Dame Melville because she exulted in her neighbor's downfall, and they determined to look regardlessly upon all her fashionable importations; so when she appeared at church in her new peach-blossom silk dress, there was not an eye directed toward her, neither was there a word of enconium, or even of recognition of the novelty, after service, when the general compliments were exchanged. In this manner Dame Melville continued to be received, until she became furious, and peremptorily insisted upon her husband's ruining the Scotts at once; but the kind-hearted man, glancing a look of mingled reproof and scorn upon his ill-tempered and vindictive wife, stretched his hand toward a Bible that lay before him, and pointing to a particular passage, replied, only with a single monosyllable, "Read!" There was more force in that little word than he could have conveyed in the sternest reproof. The wife said nothing, but left the room. She still, however, persisted in her enmity, and no remonstrance or entreaty could induce her ever again to exchange words, much less to associate with the unfortunates.

Still greater grief was in store for Emma Scott; her son, a lad who had seen thirteen summers, just as he was becoming useful as an assistant to his parents, suddenly disappeared, and his distressed and heart-stricken parents could obtain no tidings of him. Under this accumulation of troubles and disasters, Farmer Scott died broken-hearted, and his afflicted widow was left unprotected in the world, with a helpless daughter to add to her many cares and troubles. Still, she was resigned, and all that comfort which the bereaved *can* feel—all that comfort which springs from a consciousness of virtue and integrity, and the confidence of an approving heart, was hers. She

applied herself to the business of the farm, and little Elizabeth, young as she was, was not idle. Providence crowned the widow's labors with success, and notwithstanding the disadvantages she had to encounter, they were all surmounted; and Emma Scott, clasping her child to her breast, returned thanks to that all-wise Preserver, who had so signally protected her in the midst of desolation.

Five years passed and smiled on the bereaved family; the widow's gains were not sufficient to discharge the mortgage upon her little property, still they were enough to supply all her wants; and Farmer Melville acted so generously and kindly to her, that while he lived, she could entertain no feeling of apprehension. But

> "Heav'n takes the good, too good on earth to stay,
> And leaves the bad, too bad to take away."

Farmer Melville died; a few hours' illness terminated his existence, and as soon as his remains were interred, and common decency would permit his wife to resume her occupations, the mortgages held by her upon the widow's farm were put into the hands of a solicitor, and the woman Melville obtained that which she had so long desired—the utter destruction of the Widow Scott—that is, so far as worldly possessions were concerned; but she could not destroy that bright jewel of the female character, *virtue*, nor that inherent and angelic quality, *contentment;* for Mrs. Scott had learned the value of that sure consolation in the hour of trouble—to cast herself upon that arm that ever awaits to support the faint and weary souls who will intrust their fortune to its saving aid. By the malignity of this vindictive woman, the mother and the child, the widow and the fatherless, were driven from their humble dwelling, utterly destitute, in the midst of winter, to throw themselves upon the charity of the benevolent and good.

What language can portray the widow's agony, when she beheld the scene of havoc and desolation that one short hour had made; or the burning of her still high and independent spirits, when the prospect of her being compelled to accept alms was presented to her mind? Labor, exertion, were nothing; she could toil from the rising to the setting of the sun; with her own hand she could till the earth, and her wearied limbs would still sustain her—for she toiled for subsistence; the bread she earned was her own—the fruits of industry—the free gift of Heaven, and not of man. But to be compelled to *beg* that bread—to accept it from those with whom she had associated, to become a common mendicant! Her soul could not brook the degradation—and trusting in the power of that Providence who promised to be the helper of those who placed their trust in Him, she nerved her mind to the crisis, and boldly faced the frowns and disregarded the sneers of those who insulted her fallen and lonely state.

Her child alone rendered life a value to her. Elizabeth was now at that perilous age when the future character of the woman is established; just sixteen, old enough to discriminate good from evil, but not sufficiently acquainted with the world to judge of others' counsel. She stood upon a precipice, and clouds and darkness were around her; artless and unsophisticated, she ascribed goodness to all with whom she was acquainted; and too innocent and pure to injure others, she did not dream that any one could entertain evil sentiments with regard to her. She was not beautiful, but a bright sunny countenance, and a pleasing regularity of features, compensated for the want of actual beauty; she was one of those rare, yet lovely beings, whose open and happy countenance are the index of their hearts, for her soul beamed in her modest, yet kind and intelligent eye; and in that mirror, faultless in its re-

flection, could be read, the impulses of her generous and guileless heart; the beholder could not remain long with her, without esteeming her very lovely; there was a fascination in her looks, her smile, and the simple and modest, yet winning tones of her silver voice, that captured your esteem, and won your heart, ere you were aware of its power. With such attractions, Elizabeth soon brought about her the gayest and the proudest of the village beaux.

The widow beheld the dangers which beset her child, and these considerations alone, awakening all the feelings of the *mother*, threw a shadow over the contemplation of the past, and led her only to regard their future destiny.

"God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb!" she exclaimed one day, as she pressed her fatherless girl to her widowed breast, "and to him I commend my child. Elizabeth, my poor, dear Elizabeth, although bereft of home, we are not destitute of hope; the upright heart, firm in its own integrity, draws scenes of future fortune from the very storms of fate; and now humbled, even unto the ground, I hear a voice, whispering consolation and comfort, for the virtuous shall not be forsaken."

Elizabeth was in tears upon her mother's breast.

"Do not weep," said her mother, wiping away the tears that trickled down the sweet girl's cheeks; "we have no cause for weeping, for Heaven has enabled us to retain a treasure, of which no power can despoil us."

"A treasure, mother?" said Elizabeth, gazing inquiringly upon her features.

"Yes, dearest, the treasure of an unsullied spirit.—Though we are poor, and destitute of worldly means, we still preserve that purity of honor which obtains for us the respect of our fellow-creatures, and more than all, the approval of Heaven. Circumstances, my daughter, now command us to part; you must leave me, and take to the

wide world, there to find that support which the means of your mother no longer can afford."

"Oh no, mother, dearest mother!" exclaimed the orphan, clinging more closely to her parent, and her tears falling faster than before. "I cannot, will not leave you —I never will!"

"We cannot live together, Elizabeth; even now we are dependent upon the bounty of strangers, and must each of us seek the means for our subsistence. You would not live on *charity*?"

"Oh no, no, no! I can work, I *will* work. The labor of my own hands shall procure our daily bread; give me employment, mother, and see how gayly I will execute the task; toil, drudgery, will be nothing to me; I am young and healthy, and the consciousness that I am administering to the support and comfort of a dear parent, will make the labor so light, I shall hardly think it labor; I will live even upon a crust of bread per day, endure and suffer any thing, but I cannot leave you, my dear mother. You are now the only friend I have on earth, and do not throw me upon the mercy of a cold and selfish people! do not deprive me of the cheering consolation of your presence—of the benefit of your maternal counsel—pray, dearest mother, consider this! You need not, shall not toil. I will toil, and will supply the wants of both, but do not talk of parting."

"My own sweet child, my kind-hearted girl!" exclaimed the widow, kissing the cheek of Elizabeth—a tear trembling on her own eyelid the while—"My sweet girl, your heart inspires more than your hands could accomplish. Besides, my child, I should be unworthy of these affectionate feelings, were I to despoil you of the humble fruits of your own industry. In a few days, no doubt, we shall, both of us, be enabled to obtain employment, and better

days may yet be in store for us; the will of Heaven is in all things, and our present destitution may, perhaps, be only to prepare us for more substantial blessings than any we have yet experienced. Something whispers hope to me, that your brother is still among the living; and it may be, that he is destined to work out our redemption from this destitution. Still hope, my child—hope for the best; forsake not virtue, and Heaven's angels will always hover over you to guard and protect you."

In this manner did the widow endeavor to reconcile Elizabeth to the separation; but the fond girl clung tenderly to her parent's breast, and no entreaties—no consolation could restrain her anguish and her tears. A few days after this, a situation was obtained for Elizabeth in the farm-house of a friend of her late father's, and that circumstance, combined with many other advantages, reconciled the orphan in some degree to the sad necessity of parting. Besides, her mother had obtained employment as nurse in the family of the 'squire, who was the proprietor of a large portion of the village, and she being thus provided for, Elizabeth departed with less reluctance than she would have done, had she left her mother entirely dependent upon the bounty of the villagers.

We should state, however, in our narrative, by what means those situations were procured so speedily for the widow and her daughter; and we here, therefore, introduce another individual to our reader, in the person of Alexander Melville, the son of the woman by whom the Widow Scott had been so pitilessly despoiled of her little possessions. Alexander Melville was formed in a different mold altogether; he possessed all the qualities of his father; in his infancy he was the delight of the villagers, and now that he was growing towards man's estate, everybody said he resembled the good old farmer, whose mem-

ory they venerated. There were no little endeavors made by the mother, however, to bring the disposition of Alexander into accordance with her own; but Alexander was always restive, and when she talked of "polishing him," he never failed to recollect some hay that was to be carted, or some cattle to be fed, which enabled him to make a precipitate retreat from the lady's lessons. Alexander and his mother were, however, upon the best of terms, until the affair of the Widow Scott, and then the young man warmly remonstrated with her upon the glaring cruelty and injustice of her conduct; adverting to the benevolent feelings of his father, and acting according to his example, he earnestly protested against ejecting the widow from her home. But Dame Melville, contenting herself with calling her son an idiot, gave instant orders for the immediate sale of the widow's farm and effects.

Alexander, however, befriended the widow, and after assisting her as far as his limited means would permit, his mother having entire possession of the family property until he became of age, contrived to procure the two situations already alluded to, which were immediately offered, but without the least mention of the individual who had been instrumental in obtaining them. It was whispered, that the attention of Alexander Melville to the fatherless Elizabeth, was inspired by more tender feelings than those of mere good will. Alexander discountenanced the tale; he scarcely knew the true state of his own feelings; regarding Elizabeth in the light of an intelligent, amiable and lovely girl, he became attached to her with all the warmth of brotherly regard, and he did not otherwise characterize his own sentiments. But brotherly attachment to a young, fascinating and warm-hearted girl, unallied by any ties of kindred, seldom fails of ripening unconsciously into more tender and warmer feelings; and he who be-

lieved himself administering to the happiness of a sister, found himself suddenly possessed of wishes and hopes that no sisterly affection is adequate to supply. And thus it was with Alexander Melville. Whispers such as these rarely fail to reach the very persons whom it is desirable they should not; and one morning, immediately after Alexander had seated himself at the breakfast-table, his incensed mother opened upon him with the whole force of her eloquence, and with many threats of her wrath and eternal displeasure if he dared to continue his visits to Elizabeth Scott. Alexander, as any young and warm-hearted man who possessed the least spark of humble feeling would do, defended the friendless girl from the unjust aspersions of his mother; and though her eyes flashed fire, and her words almost choked her in their utterance, still Alexander coolly and collectedly upheld the orphan's cause; avowed that he had been the means of rescuing her and her mother from the fangs of penury, and by placing them in comfortable and respectable situations, evinced that, in so doing, he was influenced by none but honorable motives.

"You acknowledge, it then?" cried the now infuriated woman. "You acknowledge that you have supported this worthless woman and her idle brat?"

"Not worthless, mother—not idle," interrupted Alexander; "the same industry, the same rectitude that induced my honored father to protect them, still characterize their conduct. They are respected and beloved in their situations, in procuring which, I trust that I have only acted up to the precepts of my good parent, whom I can imagine, looking down from heaven, and blessing me for the deed."

"You call that morality!—you call it a good deed, to set up a woman upon the stilts of pride again, who has

ever taken pains to insult me! and, more than all, you must fall in love too!"

"In love, mother!"

"Ay, forsooth, with her puny white-faced brat."

"If to be devoted, with all the brother's affection to the good, the innocent Elizabeth, be what you call love, then indeed I love her. If to support and defend her spotless purity against the aspersions and intemperate expressions of the world, be love, then, indeed I am in love with Elizabeth Scott."

"And you dare say that to me, sir?"

"To any one! You tell me that I love her! If so, you cannot censure me, nor deem me wrong in defending her against even *your* cruel words. You have awakened within me feelings before unknown, and now I hesitate not to declare my love for the fatherless girl. I will protect her, even unto death, and no ties of kindred, no consideration of friends, shall deter me from assisting her, defenceless, friendless as she is."

Mrs. Melville gave vent to a burst of indignation, and flung out of the room. It was Sunday: she dressed, and went to church, prayed, or seemed to pray, as devoutly as anybody else in that holy edifice, and sung with apparent fervor and sincerity; dropped a penny into the box for the donations of the charitable, and returned fresh for another attack upon the dinner and her son. But Alexander proceeded from the church to the farm of his friend, where Elizabeth was abiding, and then and there disclosed all his cares, his thoughts and his wishes. It might be tedious to recount the scene that transpired; suffice it to say, that when Alexander returned home at night, he looked much pleased, and very happy; his mother had retired to bed in a great rage, which she had taken a bottle of cordial with her to cool. After this, Alexander and Elizabeth were

frequently seen together of an evening, in the vicinity of the farm where the latter lived, each of them looking so comfortable and so happy, that their hearts must have been replete with pure and blissful feelings. Mrs. Melville endeavored to set watches upon them, to listen and perceive all that was transpiring; but she could procure no one who would take the base employment; in vain she discharged all the farm laborers from the farm who refused; in vain she offered bribes to any one who could discover anything prejudicial to the characters of the widow or Elizabeth, no matter how remote the time when the circumstance might have happened; there was nobody who ever heard anything to their discredit. Dame Melville was thus reduced almost to despair; when a strange pedlar, who heard the golden offers that had been made, from some of the indignant laborers at the village ale-house, waited upon her at the farm.

Without the least preface, the pedlar introduced his business.

"You want information," said he, "about the misdeeds of some women. Doubtless you have motives, and great motives for that wish. How far would those motives lead you?"

Dame Melville was surprised at the singularity, not less than at the bluntness of the strange being who addressed her. Recovering her self-possession, however, immediately she rejoined, "Do *you* know any harm of the Widow Scott?"

"What matters that?" peevishly replied the pedlar. "Gold is a marvelous inspirator of an imaginative brain—you understand?"

"Hush!" cried the dame, putting her finger upon her lips, and drawing the stranger by the sleeve into an inner room.

Ten days after the above occurrence, Elizabeth Scott

was a prisoner—the young—the guileless—the amiable Elizabeth Scott. A robbery had been affected at Mrs. Melville's, and one of the stolen articles was found upon the person of Elizabeth—an antique gold ring that had been in the family of the owner for ages, an heir-loom, which bore the mark of many names—and positively identified by the vindictive dame. Elizabeth protested her innocence, declared the ring to be the gift of a pedlar of whom she had bought some ribbons the preceding day; there was evidence adduced, however, to prove that the pedlar whom she described had not been seen in the village for ten days past, and it was, therefore, very improbable that she could have obtained the ring from him. A witness was also produced, who testified that Elizabeth, upon the very night of the robbery, had conversed in a bye lane with a man muffled in a large cloak. Elizabeth did not deny this, but explained the circumstance by stating that she was met by the stranger on her way home to the farm, who kept her in conversation respecting her family, and making particular inquiries of her mother's abode; and that she knew nothing of the man, nor had she seen him before or since. Such affirmation, however, was little heeded. Of what avail are the protestations of one charged with crime? Whose heart opens at the details of suffering and woe, when they come from the lips of one arraigned at the bar of a criminal court?—Truth there assumes the garb of falsehood, pity is smothered, and sympathy stifled; the prisoner must be guilty, or she would not have been in her present situation. Strange philosophy! but, alas! not more strange than true. After her examination, Elizabeth was committed for further examination.

After the first excitement had passed, there was scarcely a person in the village whose sympathies were not enlisted for the unfortunate prisoner, although the evidence of her

guilt appeared too conclusive to admit of doubt. Her mother instantly flew to her place of confinement, and with mingled feelings of regret and shame, implored her to confess the truth.

"Mother, mother!" cried the girl, falling upon her knees at the widow's feet, "do *you* too believe me guilty?"

"I know not what to think," sobbed the sorrowing widow. "How came you by the ring?"

"The pedlar gave it me."

"Impossible!" ejaculated the widow; "why should he give you, a stranger, a ring so valuable?"

"I know not, indeed I know not!" cried the agonized girl; "I did not know its value. Do not, oh! do not spurn me from you, mother! Indeed, indeed I am innocent!"

She fell exhausted and senseless upon the ground, and the mother wept over her erring child. At that moment Alexander entered the room; the widow looked sternly at him, and motioned him to begone; she imagined him to have been the first cause of her daughter's shame. Alexander heeded her not, but approached the spot where Elizabeth lay.

"Begone—begone!" cried the widow; your *friendship* is now explained? You have triumphed over your victim —are you not satisfied yet?"

The deep tones of the widow's voice awakened her fainting child; she glanced her eyes around, but perceiving the only two beings in the world who had any regard for her, standing before her, she clasped her hands before her eyes again, and relieved her agony with tears.

"Elizabeth," said Alexander, "tell me the truth of this," as he sat down beside her, and took her hands in his own.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "this—this, is indeed kindness, when a *mother* even deems me guilty."

"You are not guilty, Elizabeth!" said Alexander, in a tone of tender feeling.

"No—no. Oh! no," energetically replied the girl. There was so much truth in the expression, that the stern mother fell upon her daughter's neck, and, embracing her tenderly, exclaimed, "Forgive me, my child! forgive me for the thought!"

The widow mingled her tears with those of her guiltless child! and Alexander, whose heart was suffused with the tenderest compassion, stood over the embracing and the embraced, a silent but not unmoved spectator of the interesting scene.

The day arrived for the re-examination of the culprit; but the exertions of Alexander to discover the pedlar had proved ineffectual; he had not been seen by any one for more than a week previous to the robbery. Neither could any light be thrown upon the circumstance of the meeting with the strange man in the lane. Every thing was adverse to the prisoner, the evidence was direct and conclusive; and notwithstanding all her protestations, and the highest testimony of her excellent character, which was offered, Elizabeth was fully committed to the county jail, to await her trial for the theft.

She heard the words spoken—and at that instant her glance fell upon a figure which stood in the front of the court-room, directly before her; when, uttering a loud shriek, she fell senseless into the constable's arms.

The man whose appearance had occasioned this excitement, was the pedlar, from whom she had received the ring.

The pedlar was—her own brother—the long-lost son of Widow Scott. The remainder of the tale is soon told. Pelham Scott had shipped on board of a frigate belonging to the Mediterranean squadron, and being dis-

charged therefrom, at the expiration of his time, succeeded in obtaining a situation in a mercantile house in Smyrna; by industry and zeal, he afterwards became a partner, and at the expiration of thirteen years, having accumulated a vast sum of money, returned to his own country, to share his gains with his family, and end his days amid the scenes of his childhood.

The first tidings he heard of his family upon his arrival in the village was, that they were the objects of persecution. Assuming the disguise of a pedlar, he lent himself to the unfeeling and vindictive mother of Alexander, for the purpose of exposing her cruel enmity; in which he had fully succeeded, though not without causing much pain to the innocent and lovely Elizabeth; but now that the hour of peril was past, the fatherless girl hung upon her brother's neck, and blessed him for thus prudently delivering her from the vengeance of a wicked unrelenting woman.

From regard to Alexander, his mother was permitted to retire in safety to a distant part of the country, upon resigning the farm to those whom she had so cruelly persecuted. The widow was restored to happiness as pure and perfect as it is possible for mortality to enjoy; her son's fortune was ample for all; and then the mother, directing her fatherless child, whose mind she had sought to impress, at a time when they seemed shut out from happiness for ever—when poverty and actual want assailed them—when they were dependent upon the kindness of their neighbors for their daily bread—knelt side by side, and jointly poured forth the thanksgiving of their grateful hearts, to that inscrutable Providence which had thus signally rewarded their continuance in the paths of virtue, and brought them, at last, to the summit of earthly bliss.

Of course, Alexander Melville became the happy husband of the lovely Elizabeth Scott.

NEAL GORDON, OR INDIAN LOVE,

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

He who values liberty, confines
His zeal for her predominance within
No narrow bounds; her cause engages him
Wherever pleaded,—'Tis the cause of man.—COWPER.

EARLY in the summer of the year 1775, a British ship of about thirty-four guns, arrived off Boston, where other vessels belonging to the mother-country were already stationed. In the arrival of an English vessel, there was nothing new or strange, yet it always occasioned some excitement, some bustle, not only among those anxious for the success of the colonies, but among the colonial royalists, and the native subjects of the British realm.

The ship was a beautiful model, and she entered the broad, smooth bay, in full majesty; the streamers of the clime to which she belonged floated gayly from the mast-head, while her canvas was filled with a favorable breeze, which wafted her proudly onward to the port of destination. No sooner was she perceived, than boats were put off from the various vessels attached to the British flotilla, whose passengers, all anxious to welcome the new comers, and hear from friends and relatives in their native homes, vied with each other in their instructions to their boatmen, manfully and strongly to ply the oar, each promising full reward to those whose boat should first reach the ship. The vessel had now anchored, and the seamen, with spirits heightened by the termination of their voyage, were engaged in furling their sails, and the usual avocations

consequent upon an arrival. The vessel now presented a most animated scene; friendly recognitions, anxious inquiries and congratulations, all calculated to give additional interest to the picture.

Another boat now arrived at the ship, containing a solitary passenger, independent of the oarsman. He was a man of about forty-five years of age, wearing the uniform of the British army; as he ascended the side of the vessel, he cast a hasty, inquiring glance towards the various groups that were formed upon the deck, which was arrested in the contemplation of a youth, apparently of about twenty, who was standing alone at the prow, gazing on the new objects that surrounded him, while his fine countenance indicated that his thoughts were of a mingled character; now admiring what he beheld, now wandering to the scenes from which memory can never stray, to "Home, sweet Home."

"I surely know his features," said the soldier; and, approaching the stranger, accosted him with the usual "welcome to America."

The stranger turned to thank him, when the soldier, recognising him, exclaimed—

"Why, Neal! what, boy, have you, too, left old England, to try your fortune in America? What! hast forgotten me, youngster?"

"No, uncle, I have not forgotten you," replied the youth, "although so deeply was my mind engaged, I did not, at first, recognise you."

"But you wear no uniform, Neal," returned the uncle; (who, henceforward we shall call Sir Francis Gordon,) "are you not attached to the army or navy of our sovreign?"

"To neither, sir," replied Neal; "I am a passenger, or rather an adventurer, with a mind somewhat unsettled

as to the course I shall pursue in the present situation of affairs. I have come to America unprejudiced, perhaps to return in the next vessel; perhaps to die here."

"Thou wert ever a strange boy, Neal," rejoined Sir Francis; "there never was any control over thee. St. George, lad, but I would wager my good sword against the button on thy coat, thou hast left home unknown to thy father, and left him either moping it with Aunt Di. in town, or at the old mansion in Richmond."

A deep sigh escaped Neal, and he turned aside, endeavoring in vain to restrain the emotion which agitated his whole frame.

"Have I hurt thy feelings, boy?" said Sir Francis, kindly. "Forgive a soldier's roughness, Neal; now I recollect, even in thy wildest moods, thou didst honor and love thy father."

The youth looked for a moment on his uncle, and falling on his neck, in tears, exclaimed—

"Thy nephew is alone—almost friendless in the world; that honored parent, of whom you speak, rests peacefully in earth, now smiling, I trust, on his poor son, from heaven."

Your communication had a visible effect upon Sir Francis; he, however, conquered his feelings, and after a silence of a few moments, took his nephew by the hand, and, with a countenance beaming with affection, said, "Come, cheerly, boy; you are not alone—I am with you; so come, the men in the boat grow impatient. I have a snug mansion in the city, which must be your home; so take leave of your shipmates, and accompany me."

Neal readily consented, and while they are rowing toward Boston, we will take a brief glance at the parentage of this young man, who will form a conspicuous character in this humble tale.

The father of Neal Gordon was a lawyer of some eminence; he and Sir Francis were the only children of a clergyman of Staffordshire; and while the latter, whose disposition of adventurous cast, led him to foreign parts, or to seek for "the bubble reputation, even in the cannon's mouth," the former was quietly pursuing his studies in his native land. Edmund Gordon, Esq., the father of Neal, at the age of thirty, married a lady of rank and beauty, to whom he was ardently attached.

In giving birth to Neal, she died, and in her death, Mr. Gordon received a blow from which he never recovered. He lingered a prey to melancholy, until he reached the age of fifty, when he died, leaving our hero to the care of a maiden sister of his deceased wife, Lady Diana Lithmore; Francis Gordon, in the meantime, pursued with ardor his military career, and having seen some service, and on more than one occasion nobly distinguished himself, was rewarded by the honor of knighthood, and promoted to an honorable command in America.

Neal, like his uncle, was of a roving disposition; during the life-time of his father, he concealed his inclinations; but when he had paid the last sad duties to his parent, he felt that every tie which bound him to his home was severed, and he resolved to embrace the first opportunity of hastening to America.

His arrangements were soon made, and his aunt yielding her consent, he obtained a passage on board of the ship, (the arrival of which we have already noticed,) and on the first of May, 1775, bade adieu to his native land.

A fine breeze soon bore the gallant barque from the view of white-cliffed England, and at the time noticed in the commencement of this tale, she arrived at the port of Boston.

We left our hero with his uncle, rowing toward the city,

the wharves of which were crowded with people of "all ages, sexes and conditions," assembled to witness the landing of the new comers. Neal accompanied his uncle to his mansion, where, once more leaving them, we will briefly notice the situation of the colonies at that period.

The flames, which the continued oppression of Great Britain had excited, had spread from one end of the united colonies to the other. In Boston the excitement was great; meetings were privately held, and it was the general opinion that a decisive blow would be shortly struck. It was, indeed, the most interesting period of the Revolution; and, as we are desirous of trespassing as little as possible upon the patience of our readers, we will forbear entering into particulars, which a reference to history will furnish, inasmuch as we merely purpose furnishing the narrative of an individual adventurer, and not an account of that glorious contest, delightful as the theme is to the patriot.

We again will return to Neal, who, seated at the breakfast-table on the morning after his arrival, with his uncle, was drawn into conversation by Sir Francis thus accosting him:

"And so, Neal, you do not intend to take up arms in the cause of our sovereign?"

"I do not," replied the youth; "I like not this war—it is not just, because it is one which might have been prevented."

"Prevented!" reiterated Sir Francis; "prevented! how? Were we to bow and yield to the caprice of rebels?"

"No, sir," returned Neal; "but a single act of justice toward a nation composed of individuals born with the same rights as you or I, would have, as I before said, prevented all this bloodshed."

"Tush, boy!" returned Sir Francis, "you are half a rebel yourself. By Mars! and it would not greatly sur-

prise me, were I yet to find you in the American ranks, fighting against your own liege sovereign."

This was said half seriously, half jocularly. Neal neither confirmed nor negatived the remark, but contented himself by replying—

"The cause of America, sir, is one of deep interest to the world; certainly, then, it must interest all those who, like me, are advocates for equal justice to all mankind."

"Ay, ay! this is the cant daily, now," returned Sir Francis; "faith! although you are my brother's son, I have a mind to accuse and have you arrested for downright treason. Neal Gordon," he added, with some vehemence, "seeing that you are not altogether favorable to the royal cause, hear me—disposed as I am to be as a father to you, that moment you decide on assisting in this rebellion, you will become as an alien to my blood; and I now warn you, that you need expect no assistance from me, should you ever become a prisoner while fighting against your native land."

He fixed his piercing eyes upon his nephew, as though expecting a disavowal of any intent like that he suspected; but he was disappointed.

"Uncle Francis," answered Neal, "most certain it is, that in this contest I shall not draw a sword for England, nor do I say that I have determined to oppose her—I am not decided: but if I should, (for with the sentiments I entertain it is not improbable,) it will be from a full conviction of the perfect justice of the cause of the colonies, and the entire belief that it is my duty, as one who values liberty and justice, to aid their cause by assisting an injured and oppressed people."

Sir Francis now rose from his seat, and for a few minutes passed rapidly up and down the apartment in great

agitation; he at length stopped in front of his nephew, who likewise had arisen from his chair, and said:

"Neal Gordon, from the sentiments you have this day uttered, I consider you as entertaining treasonable intentions, and feel it my duty as an officer of his majesty, to arrest you in his name."

"As you please, sir," said Neal; "but recollect that what I said was in unreserved communication, elicited by your remarks, and spoken candidly, not to the officer of King George, but to my uncle. Arrest me, sir; I do not question your right to do so. I knew that you possessed that right when, trusting to your honour, I frankly placed myself in your power;-but you have the right, no doubt, and if you will, why exercise it."

Again a few minutes of silence ensued—the sentiments of the uncle and nephew were evidently at issue—yet the former could not but acknowledge the justice of Neal's last remarks, and he said:

"I acknowledge that you have the advantage of me here, sir; but henceforward remember, remarks like those you have this morning uttered, will be heard by the soldier, and not the uncle."

He left the room, and Neal, feeling that he could not reside in harmony with his uncle, resolved upon seeking another abode; and after writing a note to his uncle, expressing that determination, left the house of Sir Francis in search of lodging.

Popular disturbances and quarrels between the British soldiers and Americans, were at that time common in Boston; to one of these quarrels Neal was a witness in his walk from his uncle's dwelling that morning. Several British soldiers, overhearing a remark which a gentleman had made to his companion, relative to the existing con-

troversy, conceived it to be a sufficient cause for contest, and attacked the gentlemen, who manfully resisted them, but in all probability would have fallen victims to their fury, but for the timely assistance of Neal. Perceiving that they were attached to the regiment which Sir Francis commanded, he made himself known to the soldiers, and threatened to report them to their commander; this had no visible effect; their passions were too much excited to listen even to the voice of authority. Neal then rushed into the crowd, and placing himself immediately before one of the gentlemen, who was considerably advanced in life, cried: "Strike now, if you dare! for every blow will be received by me."

Perceiving this, the soldiers, of one accord, stopped, and Neal, seizing the opportunity it presented to appease them, distributed money among them, and succeeded in dispersing them.

Strange as it may appear, notwithstanding it was mid-day, no one was attracted by the noise to the spot; it was, to be sure, somewhat retired; but even had it been in a more populous and frequented part, the probability is it would have been the same; for the people had become so intimidated by the frequent occurrence of the broils, that they were actually afraid to volunteer their assistance, least it should lead to a general and distressing riot.

The companion of the gentleman whose life our hero had in all probability saved, was a young man who had received considerable injury in the contest. Neal readily consented to assist the old gentleman in conducting his friend to his mansion, which was not far distant, and where he learned that the elder one was Mr. Richard Fanshaw, an American, zealous in the cause of his country, and the young man was his nephew, Henry Scidmore, who was about entering into the service of the colonies.

Neal having conducted Mr. Scidmore to the mansion of his uncle, readily accepted the invitation of the latter to become a frequent visitor in his family, and again proceeded in quest of a new abode. Having procured one, he returned to Mr. Fanshaw, whose daughter, a beautiful girl of eighteen, was then introduced to him. Daily our hero visited the venerable Mr. Fanshaw; he listened with ardor to the conversation of that gentleman on the subject of his country—he felt that the cause of the colonies was just, and determined to be an actor, as well as an advocate, in their behalf. There was another voice whose "silver melody" he listened to—another advocate for an injured country—and it was Anna Fanshaw; he loved the artless girl, and she felt a pleasure in the society of Neal, which pleasure ripened into a reciprocity of that passion which animated the breast of the young man.

Henry Scidmore soon recovered from his wounds, and a friendship was formed between him and Neal, which never abated in its fervency—together they entered the colonial army, pledged to stand by each other in every extremity, both ardent in the cause of liberty.

During the summer, nothing of importance occurred in which Neal was engaged—one event alone happened in which he felt an interest; it was the death of Mr. Fanshaw. The good old man had been attacked with a fever, which in a short time terminated his existence.

The grief of Anna was naturally great; excepting Mrs. Scidmore, the mother of Henry, she had now no relative, and she felt desolate and almost heart-broken. The bloom of youth and healthfulness was destroyed by the chill hand of grief, and her beautiful eyes were long suffused with tears of filial sorrow; but this excess of grief wore away—Time is a good physician, and Love was here his auxiliary. Neal's attention to Anna was unremitted;

she felt her sorrows less severe when he was near her, and knew that he would prove a faithful friend—a fond protector. He would read to her, and essay every art to alleviate her sorrow, and with effect. Surely, there is nothing in life so well calculated to increase love, as a friend in our sorrows, to lighten and alleviate them. The attentions of Neal served to strengthen the bond which love had entwined around the hearts of the youth and Anna, closer uniting—ay, making them, as it were, one. The joys of the one were the joys of the other—their sorrows and anxieties alike mutual, and soon again health bloomed in Anna's cheeks.

To the proposals of Neal that she would become his bride she consented, on condition that the ceremony should be deferred for a twelvemonth—a condition to which Neal submitted with reluctance.

We have already seen that Neal had become a soldier of America; the time was now fast approaching when he was to be called into actual or active service.

As we are anxious to abbreviate this story, so far as we can consistently with the events on which it is predicated, we will at once hasten to the period when Arnold, in conjunction with Montgomery, was about executing his project of carrying Quebec by surprise.

The winter had set in with the greatest severity, and it was in its depth that the execution of this bold design was to be attempted. It was the lot of Neal and Henry Scidmore to be attached to Arnold's regiment, and for the first time Neal felt a lover's pains.

The night previous to his departure he repaired to Anna, and found her, as he expected to find her, melancholy and weeping, as the idea of her parting from him arose in her mind.

"Anna, dear Anna!" said he, "let me not behold this

excess of grief—let me not view the poignancy of thy sor row, or it will unfit me for a soldier's duty. I have come——"

"To part from me," interrupted the lovely girl. "Yes, I know it all, Neal; you have come to part from me, and God knows we may never again meet on earth. Do not leave me, dear Neal. I am almost alone in the world, and nearly heart-broken. Ah! Neal, must you go?"

"Must I go? Anna, America is your native soil—injured, borne down by oppression. Do not forget with what eloquence you urged her cause to me. I have sworn to aid it—I am in honor bound to do so. Girl of my heart, I ask thee now, must I go?"

Anna fell upon his neck, and sobbed bitterly; this vent of feeling seemed to relieve her, and while she held Neal's hand clasped in both of her's, she looked in the face of her lover, and said, while in every word her energy increased:

"I am a weak, foolish maiden, and forget, in my love for thee, Neal, my duty to my country. Go, Neal, though dangers will surround thee, go; for thy honor is dearer to me than life. Glory awaits thee, even shouldst thou fail; for even the failure of a noble action has attendant honors, while its success gives immortality to all who aided its promotion. But, Neal," she continued, "we need not part—I can accompany thee. I have heard of females who have gone with their lords to wars athwart the seas, in ages ruder than this in which we live. I shall feel no danger that is shared with thee."

"Noble girl!" returned Neal; "how proud I am of thy love, words cannot express; but thou knowest not what thou askest. Wert thou to accompany me, in my fears for thee, I should forget my duty as a soldier—the distance

is great, the journey dreary; though we shall have no sea to cross, we must travel through a wilderness, where the snow is deeper than thou hast ever seen; ford streams, and perhaps encounter savages fiercer than the beasts of the forests we shall have to explore. No, Anna, it must not be—I leave thee under the protection of Scidmore's mother. I shall not feel the anxiety, knowing thou art here, that I should if thou wert at my side; therefore, dearest, think not to go with me on an expedition so hazardous, at a season like this."

The eloquent arguments of love are seldom unsuccessful. Anna reluctantly consented to remain, and they parted. There is a consolatory sweetness in the parting hour; the tears that are then shed soothe the agonies of the heart as the dews of heaven, soften and revive the parched earth; there is a magic (a sad sweet magic, to be sure,) in the prolonged "farewell;" and when accompanied when lovers part with the beseeching "Do not forget me, love," there is a pang which is soothed by the promise, the heart-breathed promise, of eternal constancy.

Arnold proposed taking Quebec by surprise, and marched toward there at this inclement season through a dreary wilderness, the ground covered with snow and fresh obstacles presenting themselves almost at every step.

The dangers and fatigues were nothing, for his hopes of success were great, and had he been fortunate enough to have reached there as soon as he had expected, he would probably have accomplished the design of this memorable expedition. On the 31st of December, 1775, at 12 o'clock at night, the Americans under the gallant Montgomery assembled for the purpose of assaulting Quebec. It will be remembered that Neal and his friend Scidmore belonged to the division of which Arnold had the command Our hero, as he approached the city, thought of England

one of her bravest sons had perished there, and ere long the same fate might attend him. The night was piercing cold and dark, the snow fell with great violence, and the wind blew a huricane; yet still they urged onward to the contest. On the morning of the 1st of January, two attacks were made, led by Montgomery, Arnold and Livingston. The last of these attacks by Montgomery, with his division of New York troops, was made by way of Cape Diamond. He passed the picket, he pressed on gallantly, and attacked the guard-house; the enemy here received him with a heavy discharge of grape-shot, and at this point the gallant Montgomery fell. It would be unnecessary to enter more minutely into the account of this attack. Montgomery had fallen, Arnold was borne wounded to the hospital; the Americans were confined in a small space, and the whole force of Sir Guy Carleton was directed to Arnold's division; the arms of the colonies were unsuccessful, but still they acquired some glory; the undertaking was a bold one, and its failure was not the consequence of any want of skill or valor in its projectors. The American loss was heavy, and among others, Neal lost his faithful friend Scidmore. Our hero perceived that some Americans, and all the Indians (for it will be as well here to notice that, for the first time during the revolution, Indians were here employed by our forefathers,) escaped by venturing to cross the bay of St. Charles on the ice. Neal resolved upon doing so likewise, and he had nearly reached the opposite shore, when, from fatigue, hunger, and excessive cold, he fell senseless upon the ice. Sabatis, a chief of the Abenaquis tribe of friendly Indians, perceiving him in this situation, humanely raised him, and bore him in safety to the shore; he then chafed his temples, and continued with him until he perceived some signs of returning life. An American soldier here joined them, whose

canteen fortunately contained some liquor, which our hero swallowed, and felt revived.

"White man," said the Indian to Neal, "the Great Spirit has again given you life; we have crossed the water; we are out of the power of the enemy. Sabatis will be a friend to you until you are strong. Will you go with him, young man?"

Neal readily complied. The country was unknown to him, and he thankfully yielded himself to the Indian's protection, and after journeying a few days they arrived at the wigwam of Sabatis.

In a long, low hut, into which our hero was introduced by his friendly guide, were seated a woman, with an infant in her lap, and a girl of about seventeen. They rose on their entrance, and in the joyful welcome Sabatis received, Neal discovered they were the wife and children of his preserver.

"Watcheta," said the Indian, to the elder female, "this white man is a friend; we have travelled through the forest, and have crossed the water on the ice to escape from our enemies; see, his face is not red, nor is the color of health upon his cheeks, or its brightness in his eyes. Watcheta, you must nurse him, for he is weak, and not used to hardships; you must nurse him as you did our little one when he was ill."

Neal was indeed ill; the recent hardships to which he had been exposed, and which he never before had experienced, had completely enervated him; his bones were stiff and aching, and he was helpless. On an humble bed in the hut of Sabatis, he was placed, from which for three months he arose not. Cooshala, the daughter of Sabatis, attended him. With the greatest care she watched by him day and night, and would endeavor to lull him to repose as a fond mother would her sick infant, by warbling

the wild, but sweet songs of her race; and when a groan escaped him, she would sigh so deeply, and so feelingly, that the heart of our hero was touched; he felt the artless child loved him, and he thought of his Anna, and pitied the Indian maiden. The health of Neal returned as spring began to give verdure to the fields, and trees and flowers put forth their blossoms.

"You are well now, Blue Eyes"—which was the name the Indian family had bestowed on our hero—"you are well now," said Cooshala, "and you can walk with me to the valley, and see how beautiful all things look; before you came here, Cooshala loved to gaze upon them, but now she would much rather gaze upon you. The red man has not blue eyes like you; Oh, no! they are not so beautiful. I once loved Natanis; he was to have been my husband—but I do not love him now; I give my love to you—you shall stay in our wigwam, and be my husband."

"Artless, warm-hearted creature!" replied Neal; "I cannot deceive thee. Hear me, Cooshala; suppose thou hadst married Natanis, and were forced to leave him to go far away; that I had never came here, and he was dear to thee, wouldst thou have loved another red man, and abandoned him?"

"Not if I loved him dearly, as I do love you," replied the girl.

"Well, then, Cooshala, I cannot stay here; I must go to her who is to be my wife; whom I love dearly; she knows not where I am; she thinks, perhaps, that I am dead, and she is unhappy; I must hasten to relieve her; Cooshala, I must leave this place!"

The simple girl gazed on him for some time in silence. At length she said:

"Go to her! go to her, Blue Eyes! and I will go with you. I should like to behold her; for she must be beau-

tiful, if you love her. But come with me, now—you must walk in the new air; it will bring the color of health to your cheek, as it does the green to the prairie and the red tint to the rose!"

Neal gratified this desire of the artless girl; and as they continued their ramble, so did she this strain of conversation, always declaring her determination to accompany him when he should leave the wigwam.

Neal, anxious to prevent her doing so, arose early the next morning, and left the wigwam, after taking leave of Sabatis, and rewarding him for his kindness. He had proceeded some way, when he heard a quick step behind him, and, turning, he beheld Cooshala.

"Cooshala!" he cried, "foolish girl! why will you follow me?"

"Ah!" returned the girl; "did you suppose Cooshala's eyes could have been closed, when she knew you were so soon to leave her? No, no! I heard you leave the wigwam; I heard you bid farewell to Sabatis. I rose from my bed and left the wigwam, and fled, as the red deer flies from the hunter, to follow you. Blue Eyes, let Cooshala be your guide; let her be where she can behold you, until her eyes are sightless. The sun, the moon, and stars, are beautiful, and so are the flowers of spring; but you are more so, and the voices of the morning birds are sweet, but yours is far sweeter to the ears of Cooshala! Ah! Blue Eyes! then let her be where she can behold you and hear your voice."

"But," said Neal, "thy parents, Cooshala!—they will be unhappy; they will not know where thou art."

"Oh, yes!" returned she; "before I left the wigwam, I laid a violet, tied under a cedar sprig, on the pillow of my sleeping mother; she will know by that I am with you, for you are tall like the cedar, and your eyes are blue, like

the violet. Sabatis will not care, for he loves my brother better than Cooshala. Red men do not often love their daughters."

Neal could not resist the simple eloquence of the child of nature, and he said:

"Come, then, Cooshala; but we have a long and weary journey before us."

"Cooshala does not mind it," she cried; "because with you—you are good; you love me now, Blue Eyes. I can sing again;" and she commenced a wild, sweet air, the words of which may be thus rendered.

I go with my love, where the red deer ne'er roam,
Behind me, I leave my wild native home;
I go, where the young birds ne'er sing on the tree,
But the voice of my lover is sweeter to me.

I go where no prairies are waving so green,
Where the sons of my father but seldom are seen;
Where flowers bloom not like they do, home, in thee,
But he whom I love is more beauteous to me.

Then, Blue Eyes, light-hearted I wander to thee,
My home, thou hast left it, has no charms for me;
With thee will Cooshala in cheerfulness rove,
Ah, Blue Eyes! despise not the Indian girl's love.

They proceeded on their way; Cooshala all animation, Neal pensively and in silence; the girl perceived this, and her spirits were checked.

"Ah!" said she, "Blue Eyes is sad; there is not joy in his heart, and Cooshala must not be glad. Shall I sing for you? You said my song would soothe you, when you were sick and pale in my father's wigwam."

"Not now, Cooshala; not now!" returned Neal; "my heart is pained, and thy song will but increase its anguish."

They had now entered a thick forest, which stretched

itself for more than a mile along the path they had to pursue. There is beauty in the thick green-wood; ay! and error. Here tall rows of pine-trees, with their thick, green foliage, in all the freshness of spring, shed their dark shadows over the path; it was a forest of various trees; the oak spread its large branches proudly, and the elm vied with it, and the tree of the horse-chestnut spread its broad leaves, intermingling them with the branches of the elm and oak. It was a beautiful forest, smiling, as has been said, in the youthfulness of spring. But it had its terrors; it was the home of the snake and beasts of prey. The wolf and the bear, and the panther, had their abode in its interior. Neal and Cooshala walked on in silence. They had advanced some distance in the forest, and their progress was arrested, when, from a thicket, they beheld two glaring eyes, like balls of fire; a wolf, fierce and snarling was there, crouched, and ready for prey; instantaneously he leaped upon the devoted girl, seizing her by the throat.

"Horror!" cried Neal; he presented his rifle, fired, but the ball whizzed harmlessly over the head of the animal; with the butt of the piece he hit the wolf a blow of great violence on the head. He roared violently, and dropping the girl, crouched, as though intending to leap on Neal. Another well-directed blow, however, stunned him, and he fell. Neal then recollected that Sabatis had, on parting, presented him with a scalping knife, with which he despatched the beast; he then raised the bleeding Cooshala from the earth; and while he is endeavoring to restore her to animation, we will take a glance at his betrothed in Boston.

Anna Fanshaw, when she parted from Neal, whom she knew had left her upon an uncertain and dangerous expedition, felt lonesome and unhappy. She would have

accompanied him, but she was forced to yield to his persuasions, and remained under the protection of Mrs. Scidmore.

This good old lady, although her own heart was heavy, having parted with her only child, the solace of her widowhood, conquered her own feelings, that she might not add to the sorrows of her young friend. While the accounts of the progress of the army were received, Anna felt some comfort; some rays of hope shed their warming influence on her heart. But when the intelligence of its failure arrived, and Scidmore's death was ascertained, yet not a word as to Neal's fate, then the poor girl lost all self-command; not even the grief of poor Mrs. Scidmore checked the loudness of her sorrow; at length it became exhausted by its own violence. But when months after months passed away, and no accounts came from Neal, suspense almost deprived her of reason. Often in her phrensy she would endeavor to rush from the house, declaring "she would fly to Neal," but was prevented.

This wildness of grief in time wore away, and melancholy silence followed; anxiety and weeping dimmed the lustre of her eyes, and robbed her cheeks of the rosy bloom that once existed there, in all the loveliness of health and happiness. This melancholy continued until she heard from Neal, when hope again inspiring her heart, restored the bloom to her cheeks and lustre to her eyes.

We return to Neal, whom we left with poor Cooshala in the forest: with the bleeding girl in his arms, he was seated on the ground endeavoring vainly to stanch the blood which flowed fast from her throat. "Cooshala!" cried Neal; "look up, if it is only for an instant!" She did open her eyes, and looked in the face of Neal; she smiled sweetly. In recognition of him, she pressed her hands upon his eyes; and then taking his, she laid it upon

her heart, as though to tell him that its last throb was for him, and held it there until each pulsation became fainter; until there was stillness in the bosom which a little while before had been warm with life and love. It was not long ere Neal felt conscious of her death; he sighed bitterly, yet he could not weep.

"So young!" he said; "so beautiful! and dead—dead from thy fondness for me, poor Cooshala! this mutilated form is thine; those pale lips, upon which words of such pure fondness so lately hung, are silent, and the love-beams of thy bright black eyes, have fled with their brightness for ever."

He buried the Indian girl silently in that lone forest, as the gold and purple beams of the setting sun were reflecting on the trees. There was no friend, save Neal, whose tears mingled with the earth that covered her; no parent to weep over her grave, or fond sister to mingle her sobs with a mother's tears. The only tears that bedewed the forest sod, were those of gratitude and friendship. Neal having performed these last sad duties to the remains of the poor Indian girl, resumed his homeward course in loneliness and sadness.

One evening in the latter part of May, while Anna was seated in the parlor, conversing with Mrs. Scidmore, the servant entered the apartment, and handed a letter to Miss Fanshaw.

"It is from Neal!" cried the once more happy girl, as she opened and hastily perused its contents; "he will be with us to-morrow, quite early, and I shall again be happy. Dear Mrs. Scidmore, why do you not give me joy?"

"May joy be long yours, my child, and unalloyed, so far as earthly joys can be!" replied the old lady; "but rejoiced as I shall be to welcome Neal, I shall feel a bitter

pang—he comes in health and safety; but my poor Henry——"

The old lady wept, and Anna felt regret.

"Pardon my rash hilarity, dear madam," she said; "I fear my conduct has been unfeeling, but believe me, most unintentionally so."

The old lady freely forgave her, and cheerfulness again reigned in the family.

Many a night, anxiety and sorrow had driven sleep from the pillow of Anna, and hope and joy that night deprived her of repose.

She rose with the morning sun, and soon after entering the parlor, Neal's not forgotten step was heard in the hall, and she ran with joy to meet him.

"Neal, dear Neal!" she cried, and she was clasped with fondness to her lover's breast.

"Anna, I am delighted to behold thee thus. Health's bloom is on thy cheeks, and happiness in thy smile."

"Happiness!" cried the joyful maiden; "Ah, Neal! have you not returned?"

Mrs. Scidmore now entered the apartment; and, although her welcome of Neal was tearful, it was not the less sincere. Neal, upon inquiring for his uncle, Sir Francis, learned that he had returned to England.

Our hero related to Anna the story of his adventures, from the time of his preservation by Sabatis; and when he related to her how fondly he had been beloved by Cooshala, and her hapless fate, tears of pity were shed by his interested auditors; and often, in after-life, Anna would sigh, as she recollected the story of the Indian girl.

Neal continued firm in the cause of America; regardless of personal sufferings, he never shrunk from the performance of any duty which his situation as a volunteer in that glorious struggle imposed upon him. He fought

under the command of our Nation's Father, by whom, on the field, he was brevetted a Captain; a reward only equalled, by the glorious termination of the Revolutionary contest.

His love for Anna never experienced change or diminution; and at the expiration of the twelve months to which she had limited the consummation of his wishes, she was united to the man of her heart. Never was there a happier union. The mansion of Mrs. Scidmore continued to be their home; they were as children to her, whose affection and attention seemed to repair the loss she had sustained in the death of her only child; and, on her death, she bequeathed them her property, which was extensive.

Neal and Anna lived long and happily; mutually blessed in the society of an interesting family, they felt beyond their domestic circle, there was no place of surer, truer happiness on earth.

THE TRUE AND FALSE.

BY J. TOMLIN.

A Rose that lay sleeping,
By the river weeping,
From its crimson folds, in rest,
The soft dew on its breast,
Was visited with a withering blight,
By the hoar-frost, in a single night!
Strewn by the winds around,
The leaves lay on the ground;
And all that was so fair,
In very richness rare—
Its odors, and its crimson dye—
Were lost, no more to charm the eye.

A maiden who had wept,
The while her reason slept,
Ere yet the day had broke,
From her troubled sleep awoke,
And to her favorite rose-bush went,
To pluck the rose of sweetest scent;
All by the dim starlight,
That flickered on the night:
She saw not that the bush was bare,
She knew not but the rose was there—
She reached her hand, but oh! the thorn,
It stung her, and the rose was gone.

'Tis thus our pleasures lie,
'Tis thus they quickly die;
At most, illusive grown,
We grasp them, and they're gone!
'Tis thus we cherish, and we love,
Things that will falsely prove!
Whate'er is of the sky
Is true, and will not die;
But what is of the earth,
And from it has its birth,
Is like some fitful meteor ray,
That nightly shoots itself away.

THE VOLUNTEER,

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY J. B. PHILLIPS, ESQ.

He was famed for deeds of noble daring,
And in a cause which all the world approved,
Yet feared to succor; he was bold to lend
His single aid, though wealth, and life, and all,
Save spotless honor, thereby he might lose.

'76, AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

WITHIN twenty miles of the gay and bustling metropolis of England, flourished the beautiful village of Elmsford. Contentment and health there held cheerful sway, yet occurrences transpired which sometimes mar the propriety of small communities. The external appearance of the cottages with which the village was adorned, seemed to proclaim the cheerfulness which resided within. No loathsome weeds grew about the doors, the approach to which was generally by lawns, which, in season, smiled in the richest fertility. One of the cottages was inhabited by a lady whose husband had fallen in the service of his country. She had resided but a short time at Elmsford, yet long enough to acquire the esteem of all its inhabitants, and secure for her daughter the good will which was extended towards herself, and which, indeed, she justly merited.

Clara Sedgwick, at the period this narrative commences,

was in her sixteenth year. Her cheeks bloomed in healthfulness, and her blue eyes beamed with innocence and vivacity. Educated beyond the precincts of gayety, her mind was stored with useful and elegant learning, divested of that affectation which generally characterizes fashionable education. In the prospective view of her life, all seemed bright; the path of her existence seemed, in her inexperienced glance, strewed with flowers, and she dreamed not of its incidental gales, which often scatter and destroy those flowers of life, even when we fancy them securely and fully in their bloom. Gay, affectionate, and amiable, Clara Sedgwick cheered the widowhood of her mother, whose greatest pleasure was in the society of her child, and in relieving those whose existence had been chilled by the gales of adversity. In fulfilling these duties Clara ever experienced delight. The young and innocent heart throbs never so joyfully as when, in obedience to the dictates of humanity, it seeks to alleviate the woes of others, and never experiences purer gratification than when it beholds the objects of its compassion smile in health restored or situation ameliorated. Clara Sedgwick was betrothed to a son of a respectable gentleman of Elmsford, and on the day which completed the eighteenth year of her existence, she was united to Edward Ferrimore. The widow forgot the sorrows of her life in contemplating the felicity of her child, and every countenance beamed with festivity and joy Edward Ferrimore was attached to the army of his sovereign, in which he held the rank of an ensign. He first saw Clara Sedgwick at the house of a relation, and there admired the beauty of her person, as he subsequently, upon increased intimacy, adored the virtues of her mind. We will pass over the first year of Clara's wedded life, until she presented her husband with a pledge of their affection, in a son. With what ecstasy did the

young mother gaze on her infant, and trace in its features their resemblance to the father of her child! with what pride did that father caress his son, and acknowledge the augmented strength of that tie which bound him to the dearest object of his affection! The first cloud which overshadowed the happiness of Clara, was the death of that parent to whom she had been a blessing and support. The health of Mrs. Sedgwick had been gradually declining since the loss of her husband, to whom she was ardently attached, and finally disease terminated a life passed in the discharge of every duty which could exalt or dignify the female character. The grief of Clara naturally was excessive. Her attentions toward her mother had been unremitted. She had watched the progress of that loved parent's illness; she had by day and night attended her bedside, and administered to her wants; on the filial bosom of her child the dying parent oft pillowed her aching head, and on that bosom did she breathe her last, sinking into death as infants sink to slumber, gradually and unperceived. It was a long time ere Clara was conscious of her mother's death; and when first the dreadful conviction settled on her mind, a piercing shriek burst from her agonized heart, and aroused the sympathies of those who stood within the chamber of death. How sacred is filial grief!—so sacred that those who witness it, fear to offer consolation, lest they should disturb that holiness with which it is clothed; the sympathizing tear only can be shed, and the sorrowing heart is revived and cheered by its ameliorating power, as drooping flowerets revive in the dews of a summer morn. Clara followed her mother, supported by her husband, to the little church-yard. The tears of filial affection were not the only ones shed to the memory of Mrs. Sedgwick. Friendship and gratitude wept her loss, for while she

graced the circles of the one, her actions were such as ever must have awakened the feelings of the other.

In the attentions of her husband, and the growing strength and beauty of her child, Clara found consolation; nor did any fresh occurrence threaten again to disturb the happiness she enjoyed, until one morning her husband entered the apartment in which she was seated with her boy, his countenance indicating extreme anxiety. "What has occurred, my dearest Edward," inquired the fond wife, "to occasion that anxiety which your countenance bespeaks?"

"Sufficient, Clara," replied Edward, "to excite the most heart-rending anxiety—the prospect of being separated from you and our darling."

"Separated!" cried Clara; "when? why?"

"My regiment has been ordered to North America," returned Edward. The situation of the colonies promise a speedy revolution; the storm has been a long time threatening, and perhaps even now has burst."

"Nay, dearest love," said Clara, "surely that need not occasion our separation; if your duty requires that you should leave England, can I not accompany you?"

"With our infant, Clara?—brave with him the perils of the ocean?" inquired Edward.

"I fear no perils when you are nigh," said Clara; "indeed, if you do not consent, far greater will be my fears; for will I not possess the knowledge that you are exposed to dangers which I am not permitted to share?"

"We will reflect upon it, Clara," returned Edward; "if without great risk it can be so arranged, you shall accompany me."

And it was so determined. In a few weeks Clara, with her husband and child, left Elmsford, and repaired to

London, where they joined the ship which was to convey them to Boston. The gallant vessel weighed anchor, and the soldier and his wife soon lost sight of the cliffs of their native land, and beheld nought but the blue sky above and the wide sea around them. Clara did not suffer (as her husband feared she would) from sea-sickness, and she therefore was enabled, the weather being mild, to be frequently on deck, and to inhale the invigorating breezes of the sea. An ardent admirer of the beauties and wonders of nature, she would delight to view the glorious orb of day "rise from his ocean-bed," and behold his departing beam mingle like liquid gold with the dark-blue waves; then she would admiringly gaze on the pale orb "that shines by night," as in slow majesty she sailed, shedding her silvery light through the star-gemmed heavens, while over the calm sea her diamond beams would play brightly and beautifully. Clara, while thus admiring the beauties of the ocean, forgot its terrors; and it was not until aroused one night from her slumber by a cry of terror, and the noise of the winds fiercely striving for the empire of the waves, that she felt conscious of them. Terrified, she sprang from her berth, and catching her infant in her arms, would have rushed wildly upon deck, had not her husband prevented her.

"Great God! the lightning has struck us, we are in flames!" was cried by many voices, and presently a crash, occasioned by the falling of the mast, was heard, and the slow crackling of the fire came mournfully to the ears of the almost frantic Clara, as it proceeded through the timbers of the vessel. Seizing his wife and child, Edward rushed upon the deck, and there a scene was presented to the view, calculated to unman the stoutest heart. The sailors had lost all fortitude, and ran wildly about the burning ship; the huge waves rolled over the sides, and as they

returned to the great bed of waters, often swept with them some hapless wretch.

"Where is the long boat?" cried Edward.

"The sea runs too heavy," replied one of the crew; "it is useless to lanch it."

"We must trust to God's mercy," cried Edward; "it must be launched. The storm may abate, and if we remain on board, we must be blown up; the fire will soon reach the magazine."

"True; the boat, the boat!" was cried by many voices.

The boat was lanched, and Edward, with his fainting wife and terrified child, sprang into it, followed by many others.

The boat danced wildly among the dark waves, and Edward, while he supported his wife and infant, endeavored to inspire his companions with hope, although his own heart sunk within him. Soon a bright glare of light showed the storm-clouded sky, through which the lightning played blue and forked, and the dark waves rolled mountains high, crested with foam created by their own fury. Then a dreadful explosion proclaimed, as Edward had predicted, that the fire had reached the magazine, and that the devoted vessel, with all who were forced to remain on board, (the other boats having been swept away,) was destroyed. That night the boat's crew were tossed about on the angry waters—toward the noon of the succeeding day, the storm ceased, and the sun broke from the clouds with splendor, seemingly increased by absence; and in the night the moon arose as bright and beautiful as though nature had never frowned. The waters again were calm, and the chief sufferings of those in the boat proceeded from hunger and thirst. The infant suffered least, for it derived that sustenance which a bounteous Creator provides for it in its mother's breast. On the second morning they

were discovered, and taken up by a vessel which had escaped injury from the storm, and which proved to be a British ship bound for Boston, with provisions and ammunition for his majesty's troops in America, where in a short time they arrived in safety The situation of the colonies was exceedingly interesting; already had the first battle been fought—Lexington had witnessed an affair which added fuel to the already devastating flame. In a few days after Edward's arrival, the regiment to which he was attached reached Boston. Notwithstanding his situation as an officer in the army of King George, Edward felt a great reluctance in discharging the duties which that situation imposed upon him. Since his arrival, he had already witnessed scenes which induced him to examine, calmly and impartially, the causes which led to the controversy then existing between the provinces of America and the mother-country. He reflected upon the patience with which the colonies had waited for the redress of their grievances, which naturally led to revolt; he read with admiration their respectful yet energetic appeals to the parent-government, and feeling sensible that their cause was just, he resolved, if practicable, to resign his commission, and if not, to obey the dictates of a heart devoted to justice, regardless of what the consequences might be. Firm in his resolution, he waited upon General Gage, the governor of Massachusetts, and tendered him his resignation; that officer, not considering himself at liberty to receive it, refused to do so, remarking:

"That in such times, it was the duty of every officer to retain his situation, and exert himself in assisting to quell unnatural rebellion."

"So far as regards the merits of the controversy," replied Edward, "your excellency will pardon me if I decline discussion; as the representative of his majesty, I

considered you as the most proper individual into whose hands I should resign my commission; you have but exercised the discretion you possess on refusing to receive it."

He left the apartment, and returned to his lodgings, where the smiles of his fond wife soothed, for the time, the anxieties of his mind. Every day now gave additional evidence of the determination of the provincials to resist, to "the last gasp," the oppressions of Great Britain and the unjustifiable violation of their dearest rights.

Edward had become acquainted with a young American, by the name of Frederick Lawson, whose manly heart glowed with love for his country, and who eloquently justified the course she was pursuing, in order to the establishment of those rights which nature had bestowed, and which a just Providence would not permit to be violated or destroyed. The friendship between our hero and young Lawson daily increased, and Edward confided to him his determination of volunteering his feeble aid in behalf of the injured colonies.

Lawson omitted no opportunity that would enable him to strengthen the noble resolution of his friend, and, the better to put in execution his design, assisted him privately to remove, with his wife and child, to the neighborhood of Charlestown. Edward, upon his removal to this situation, soon convinced the provincials of his sincere determination to aid them as far as his abilities to do so extended. He assisted them (having thrown off the uniform of the king, and assumed the plain farmer's dress, worn by his companions,) in constructing the redoubt and entrenchments at Bunker's Hill, which, on the morning of the 17th of June, 1775, excited in their enemies the greatest astonishment. The work, it is well known, continued in spite of opposition and raking fires, until mid-day, when it

was completed; then ensued the memorable battle of Bunker's Hill, in which the "Volunteer" and his friend Lawson bore active parts. It is not requisite that the engagement should be described; inasmuch as it is doubtless familiar to all who may honor this tale with a perusal. In this engagement, Edward was taken prisoner, and immediately sent to Boston to be dealt with according to law; doubly severe as regarded those in his situation. Lawson, fortunate in escaping, soon learned the fate of his companion; and hastened to the farm-house, where Clara was anxiously awaiting intelligence of her best beloved. As soon as she perceived Lawson, she hastened to meet him, and inquire as to the fate of her dear Edward.

"I regret he comes not with me, Mrs. Ferrimore," replied Lawson, anxious to evade her inquiries.

"Great Heaven!" exclaimed Clara, "surely some dreadful accident has befallen him—do not evade my questions, Lawson—do not, I entreat you, suffer me to remain in this dreadful state of agony and suspense! Tell me at once, am I a widow? Is this dear boy fatherless?"

"Edward lives," replied Lawson—"and I trust in safety."

"Lives! and not here?" said Clara; "still there is something which you dread to tell—nay, it is in vain you withhold the truth: it must reach me—it must be told."

"True, too true," replied Lawson; "bear up, my dear madam, for the sake of Edward, of your little Henry, and of yourself; Edward is a prisoner!"

"Gracious Heaven," cried the afflicted wife; "then, indeed, am I a widow, and my infant fatherless. Where is he? Can I not fly to him?—he requires the fond attentions of his wife—the smiles of his cherub son will cheer him in his sorrow."

"Be comforted, my dear madam," said Lawson; "rest

assured, every exertion shall be used which friendship can call forth, to restore your husband to your arms; until something can be done, confide yourself to my protection, and endeavor to compose this excess of agitation, which eventually must incapacitate you, if indulged in, from discharging those duties towards your child which its infancy requires."

Leaving the distressed Clara with Lawson, who used every endeavor to afford her consolation, we will follow Edward to Boston, where we have already seen he was conducted, charged with treason and desertion. There was for him but little hope, particularly as the judges who were summoned to his trial had, in a great measure, prejudged him guilty. Considering that fidelity and strict subordination in the army could be best preserved by speedy and dreadful examples in the punishment of those guilty of its violation, a court-martial was immediately summoned for the trial of Edward, who had been kept closely confined in an apartment, in a house where the governor resided, and in which the officers of the regiment to which he was attached were quartered. Edward, aware of what his fate must be, therefore prepared himself fearlessly and unshrinkingly to meet it. On the day appointed, he was conducted before his judges, where the charges against him were read, the evidence in support of them heard, and he called upon for his defence, if any he had to urge.

Edward arose, and addressing the Court, thus spoke:

"Without fear, yet with little hope, I have appeared before you, gentlemen, in whom, I may say, I behold my judges and accusers. Although I can anticipate no favorable result to this investigation, yet I owe it to the country of my birth, as well as to the land of my adoption, and to the boy I leave, to endeavor, ere I descend to the grave,

to remove from a reputation, hitherto unsullied, the obloquy thrown upon it by these accusations. I am called upon for my defence. If I were addressing men who viewed the controversy between England and these provinces as I view it, I would ask them, of what have I been guilty? There is a secret spring in the human breast which guides our actions. I beheld a suffering country, endeavoring to resist injustice and oppression; borne down by the iron hand of the one, she endeavored to obtain redress for the injuries which she sustained from the other. Yet her just complaints were unheeded, and her wrongs remained unnoticed and unredressed. I then beheld a nation composed of men, with hearts as pure and minds as elevated as your own, struggling against tyranny, and endeavoring to avert impending slavery—ay, slavery! Did not every man that hears me, first draw breath in the land of my nativity? Have they not been educated there in the love of freedom, and taught to cherish and defend the rights of man? Have they not been told that the air of England is too pure for slavery to breathe in; and by a magic influence the bondsman's chains fell off the instant his foot pressed her sacred soil? All this I have been taught—in this love of Liberty have I been educated. I could perceive no just reasons for denying to the people of America the blessings we, in England, so liberally enjoyed, and saw the utmost injustice in withholding the same from them. With such feelings, could I assist oppression, and support principles I abhorred? With such feelings, should I not lend my personal aid to the cause my heart in silence advocated? I offered to resign my commission, and my offer was rejected. I then withdrew myself from the service of his majesty, in obedience to the dictates of my conscience, and volunteered my feeble services to assist not only the cause of these colo-

nies, but that of universal right. I am prepared to suffer: the friend of the inalienable rights of man, will not consider my death dishonorable; dying, as I shall, their advocate—their champion. The enemies of those rights may hate my memory, but they cannot—dare not—dishonor it."

He concluded his address, and sat down; no consciousness of shame crimsoned his countenance; it glowed with enthusiasm and the conviction of rectitude. But when the sentence of death was pronounced against him, he did turn pale, and symptoms of agony burst from him. "My wife! my boy!" he cried; "alone, and unprotected, in a strange land!" But recovering himself, he resumed the firmness which had previously marked his conduct. "They shall not see me suffer," he thought; and turning to his guards, requested to be reconducted to the place of confinement.

The place selected for the execution of our hero was a retired spot without the city, where he was to be conducted under the shadow of the succeeding night.

On the morning of the day which was fixed upon as the last of Edward's existence, the wife and child of the condemned soldier were introduced into the apartment of General Gage. They had been brought to Boston by Lawson, who had accompanied them as far as he deemed necessary on the way to the residence of the governor, and then retired to concert such plans as would seem most likely to effect the rescue of his friend.

The distressed Clara was plainly clad, yet her manner, and the expression of anxious melancholy on her countenance, were calculated to excite the attention, nay, even the commiseration of the governor.

"Your pleasure, madam," said Gage.

"The purpose of my visit, sir," replied Clara, "can

easily be perceived; I am the hapless wife of Edward Ferrimore; I am here to solicit your clemency in his behalf."

"It does not rest with me," returned Gage; "I deeply commiserate, but cannot pardon."

"Nay, say not so!" rejoined Clara. "Do not extinguish that hope which has supported me until now; let this boy, whom you doom to orphanage, plead for his father, and with his smile of innocence, give force to the prayer of his almost broken-hearted mother."

"Lady!" replied Gage, "you ask that which is not in my power to bestow. I can but pity you, and assure you that my protection shall be extended to you, whenever you may require or solicit it."

"I guess your meaning," said Clara; "but no!" she continued, "when he shall be no more—my boy! my boy!" clasping her infant closer to her heart, "we shall have no tie to bind us to existence. Yet there is one boon, one little boon, which you can bestow; let me behold him—let me share with him the few hours that are left! in manly sympathy, deny not this request."

"You may see him," returned Gage; "but your interview must necessarily be of short duration."

"Alas! yes! the time will fly swiftly, too swiftly," said Clara.

An officer now entered the apartment, who conducted Clara, with her son, to Edward's place of confinement; he was seated at a table, writing, and did not perceive their entrance, until aroused by the voice of his child, who could now articulate those sounds which gladden parental hearts, "Mother, Father."

"My boy! my Clara!" cried he; and mother and child were clasped in his affectionate embrace.

"Dear Clara!" said Ferrimore, "this, I may say, is

our first interview in sorrow. Why do you visit me love? Though it gives me comfort, it cannot but add to the weight of your own affliction. Clara," he continued—and as he spoke, the big tears rolled down his cheeks, and he pressed his wife more closely to his bosom—" Clara, you know, love, what fate is mine. The flowers of life will wither ere faded, dear; but you must not, for our Henry's sake, give way to your affliction; you must strive to conquer those feelings which——"

" Edward! Edward!" cried the afflicted Clara, " talk not thus; it maddens me—it breaks my heart."

" Yet hear me, dearest," said Edward; " the theme is painful, yet I have a duty to discharge toward you, toward our boy: I have been writing to Lawson—he will protect you until a favorable opportunity will enable you to return to England, to our father."

" Edward! in mercy forbear this language!" again cried the unhappy wife; " yet there may be hope. Oh! yes! there is a feeling in my heart which cannot be described; so calm, so soothing, that it leads to the belief, the fond belief, that the dreadful sentence will not be executed; and see, my love, our darling smiles. Ah! let that smile of innocence be the assurance that all may yet be well."

" I cannot, dare not," returned Edward, " reject the consolation which your language yields. The directions of the Omnipotent are just; and if your gentle heart is cheered with the sunshine of hope, my soul, dear one, catches the genial ray, and bids me say with you, Yes, all may yet be well."

The interview between the husband and wife was not of long duration: the strict rules which governed the confinement of prisoners, rendered it limited, and they parted, consoled; for there is consolation when the heart owns the

influence of hope, even in the moment of its severest afflictions.

The hour fixed upon for the execution of Edward approached; he beheld (as he supposed for the last time) the glorious sun retire from mortal view, and he waited calmly and fearlessly the arrival of the moment which was to terminate his earthly sorrow. While contemplating the approach of death, with a mind agitated only with the thoughts of his wife and child, he was aroused by shouts from without, the noise of musketry, and the sound of various missiles, as thrown against the house in which he was confined. He thought not that this disturbance was occasioned by the attempt on the part of any one to effect his rescue; he considered it as one of those popular disturbances which at that time were frequent between the populace and the British soldiers. But when he heard the doors give way, and he distinguished among the voices that of his friend Lawson, then indeed did he feel the influence of hope, and cry, "Yet, life, there is a chance for thee!" The noise increased; the footsteps of many were heard upon the stairs—then the door of his prison was burst open, and Lawson rushed in.

"Be cautious, Edward!" cried the brave young man; "take this," presenting him with a sword, "and do not unnecessarily expose yourself."

"A thousand thanks——"

"No more, then," said Lawson; "it is now no time for compliment; I soon raised a little army in your cause, and ere danger thickens, we must hew our way safely from this hot-bed of iniquity."

Still did the tumult increase; the contending parties were desperately engaged, regardless of all rules, but each endeavoring to destroy the other. The rescuing party had the mastery; the house was fired, and, in the confusion

which prevailed, Edward escaped, and repaired, according to directions previously given to him by Lawson, to the house where Clara was placed by him, and who, in the fullness of that joy which the restoration of her husband created, forgot all previous sorrow.

Lawson, after he had parted from Clara, on the morning of her interview with the governor, industriously circulated among his friends the account of Edward's situation, and soon succeeded in organizing the band which had effected his rescue. As soon as evening threw her shades over creation, they proceeded, from the place of their meeting, through bye-streets, silently, to the prison where Edward was confined, and there commenced the attack, which terminated in the manner already described. No lives were lost in the affray. As soon as matters were sufficiently calm, Lawson hastened to his friends, where the smiles of affection and gratitude awaited him. Still anxious on his friend's account, the generous Lawson procured a conveyance, and ere morning dawned, journeyed with Edward, Clara, and the boy, to the farm where his parents resided, in the interior of the state, and where hospitality and humanity mingled their cheering smiles. Edward now determined openly and fearlessly to enter the service of the colonies. The desire of liberty, and the hope of success, animated the exertions of the colonial forces, and in the New England provinces, the war was carried on with dauntless ardor. While Edward is exerting himself in behalf of the country of his adoption, we will once more turn to his wife, at the farm of the kind and friendly Lawsons.

Her little Henry now ran gayly and merrily along, and his baby prattle cheered and delighted her; his eyes were blue as the summer violet, and his cheeks bloomed like the roses he delighted to cull; often the fond mother

would weave a wreath of choice and blooming flowers, and twine them among the golden curls which graced the head of the darling boy, while the little smiling urchin would shake them off, and laughing gayly, in his turn strew them wildly over the dark hair of his adoring parent.

One day he was brought home by the servant, to whose care he had been intrusted, drooping and feverish. The illness of an infant can soon be perceived; the buoyancy of childhood is fled—the smile of innocence no longer illumines the infantile brow, and the heart of affection instantly takes alarm. On the succeeding day, the appearances on the skin of the child, led to a suspicion that he had the small-pox, and on the arrival of the physician, that suspicion was confirmed. With what anxiety did the fond mother watch over her suffering infant! with what fervency did her prayer ascend to the throne of the Deity, for the restoration of her child! The boy would not suffer any other nursing than his mother's. Young as he was, he could appreciate maternal care; it soothes the sorrows of infancy, as it cheers the progress of maturer life; it alleviates every suffering, as it enhances every joy; like a drooping flower revives beneath the care of an experienced gardener, and aided by the dews and sunbeams of heaven, so did health gradually return to the sick child, and reward the care and anxiety of his mother; and, although his beauty was somewhat marred by the disease with which he had been visited, yet fervent was the gratitude with which Clara returned her thanks to Him "who can destroy as he creates," for the restoration of her boy.

At length the storms of war died away, and the colonies were left in the quiet possession of the rights they had so nobly acquired.

Edward returned full of honors, with his friend, to the wife of his bosom, who, ere his return, had given birth to

another son, to whom was given the name of Frederick, after the generous and faithful Lawson. Edward often, in after-life, gloried in the feeling which had prompted him to volunteer in the cause of the states; he purchased an estate near the house of his friend, who united himself to a lovely girl, well worthy of his affection. The children of Edward were reared in that love of freedom which had induced their father to abandon the service of a monarch, in which he held an honorable rank, for the more real honor of assisting a weak and oppressive people in establishing those rights which none dare now to violate or deny.

Henry, the boy who cheered in infancy the sorrows of his parents, was educated for the army, and in the war which subsequently existed between the United States and Great Britain, evinced a courage to defend and support those invaluable privileges which his father, "in the times which tried men's souls," had so disinterestedly assisted in establishing.

THE WINTER NOSEGAY.

What Nature, alas! has denied
To the delicate growth of our isle,
Art has in a measure supplied,
And winter is decked with a smile.
See, Mary, what beauties I bring
From the shelter of that sunny shed,
Where the flowers have the charms of the spring,
Though abroad they are frozen and dead.

'Tis a bower of Acadian sweets,
Where Flora is still in her prime,
A fortress to which she retreats
From the cruel assaults of the clime.
While earth wears a mantle of snow,
These pinks are as fair and as gay
As the fairest and sweetest that blow
On the beautiful bosom of May.

See, how they have safely survived
The frowns of a sky so severe;
Such, Mary, 's true love, that has lived
Through many a turbulent year.
The charms of the late-blowing rose
Seemed graced with a livelier hue,
And the winter of sorrow best shows
The truth of a friend such as you.

HORTICULTURE.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

If the admiration of the beautiful things of nature has a tendency to soften and refine the character, the culture of them has a still more powerful and abiding influence. It takes the form of an affection. The seed which we have sown, the bud which we have nursed, the tree of our planting, under whose shade we sit with delight, are to us as living and loving friends. In proportion to the care we have bestowed on them, is the warmth of our regard. They are also gentle and persuasive teachers of His goodness, who causeth the sun to shine and the dew to distill; who forgets not the tender buried vine, amid the snows and ice of winter, but bringeth forth the root, long hidden from the eye of man, into vernal splendor or autumnal fruitage.

The lessons learned among the works of nature are of peculiar value in the present age. The restlessness and din of the railroad principle, which pervades its operations, and the spirit of accumulation which threatens to corrode every generous sensibility, are modified by the sweet friendship of the quiet plants. The toil, the hurry, the speculation, the sudden reverse, which mark our own times, beyond all that have preceded them, render it peculiarly salutary for us to heed the admonition of our Saviour, and take instruction from the lilies of the field, those peaceful denizens of the bounty of Heaven.

Horticulture has been pronounced, by medical men, salutary to health and to cheerfulness of spirits; and it would seem that the theory might be sustained, by the placid and happy countenances of those who use it as a relaxation from the excitements of business or the exhaustion of study; and if he who devotes his leisure to the culture of the works of nature, benefits himself, he who beautifies a garden for the eye of the community is surely a benefactor. He instils into the bosom of the man of the world, panting with the gold fever, gentle thoughts, which do good, like a medicine. He cheers the desponding invalid, and makes the eye of the child brighten with a more intense happiness. He furnishes pure aliment for that taste which refines character and multiplies simple pleasures. To those who earn their subsistence by laboring on his ground, he stands in the light of a benefactor. The kind of industry which he promotes, is favorable to simplicity and virtue. With one of the sweetest poets of our mother-land we may say—

"———— Praise to the sturdy spade,
And patient plough, and shepherd's simple crook;
And let the light mechanic's tool be hail'd
With honor, which encasing by the power
Of long companionship the laborer's hand,
Cuts off that hand, with all its world of nerves,
From a too-busy commerce with the heart."

ON A DEAD ROSE,

IN A VOLUME OF UNPUBLISHED POEMS.

BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

NAY, do not touch that faded flower,
Albeit both scent and hue have flown;
For it may still retain a power
Some gentle heart may joy to own;
Hidden beneath each withering leaf,
A chastening spell to Memory dear,
May yield that burthened heart relief
When HOPE itself is sere!

There let it lie, 'mid records sweet,
By feeling prompted, genius traced,
Type of their fate, memorial meet
Of "young affections run to waste!"
Left on their stem—how fugitive!—
Those cherished leaves had soon been shed;
But, thus embalmed, will seem to live
Till MEMORY'S self be dead!

Irvin Falls

TIVOLI FALLS.

The beautiful little valley at the northern suburb of the ancient city of Albany, has long been endeared to the residents of that cipital; and it not only lives among the agreeable reminiscences of "the oldest inhabitant," but also holds a prominent place among the cherished recollections of the middle-aged, as the delightful "willow walks" of their youthful summer evenings, when the *Spawell* was worth a visit. Through this picturesque valley winds in quiet beauty a small stream, which, in days not long passed by, yielded to the knowing angler the delicious *silver trout;* but now deserted by its scaly pride, and aroused from its luxurious ease, it is constrained to "work in the factory," and "serve its time" amid the noise and dust of the mill.

Before the innovating and obtrusive hand of internal improvement had pointed out this secluded valley as a feasible route for overcoming, by a gradual descent, the abrupt rise from the valley of the Hudson, in the pathway to the great West, and before the iron track of our modern Jehus had pierced its inmost recess, and driven quiet from her home, by the noise of the hissing engine and the thundering car; it was, of all others, the place for the enjoyment of the social *pic nic;* and many a happy party had made vocal with their songs the various paths, where

> "Merrily
> Dances the streamlet 'mid its sloping banks,
> Now bright with dazz'ling jewelry, and now
> Dark hung with leafy coverts ——"

and

> "Where thick branches are stretched o'er head,
> Through which the sunshine falls in broken streaks,
> And rains in golden sprinkles."

Across the stream, at the point where the great northern road connects with the pavements of the city, is a substantial stone-bridge, the broad parapets of which afforded comfortable seats, and the structure has long been known as "the kissing bridge," for reasons for which we must refer to the experienced *lovyers* of the vicinity, if haply there are any to be found so base as to *kiss* and tell of it. Following the course of the valley for something like a mile to the westward, the visitor will meet with what once was a most romantic spot, the beauty of which has been most effectually marred by the railroad excavations; where the creek, after lingering for miles in sluggish indolence, among willow banks and thickets of alders, comes dancing down a path of rocks, leaping about as if rejoicing at its liberation from its muddy bed. It was in its primitive beauty a witching spot, and those who have seen it before the unsightly excavations to which we have referred were made, and when the stream was somewhat swollen, by a recent rain, will attest to the faithfulness and skill of our artist in the plate giving a view of Tivoli Falls.

T.

THE PARDON.

A LEAF FROM A LAWYER'S NOTE-BOOK.

December 24, 18—. To-morrow will be to most of those who will live to see its dawn, a day of festivity and congratulation. Smiling faces and beaming eyes will welcome them, and the merry laugh and noisy romp of buoyant youth will resound from every dwelling. The aged will hail this anniversary of the advent of the Redeemer with holy feeling of joy; the young will greet its opening dawn with bounding hearts, as the return of a joyous holyday, and all—young and old, rich and poor—will share the general happiness. *All*, did I say? Ah, no! there is immured in solitary cells hearts that will not, cannot echo back the cheerful greeting of "a merry Christmas." Those who have become inured to the effects of crime, for whom confinement has no terrors, may carol forth their noisy glee, and exult in sympathy with the pleasure which they know surrounds them without the prison-walls; but one heart at least in that gloomy prison-house is borne to the earth by despair and shame; stretched upon his hard and comfortless pallet, he mourns in sorrow for the happiness and peace which this festive day once brought for his enjoyment. There is a mother, too, for whom this Christmas-day can present no attractions; the jest and smile are

daggers to her heart, for her son is suffering the ignominy and shame attached to the suspicion of guilt and crime; his voice gladdens not her once cheerful and happy hearth. Two young and blooming girls also cannot participate in this day of general gayety and joy—their young and sympathetic hearts are bleeding under the consciousness of a brother's sufferings; they have seen him the inmate of a terrible tenement, wherein they deemed none but the abandoned and profligate ever were found; they have beheld him, the companion of their youth, the brother of their infancy, branded as a felon, and consigned to the cell of the transgressor—this will not be a day of gladness for them. And yet one other being must be included in this mournful circle. Scarce twenty summers have kissed her cheek with their balmy zephyrs; I see her as her morn of this day breaks upon the world, seated in her silent chamber, weeping. Weeping! Why should the young and pure in heart weep? Ah! she too has no share in this day of festivity; her heart is with him, who sighs for his domestic fireside and his wonted liberty—he, to whom she has surrendered her young and budding heart, to whom she has confidingly given the first fruits of her young love, is the unhappy tenant of that cheerless cell—can she hope that this will be to her a "merry Christmas?" Time will alone reveal.

This day has presented one of the most touching instances of anguish that I have ever known. My services were, not long since, enlisted in behalf of a young man, whom I shall designate by the name of Martin Fuller. My client was imprisoned upon a charge of grand larceny, in stealing a wallet, containing a considerable sum of money, from the pocket of a gentleman at an auction-room. The case as presented against him, before the Police Court, was conclusive. The gentleman missed his pocket-book,

was told by a man present that Fuller stood behind him and was fumbling with his pocket, and upon his arrest the wallet and money were found upon his person. To save him from conviction and punishment under testimony such as this, was impossible, and I was induced to take the case in hand, solely for the sake of his mother, two lovely sisters, and lastly, though not least, to gratify Amelia Clifton, a most fascinating creature, to whom Fuller was to have shortly been married. They came to my office repeatedly, and my heart bled as I dismissed them without a ray of hope. I called upon Augustus Romer, the complainant against my client, and begged him for the sake of this afflicted mother, and these distressed and soul-stricken girls, to throw his influence in favor of the prisoner, and assent to his discharge. I was met with the most contemptuous treatment and a flat refusal, accompained by what I deemed to be a most vindictive feeling, for this man had suffered no loss, his money having been restored to him. This seemed my last hope of success. I visited my client, and told him that with this mass of conclusive testimony against him I could do nothing for him, and advised him to plead "guilty" to the indictment, and throw himself upon the mercy and indulgence of the court. His eyes flashed fire at this proposal, and springing from his bed, he exclaimed, "Plead guilty to a lie! confess myself a scoundrel, a robber! confess that I have committed a crime which I abhor! confess that I have debased my honored father's name by a crime so detestable! confess that I am a thief! Had I so far forgotten myself, my nature and my duty; had I forgotten the counsels of my mother; had I forgotten the hour when she placed my little hands together and guided my infant voice in prayer; had I forgotten her tears of grief, shed over me in hours of pain and distress; had I forgotten the duty I owe to her, for her unwearied care and

affection for me through life; had I forgotten the charge confided to me by my father, who, as his eyes were closing in death, committed to my care two sweet sisters; had I forgotten her to whom I have pledged my love, and sworn before Heaven to honor and protect; had I forgotten her affection and tenderness; had I forgotten all these, and have been induced by any circumstances to stoop to the commission of crime, I would not hesitate now to avow my guilt; but to plead guilty to an offence of which I am innocent, and for which, if convicted, I will be convicted only by fraud and perjury, I never will! If I am doomed, be it so; I will not, even to gain my liberty, brand myself as a felon by confessing a lie."

There was an earnestness of manner and manliness of tone which, despite of his melancholy, seemed to inspire him that, in defiance of the strong evidence of his guilt, convinced me of his innocence. Yet I knew not what steps to take to free him from the net which had been thrown about him. He was tried, and, upon the testimony to which I have adverted, was convicted, and sentenced to the state prison: he bore the trial with firmness, and although his countenance betrayed an inward struggle, yet not a word escaped him, until he returned to his cell, when he gave loose to a passionate burst of tears. I could not endure his heart-rending appeals, and left him, after offering all the consolation in my power. A day or two after this, Fuller sent for me, requesting me to call and see him; I complied, and found him comparatively resigned to his hard fate.

"I have sent for you, counsellor," said he, "to ask your attendance here on Christmas morning, for I am to be married."

"Married!" said I, and looked at him, fearing reason had forsaken its throne. But he continued:

"Yes, sir, I am to be married; Amelia has been here, and she still believes me guiltless, and although I am to be confined within the state prison walls for three long years, she still clings to me with the same ardent affection that she entertained for me in my brighter days; and for the purpose of setting my heart at rest until we meet again, she insists that we shall be united."

"But," said I, "this marriage will not be legal: you are now dead in the eyes of the law, and are incompetent to enter into any contract."

"I am aware of this," he replied; "and informed her of it, but she still insists, and I cannot refuse her last request. Will you witness the happy nuptials, sir?" said he, as he concluded, with bitterness.

I gave him my promise to do so, and as he wrung my hand, his tears flowed freely.

Christmas morning I hastened to the prison in fulfilment of my promise to attend the nuptial rites of Martin Fuller and Amelia Clifton. I found them already assembled; his mother, sisters, Amelia, and the clergyman, who had kindly assented to perform the ceremony. Martin sat beside Amelia, his hand clasping her waist with a fond pressure, while her eyes were fixed upon him with a look of the sweetest affection. His sisters were weeping, and his mother appeared as though scarcely able to support herself under this heavy affliction. At length I signed to the clergyman to commence the ceremonies, I acting as groomsman, and Harriet, one of the sisters, as bridesmaid. The reverend man offered a most impressive prayer, and the ceremony was performed; and, as soon as they were pronounced irrevocably united, I claimed the first kiss from the bride, and, offering my arm to her who had just assumed the name of Mrs. Fuller, invited her, her husband, and all, to my house to the marriage feast. Martin,

his wife, all, looked at me with astonishment, and seemed hurt that I could jest with them at such a moment. I could contain myself no longer: so grasping him by the hand, said, "My boy, you are free, free as the air!" and placed in his hand a full and unconditional pardon, and without waiting for further explanation, hurried them in the carriage I had in waiting at the door, to my residence, where I had a collation prepared for them. Astonishment kept all silent until their arrival, and then I gave the following explanation.

A few days after the trial, the witness who testified that he saw Martin behind Romer, and at work at his pocket, called upon me, and said he had a communication to make, which would secure the release of my client, and that if I would insure him full protection from the consequences arising from his participation in the matter, he would make it at once. I promised, for I was deeply interested in the fate of this young man and those so intimately connected with him. This man, after the most humble, and apparently sincere avowals of repentance for the scheme in which he had been engaged, then detailed the atrocious plot which had so nearly sacrificed a young and honorable man to the state prison, and plunged a family into shame and sorrow. Romer had seen Amelia, and becoming enamored of her person, resolved to obtain possession of the charms which had fascinated him. For months he sought for an opportunity to procure an introduction to her, but her retired and simple habits had foiled his attempts; she was happy in the love of Martin—he was her world, and unless under his protection, she rarely ventured from her dwelling. Abandoned in his character, Romer, after ascertaining the true position of matters, resolved upon the ruin of Martin, hoping, by his removal, to secure an opportunity to further his own hopes and

wishes. A gambler by profession, money was at his command, and one day seeing Martin enter the auction-room, he procured this man, who, although steeped in crime, seemed still to have some compunctions of conscience left, to follow Martin, place the wallet in his pocket, and then, after making the statement to which I have alluded, leave the rest to Romer. The scheme succeeded but too well. Although deeply incensed at the man who would lend himself to so nefarious a project, I hastily reduced this statement to writing; and learning that the governor was then in the city, presented the subject to his excellency, and claimed a pardon, which was readily granted. This was the day before Christmas; and wishing to surprise my young friends, I determined to conceal the glorious news until they had been united, and then invite them to my house; and I venture to assert, that not a more truly happy company sat at a table on that Christmas-day, than was there assembled.

Some months after this, Martin placed a newspaper in Amelia's hands, and pointed to this paragraph—

"Augustus Romer was shot in the street at Mobile, a few days since, by the brother of a young lady whom he had seduced."

"Thank God that you escaped the villain's machinations, and that you are my fond and tender husband!" said Amelia, as she threw herself into his arms, and tenderly kissed her husband.

A. A. P.

TO ——— ———,

———

What would I more?—I would, my fair,
When I imprint in rapture there
The glowing kiss;
While dimpled smiles beneath them play,
Thou shar'st the bliss:

Not, like the Medecian maid,
In one eternal look array'd,
And not one grain
Of feeling: I would have thine eye
In love's expressive language cry,
"Kiss me again!"

Ah! this is better—try once more;
And this still better than before;
Now you improve;
Nay do not stop—but now—and now—
And now again—again—I vow
You're perfect, love.

A. A.

THE YOUNG CALENDER.

A TARTARIAN TALE.

BY CLIO.

My mother lived at Schiraz (the capital of Persia,) and carried on a pretty considerable trade in milk, butter, and cheese, the produce of flocks that belonged to her, and which she used to send me to town to dispose of; but I soon grew tired of this way of life. There happened to arrive from the Indies, about two years before, a company of comedians, who commonly exhibited their performances in the market-place, where they afterwards used to sell remedies, to which they attributed a surprising efficacy in all manner of disorders. I never went to Schiraz without going to see their entertainments; and I took so great a liking to them, that I offered to make one of the company. I had naturally a genius that way; I begged they might give me some under part; they pitched upon a very diverting one in the first play they acted; and I behaved so much to the liking of all the spectators, that I soon looked upon myself as qualified to appear to advantage in the most difficult characters. Particularly, I excelled in acting the drunkard, and played so well the part of the fool and the blockhead, that I might have been mistaken for a real inhabitant of Syvry-Hissar. At length, the drollest scenes had no merit but what I gave them.

But, not satisfied with the character of an excellent actor, I had likewise a mind to shine as an author. Till then we had played nothing but scraps of comedies, and almost always without any preparation. As for my part I resolved to connect scenes, and thus form a contrived piece; and I succeeded so well, that my first essay proved a master-piece. I gave a little farce called The Cadi Outwitted. All Schiraz did me justice; but the cadi of the town, of whom I never thought in composing my comedy, judged otherwise of it; he took it into his head that he saw himself represented in it in the most natural colors, and entering into a furious passion against both the author and the player, he drove us all out of Schiraz, and forbid us, on pain of death, ever to appear there again in that quality. I shall not enlarge upon a little bastinado that I received by the cadi's order, in the name of our company; it was by way of acknowledgment for my being a satirical author; all the other profits were equally divided amongst us. After this, I proposed to them that we should go and settle in some other town, where the cadis might be of a better way of thinking; but they treated me with great harshness, in spite of all the apologies I could make for what had happened; so that I resolved to renounce the profession, and return to the business I carried on before I took to the stage.

I went back to my mother, who received me with open arms. I had saved some money during the two years I spent among the players. Part of this money I laid out in the purchase of a stock of cattle, and, being resolved to indulge myself, could not think of travelling on foot to sell my butter and cheese; I therefore bought a little mule, which cost me thirty sequins. As I was going home, very quietly, on my new purchase, driving before me a purblind horse that I generally made use of to carry our butter to

market, I met, at about a quarter of a league from the town, a man who asked me if I was come from Schiraz. "You may see," said I, "that I have but just left." "No doubt," replied he. "Have you been making some purchase at the fair there?" "I have bought this mule there," answered I. "What mule?" "Why, the mule I ride on." "Are you in earnest?" "Certainly; it cost me thirty sequins." Upon this the man began to laugh ready to split his sides. "The plot was well laid," continued he: "whoever sold you the beast was no fool to palm an ass on you for a mule." He then continued his journey towards Schiraz, laughing all the way as long as he continued within hearing.

I really pitied the fellow, as I took him for a fool; when, behold! about half a league further, another asked me pretty near the same question. I answered him as I had done the first: but when I came to tell him that I had bought a mule, "What!" said he, "do you take me for a fool, to think of making me believe that an ass is a mule?" I had a mind to prove that he was mistaken, but he fell into a violent passion, abused me severely, and went on, leaving me in the greatest astonishment imaginable.

I now began to think. in good earnest, that I might really have been imposed upon; so I got off my purchase, and examined it from head to foot, without finding any thing to make me alter my opinion of its being a mule. However, unwilling to rely entirely on my own judgment, or trust entirely to my eyes on the occasion, I made myself a promise to lay the affair before the next man I met, and swore that, if he judged in favour of the ass, I would directly make him a present of it.

I had scarce gone three hundred paces, when I met with a kind of country fellow. "Brother," said I, "let me

know, I beg of you, what kind of a beast I have got under me ?" "A comical question this," replied he, "do not you know yourself better than I can tell you ?" "Let me know it or not," said I, "you will oblige me in telling." "Well, then," said the countryman, "it is no hard matter to know that it is an ass." This answer thunderstruck me. I got off the beast that I had taken for a mule, and begged of the man to accept of it as a free gift. I had no occasion to press it upon him ; he thanked me for my present, and leaping on the beast, gave her a kick or two with his heels, and flew off like lightning.

I got home on foot, not a little vexed at the trick that had been played me. My mother, who soon perceived the trouble I was in, asked me the cause of it. I gave her an account of what had happened : she could not forbear laughing at it. "Poor unthinking creature," said she, "have you not sense enough to see that they were three sharpers who spread themselves on the road to Schiraz, and laid a scheme to get your mule from you ? You must be very simple indeed to be caught by so glaring a piece of knavery." My mother's raillery stung me to the quick. I now saw that I had suffered myself to be imposed on, and forming a resolution to be revenged on my sharpers the very first opportunity, I returned to the market the next day but one. I knew them again, though they had changed their dress ; and as I saw by two or three of their tricks, of which I happened to be a witness, that they were not the cunningest of their trade, I thought I might safely defer my vengeance to another opportunity.

After having taken my measures very well, and informed my mother of what I was about, I put a pair of empty baskets on a mottled goat that I had bought of one of my neighbors, and went with her to the market of Schiraz.

I was scarce arrived when my three sharpers perceived me, and surrounded me, thinking they should soon be able to make a prey of me as they had done before. I pretended not to know them; bought a leg of mutton, a turkey-cock, and three chickens, and putting them into my goat's baskets—"Pretty creature!" said I, loud enough for them to overhear me, "make haste home, tell my cook to dress this leg of mutton with rice, make a stew of the turkey-cock, and a fricassee of the chickens; but, above all things, let her not forget to make an excellent tart for the dessert; let her likewise set eight bottles of wine to cool." I then gave the goat a little lash, and off she capered.

The three sharpers were greatly surprised at this odd scene. "What, then, brother," said one of them, "do you imagine that this creature will obey your orders?" "No doubt," answered I, "she will. This is not a common goat; she knows my intentions, and I am certain she will to a tittle fulfil them." Upon this they fell a-laughing. "It is no joke," said I, very seriously, "if you doubt of it, come home and dine with me, and judge for yourselves." The sharpers took me at my word, and, curious to know the truth of what I told them, stuck close to me, while I took some turns in the market to make a few purchases; which done, we all set out together on foot. I was no sooner got home, but, in order to deceive them the better, I began to question my mother as if she had been the cook. "Well," said I, "is the goat come home?" "She arrived," answered she, "a long time ago; you will find her browsing on the cabbages in the garden, and your dinner would have been ready by this, but that the guests you invited sent word that some unexpected business deprives them of the pleasure of waiting on you this day. However, the leg of mutton is almost done; another half hour will complete the turkey; the

fricassee is quite ready; the tart is in the oven, and the bottles in snow, as you directed." "It is all very well," said I. "Here are three gentlemen whose company will make me amends for the absence of those I invited; you may send up dinner as soon as you please." Nothing could come up to the astonishment of my guests at the answers given me by my mother. They went into the garden, and knowing the goat again by the marks she had, which they had narrowly examined, they resolved to have her at any price.

Dinner was soon served up; and I made my sharpers, who suspected nothing, drink very copiously. At length, when we had almost done, one of them asked me if I would not part with my goat? I pretended to be willing enough, provided I got the worth of her. They first offered twenty sequins of gold; but I refused them with contempt, and played my part so well, that I got out of them all the money they had, which, in the whole, made sixty and some odd sequins.

We fell to our liquor again to confirm the bargain; and my guests left me toward evening half drunk, and thoroughly satisfied with their purchase. The day following, they thought proper to make a trial of their goat, in order to know if she would obey their commands with the same obedience they imagined she had done mine the day before. For this purpose they loaded her as I had done, gave her her directions, and then sent her off; but they waited in vain for her return; she never came back.

I must here explain this mystery; one of my neighbors had two white goats spotted with black, but so like one another, that it was impossible to find any difference between them. These goats I bought, in order to be revenged on my sharpers. I made my mother acquainted with my design; gave her, if I may say so, orders for din-

ner; and, after having tied up one of my goats in the garden, led the other to market, where I bought the same provisions that I had desired my mother to get ready. I then put them on my goat; and, after having given her directions to carry them home, turned her adrift, for any one that pleased to lay hands on her; nor did I ever learn to whose lot she fell. My orders were so punctually complied with, my mother acted her part so naturally, and the other goat, which my sharpers found in the garden, was so very like that which they had seen with me at Schiraz, that they really imagined that there was something above nature in the creature, and so bought her at the dear price I have been telling you. But she met, no doubt, with the same fate that her sister had before her. Some stranger laid hold of her, and made a property of her and the provisions she had been loaded with.

I made no doubt but that, when they found themselves deceived, they would call upon me for their money; but I waited for them undauntedly. They knocked at my door, threatening what an example they would make of me. I let them in myself, asking them quietly what could be the cause of their being in so great a passion; they told me it was owing to the loss of their goat. "Have you not curried it this morning," said I, "with the left hand, as I desired my cook to tell you yesterday you ought to do? She ran after you to acquaint you with that important circumstance, which the wine I drank made me forget when we had concluded the bargain."—"What cook?" replied the sharpers. "Since we left your house, it never came into our heads to curry the goat with the left hand, as you never acquainted us with that ceremony." Upon this, I immediately called to my mother, who came in trembling on account of the great passion I pretended to be in. "How comes it, wretch!" said I, "in a great fury, "that you

did not tell these gentlemen, as I had so expressly commanded you, not to omit currying the goat with the left hand, as I used to do myself every morning?" "My dear master," said she, throwing herself at my feet, "it was my intention so to do, but I could not; I ran after them a great way without being able to overtake them." "Ah, you careless slut!" said I, "this is one of your common tricks. No doubt you stopped to chatter away with some gossip; and it is thus you undo me by your neglect: but I swear by Mahomet, that it shall not go far with you!" With these words I took her by the hair and drawing a poinard from my girdle-belt, gave her so home a stroke of it, as immediately laid her flat on the floor. In a minute she was all covered with blood; and my three sharpers were so stunned at it, that they immediately began to think of making their escape. "Gentlemen," said I, she had only what she deserved; nor need you be in any pain about her: I can in an instant, if I please, restore her to life; but she is not worth taking any trouble with; only help me, I beg of you, to bury her in my garden."

The three sharpers did nothing but stare at each other for some time, till one of them, breaking the profound silence that this murder had cast them in—"What!" said he, "and is it really in your power to bring the poor creature back to life again?"—"No doubt it is," I replied. "Ah! then, work, we beseech you, this miracle in our presence, and we will renounce all claims we may have on you on the score of the goat." I made some difficulty of giving them the satisfaction they required; they pressed me the more eagerly, at last—"It is impossible," said I, "to refuse such worthy gentlemen;" upon which I opened a box, and taking out of it a hunting-horn, played two or three very brisk tunes in the ears of the deceased.

As I played, my mother seemed to recover life by de-

grees: in fine, she was well enough, in a quarter of an hour, to sit up, without expressing the least inconvenience from the wound I had given her. This strange sight threw my sharpers into the greatest amazement, and gave them so great a longing for the horn, that they already began to think how they might strip me of it. They asked me from whom I had this so miraculous an instrument. I answered them, that I had bought it from a stranger for one hundred and four sequins, and that he told me it would lose its virtue should any one take it forcibly from me; but that it would retain all its power in the hands of any one I made it over to, provided I got for it eight sequins more than it cost me; because it was absolutely necessary that, in thus passing from hand to hand, the price should rise eight sequins, which was all it cost at first, so that I was the thirteenth person who had enjoyed it.

My guests speedily swallowed the bait, and nothing could equal their longing for the horn; but they did not choose to pay so dear for it: however, they at last came to a resolution of letting me have for it the price under which I told them it could not be sold, and pressed me so hard, that I at length, after making a great many difficulties, suffered myself to be persuaded, and took their one hundred and twelve sequins. They immediately went home; and, as they all lived under the same roof, sent for their wives, sat down to table, and there spent the rest of the day. Night coming on, when they had almost finished their meal, and sufficiently heated themselves with wine, they thought proper to try their horn; and for this purpose, endeavored to pick a quarrel with their wives, who, provoked by some smart blows, reproached their husbands with every crime of theirs they could think of, and even threatened to inform the cadi of the life they led. This was exactly what the rogues wished for. At these menaces

they pretended to fall into the greatest fury, and with their knives cut the throats of the three women, who at bottom were as little good as their husbands. The unhappy creatures were no sooner stretched out on the floor, than the murderers fell to their horn; but the wretches were deaf to their music; no sign of life appeared. Upon this they fell to it again; but, finding all their skill was to no purpose, they too late perceived that they had met with one cunninger than themselves, and that I had, instead of stabbing my cook, only ran, as it really was the case, my poniard into a bladder full of blood. You may now imagine them not only in the greatest agonies at my having outwitted them, but in the greatest despair for having killed their wives, without knowing how to dispose of their bodies. While they were deliberating on the means of being revenged on me, and getting rid of the unhappy victims of their stupidity, who should pass by but the cadi's deputy, with some azzas, who, hearing the sound of the horn, knocked at the door to know the reason of so unseasonable a noise, that broke the rest of all the neighborhood.

The three sharpers began now to consider themselves as lost men, and were so terrified, that, instead of opening the door, they thought of nothing but of making their escape; but the cadi ordered the door to be burst open; and, on seeing the three bodies weltering in their blood, commanded his attendants to seize the murderers, and conduct them to prison. His attendants, no doubt, were earnest enough to obey his orders; notwithstanding which, one of the murderers somehow or other made his escape. The two others represented in vain to the cadi, that they had been imposed upon, and that they never imagined their wives were to be killed outright. He listened to the story of the hunting-horn as a fable; and the next day I had the plea-

sure of seeing my two sharpers hung up before their own door. Much as I was pleased at my vengeance, the escape of one of the criminals gave me no small uneasiness. I began to be greatly afraid that he would one day or another play me some unlucky trick; I therefore kept myself on my guard for a considerable time; but at length, in spite of all my vigilance, fell into his power.

One evening, as I was returning home pretty late from Schiraz, I unfortunately met this arch villain; he was so much disguised, that I could not know him; but he knew me very well, for he no sooner perceived me than he seized me by the throat, and, with the assistance of three other wretches like himself, crammed me into a sack that one of them had under his arm; and after tying the mouth of it with a strong rope, loaded me on their shoulders, with an intention, as I could plainly discover, to throw me into the river of Baudemir.

I now gave myself up for lost, and began to be heartily sorry for having sought any vengeance for the loss of my mule; when my assassins, alarmed by the approach of some horsemen, threw me into a hole that lay at a small distance from the road, threatening to be revenged on me if I made the least complaint; which done, they ran off with the intention of soon returning to take me away with them. In this terrible situation I recommended myself earnestly to our great prophet; but I did not place so much confidence in him alone, as not to invoke, in spite of the orders I had received from my assassins, the assistance of those who might at that time happen to pass that way.

Accordingly, a butcher, who was driving before him a flock of thirty sheep, hearing my cries, came up to the place where I was, and asked me what I was doing in the sack, and what was the cause of my lamentation. "Alas!"

said I, with a very sorrowful tone, "I believe they are going to drown me, because I will not consent to marry the cadi's daughter."—"Not marry the cadi's daughter! And why so, you blockhead?" said he. "What reason can you have for not accepting of her for a wife? She passes for one of the handsomest girls in Schiraz."—"A little piece of nicety hinders me," answered I; and the cadi, who has a mind to screen his daughter's honor, wants I should repair a fault committed by another; but I would rather die a thousand times than submit to such an affront."—"Plague on your stupidity!" replied the butcher: "I wish I was in your place; they should not have occasion so much as to pull me by the ear to make me comply; I would marry her directly."—"Here is no difficulty in the thing," said I: "you need only put yourself into this sack." "With all my heart, my good master blockhead," replied the butcher: "and you shall have my sheep into the bargain. But, now I think of it, how will the cadi like the exchange?" "He wants nothing but a son-in-law," answered I; "he had given directions to his slaves to stop the first passenger they should meet, and know of him if he was married, because his daughter's lover having died a few days ago, he was at a loss how to repair her honor. The lot fell upon me, but his daughter disgusted me at first sight. Upon this he fell into such a passion, that he scarce condescended to look at me, but ordered I should be thrown into the river, if I did not alter my mind."—"Since it is so, brother, I will readily change my situation for yours," said the butcher; and accordingly he untied the sack, and fixed himself in it in my place. I tied it in my turn; and, driving his sheep before me, made the best of my way towards the village I belonged to.

In about half an hour, my sharper returned with his companions to take up the sack. It was in vain that the

butcher within cried out—"Gentlemen, gentlemen! take me back to the cadi! I have altered my mind; and will marry his daughter. The rogues imagined that despair had turned his brain; and so, without answering his remonstrances, went and threw him into the river of Baudemir, where the poor fellow ended his days. It grieves me, when I think of it; but I am better pleased he should be there than I. The robbers, after this exploit, turned toward the village I lived in, to complete their revenge by burning my house. They happened to arrive at the very moment I began to knock at my door; and the unexpected sight of me caused them so much horror, that they were ready to die with fear." "Oh, heavens!" said they, "what a prodigy is here! How have you escaped drowning? Whence come you? Where have you got all these sheep?"

I little expected to see these assassins so soon again. At first I was struck dumb by their presence and their questions; but my usual readiness of thought coming to my assistance—"Go to ——," said I; "you are a pack of asses: if you had but thrown me four fathoms further into the river, instead of thirty sheep, I should have brought home three hundred."—"What is the meaning of all this?" asked they. "Why," answered I, "no other than this: there is in that part of the river a good genius, who received me very graciously, made me a present of these sheep, brought me back with them to my house, and assured me that had I dropt into the water a little further, I should have carried away with me eight times as many."

This piece of news greatly surprised the robbers; and, after they had conferred together for some time in a low voice, one of them raising his voice—"No doubt," said he to his companions, "there is something very mysterious in

this affair ; for nothing is more certain than that we threw this young man into the river ; he had no sheep ; we have had but just time to come here, yet he is here before us with thirty sheep, and there is not on his clothes the least sign of their having ever been wetted. As for my part, I think it is very well worth our whiles to make a trial, and judge of the matter for ourselves." On this, he turned about to me, and asked me if I had any sacks. "I have, I believe, said I, "a half a dozen,"—"It is two too many," replied he ; "put up your sheep, take four sacks, and come with us." I cheerfully obeyed them. They brought me to that part of the river where they thought they had just now thrown me in. They even went to get a little boat, that I might throw them the further into the water, and then went each of them into a sack, whose mouth I bound up very fast ; which done, they suffered themselves to be tumbled headlong into the Baudemir to fish for sheep. But I have not since heard a word of news from them.

I now returned quietly home, well satisfied with the vengeance I had taken of my enemies. I lived well on their money, and the sheep I had of the poor butcher ; but my good fortune was very short-lived. One night my mother unluckily set fire to our stable ; the blaze soon spread itself, and not mine only, but seven houses more were burned down to the ground. My poor mother, who saw herself reduced by the accident to the greatest poverty, soon died of grief. As for my part, as I had a profession and a genius for it, I resolved to make the most of them. I left Schiraz, with an intention of joining some of the companies of comedians that stroll from one town of Persia to another ; I met with this old calender ; we travelled some days together ; his conversation and way of life pleased me greatly ; I am now become a calender likewise, and we

have undertaken a journey to the Indies, where I do not despair of being able to shine as a comedian, in case I should grow tired of this habit.

MY CHILDHOOD'S HOME.

BY MRS. H. S. DEGROVE.

My childhood's home! thou cherished spot!
Bright goal of hope and sacred thought!—
Where, ever since life's earliest day,
My fondest wish has been to stray
Again beside that glorious stream,
Oft pictured in fond fancy's dream;
Or listening with attentive ear,
To mark the struggling rapids near,
Till memory seemed to bring again
The rippling water's murmuring strain!—
I greet again thy woodland bowers,
Where oft I pass'd youth's happy hours;
I list the warbling notes of song
That pours from forest's myriad throng.
The sapling trees I left, are grown;
All far and wide their shade is thrown;
While one lone tree I seek in vain—
An aged oak, where from the rain

I've sheltered oft; or 'neath whose shade,
From noontide heat my feet have strayed.
Oh! many an hour of careless glee,
Those spreading branches gave to me;
And many times the stranger sought
A shelter from life's noon of thought,
And hied in fancy to the scene
Of childhood 'neath thy leafy sheen!
Oh! sweeter far than angel note
Laid on the wild wind's wing to float—
Than fairy lute, or song of bird,
Come o'er my soul the sounds then heard—
Remembrances of early years,
All hallowed by life's after tears!

T. H. Matteson.

Distress for Rent

A DISTRESS FOR RENT.

BY A. A. PHILLIPS.

> The friend
> Who smiles when smoothing down the lonely couch,
> And does kind deeds, which any one can do
> Who has a feeling spirit—such a friend
> Heals with a searching balsam.—PERCIVAL.

In 184—, I was on a visit to an old friend, who resided in the lovely and picturesque village of Peekskill, which lies like a gem upon the eastern bank of the noble Hudson. It was in the month of June, that period when blushing spring drops the mantle of youth, and assumes the warm, glowing, matronly dress of gorgeous summer.

My friend, one glorious morning, invited me to take a stroll before breakfast, to visit the 'squire, as he was termed—but whose name, as I soon learned, was Treadwell—which invitation was cheerfully accepted, and away we started. The pure air of the morning was most refreshing to nerves enfeebled by the close and noxious atmosphere of a crowded city; the river lay in the glorious sunlight like a rich vein of molten silver, the leafy banks inclosing it as if in a huge frame-work. Our road wound its way beneath large and spreading oaks and chestnuts, beside the river's bank, while the view of the giant stream was for miles uninterrupted: the snow-white sails of the river-craft; the graceful steamer, ploughing her way ma-

jestically up the river; the slow and noisy tug, struggling with heavy and clumsy barges, laden with valuable merchandise, fresh from the city mart, on its way to consumers in the interior of the Empire and many of the Western states; the large and ungainly raft, floating at the pleasure of the current to the great vortex of all merchandise; and the birds floating idly, yet grandly, over the bright expanse of water—exhibited a picture of the rarest beauty, which completely fascinated, and led me almost to forswear the dull routine of city life for the bright and joyous scenes of smiling nature. The scene was to me so novel, that I stopped at each new view, and gazed so long, that my friend was compelled more than once to remind me of the flight of time, and hasten me on to our destination.

We finally turned our steps inland, and as we entered the lane leading to the homestead of 'Squire Treadwell, the air seemed so suddenly filled with fragrance, that I paused to ascertain the cause of the delightful odor. How shall I describe the scene that met my eye? On my right, a hill, the base of which ran to the very verge of the road, was completely covered with wild rose-bushes, which fairly bent beneath their beauteous burdens; the whole hill seemed one huge rose; and the sun, pouring his beaming rays upon the gorgeous scene, the effect was indescribably grand and dazzling. I stood entranced, until my less romantic friend seized me by the arm, and hurried me on so rapidly, that I had not fully recovered from the wanderings of fancy, into which the glorious scene had led me, until I was roused by the voice of my friend, introducing me to 'Squire Treadwell.

The 'squire was the very ideal of a benevolent, old-fashioned, noble-hearted country gentleman, who welcomed us heartily, and called loudly to his wife and daughters, to prepare breakfast, as Mr. Smith and his

friend from New York (your humble servant) had had a long walk, and no doubt required refreshment.

Mrs. Treadwell accordingly made her appearance, and I felt, as I took her hand, that suffering and sorrow were unknown within the limits of her sphere: charity and kindness were traced in every feature. I could not but feel myself perfectly at home with this kind-hearted couple, and abandoned myself fully to the pleasure I derived from my visit. The old gentleman exhibited his cattle, out-houses, and garden, during the preparation for breakfast, and an hour passed delightfully; for, although born and reared on the farm, of which he was then the master, my host possessed a fund of intelligence and good sense, that charmed, while it surprised me. Oh, ye learned city savans! the quiet retirement of country life affords opportunities for reflection, which, if embraced, give our unpretending farmer vast advantages over you, notwithstanding your boasted scientific lectures and media of instruction; and, believe me, there is beneath that broad-brimmed and slouched-crowned hat, a depth of intelligence and sound judgment, that put to shame all the ephemeral and shallow pretensions of the inflated *literati* which infest the city like swarms of chattering magpies.

We sat down to a substantial, old-fashioned breakfast; the table groaned beneath the weight of substantials and delicacies; and the meal, seasoned by the lively sallies of of our host and his wife, seconded by their rosy-cheeked and intelligent daughters, passed off in the most delightful manner; and I must confess to the fact, that the bracing air, and the delicious freshness of the viands, tempted me nearer to the confines of gormandism than I have ever before been enticed.

Breakfast over, the 'squire, my friend and myself, adjourned to the cool and vine-shaded piazza, where our

host, producing his pipe, and myself lighting one of Gilsey's best "*La Normas*" (my friend having forsworn the glorious weed), we passed another hour both profitably and pleasantly.

After much other conversation, my host inquired when I returned to the city; and in reply to my declaration that I should leave Peekskill the following morning, said, he regretted my early departure, as Harry Franklin would return from Albany in a few days, and he knew I would be delighted with him. At the mention of the name of Harry Franklin, Mrs. Treadwell came to the door, and was enthusiastic in her praise of the stranger.

"Who is this Harry Franklin?" said I, rather piqued at the place he seemed to hold in the esteem of all parties.

"Who is Harry Franklin!" said the 'squire; "why, the best-hearted, noblest, gayest, and most talented young man in the country. The rich love him for his gayety and good temper; the poor adore him for his kindness and generosity; the old love him for his respect and attention to their counsels; the young for his companionship and love of frolic; the learned respect him for his talents and extensive information; and the ignorant bless him for his instruction and ready assistance."

"I should like to see this matchless youth," said I; "he must be more than mortal, to possess so much unalloyed virtue; but, beneath a bland and winning exterior, there is often concealed much deformity."

"You speak too harshly of my young friend," said the 'squire; "but I can pardon your acrimony, because you do not know him. I need but mention one of his many acts of generosity, to convince even you of his manly, disinterested nature; the story is somewhat lengthy, but after dinner I will relate it; and if you do not agree with me, that my young friend is just what all who know him repre-

sent him to be, why, then—all the county are fools, that's all."

Seeing that my friend smiled at my chagrin at this unqualified laudation, I said no more; and embracing the offer of our host to furnish us with lines to have a cast or two for trout in a neighboring brook, while he went to the woods to look after his workmen, we sallied forth, and soon found excitement in drawing from their native element a number of fine speckled trout, which, after being transferred to the hands of our hostess, were soon placed before us for the gratification of our voracious appetites. Our dinner passed off, as all dinners should do, gloriously; sally after sally of homely wit from the hospitable family, (to which my friend and myself added an humble quota), enlivened the hour, while contentment and good-humor were depicted in every countenance.

The meal over, and dessert duly despatched, we resumed our former position upon the piazza; and having recourse to that greatest of all after-dinner companions, a choice cigar, I prepared myself to listen to the details of the philanthropy of Mr. Harry Franklin, against whom I had preconceived a sort of dislike, from the hearty praises which had been bestowed upon him by the worthy 'squire and his amiable wife. The old gentleman lighted his pipe, and after puffing for a while in silence, began:

"In order that you may understand the whole story, I shall relate sufficient of the history of those connected with the matter, that you may fully appreciate the full extent of the generosity of my young favorite.

"James May is the name of an honest, hard-working, industrious farmer, who, at the time my story commences, lived at the extremity of the county, about seven miles from this village. James, at the age of twenty-one years, was placed in possession of a small farm, which had been

left him by his parents, and which, although incumbered by a mortgage, yielded sufficient for the support of the family; but reverses came, and the interest not being paid, the mortgage was foreclosed, and he ejected from the homestead in which he had been nurtured, and which had been his home for thirty years. He did not despair, however, but hired a small cottage, about four miles from this place, assisted the farmers in this vicinity in cultivating their land, and thus managed to support his family, comprising his wife and four children. Susan May, a poor fagile being, hardly able to bear up under the accumulated misfortunes which seemed to flood them still, struggled for her 'dear James,' as she always called him, and her little ones—the youngest, at the time they were thrown upon the world houseless and homeless, being but six weeks old.

"For three years he pursued his avocation as laboring farmer to those who stood in need of his assistance, until about one year ago, while clearing a piece of woodland, for Neighbor Hilton, he became entangled in the branches of a falling tree, and broke his arm in two places, which prevented his doing anything for the support of his now helpless family. The neighbors, who were all very kind, assisted the unfortunate family as far as was in their power, and they managed to get along very comfortably. Harry Franklin has not long resided in this place. He came here about a year and a half since; and at the time of the aceident was entirely unacquainted with poor May and his family. About a month after James was disabled, Harry heard of his misfortune, and casually called upon him. He sat, and chatted awhile with James and his wife Susan, and romped gleefully with the children, without permitting the sufferers to guess even at his intentions. Harry soon possessed himself of the precise wants of the family; and upon rising to leave them, quietly slip-

ped a twenty-dollar bill into the poor fellow's hand; bidding him in the mean time keep a stout heart, and assuring him that all his wants should be cared for, sprang upon his horse, and disappeared before the astonished invalid could utter his thanks.

"After this, the family was well provided for. Supplies came daily, and yet James knew not the generous donor; but Harry provided for him and his helpless ones as tenderly as if they were allied to him by the strongest ties of consanguinity. Would that there were many such noble hearts! for there would then be far less suffering, far less selfishness, that canker of the present age, and more real benevolence in this busy world!

"I forgot to mention," continued the kind old farmer, "in the course of my narrative, that May had hired the cottage in which he lived from old Bagby; than whom a more cold-hearted, selfish, unfeeling man, does not exist. The rent was exorbitant, for he knew that his victim must rent from him or go houseless, as there was not another vacant tenement in the village, and he therefore extorted from the poor man a promise to pay him one hundred dollars per annum, for the use of a miserable cottage, with barely sufficient land to cultivate vegetables for his own consumption.

"Sickness of his wife and children, and now his own sad misfortune, crippled his efforts, and rendered the payment of his rent impossible. The old wretch pressed the poor fellow for payment daily, threatened to seize upon the little furniture he had, and eject him from the premises, unless he paid the rent due, then nearly three quarters, which would amount, on the first of the coming month, to seventy-five dollars. In vain the cripple pleaded his poverty and helpless condition: on the following day old Burly, the constable, went bustling into the poor man's

house, accompanied by his crony and clerk, Bill Skinner, and notified May that he was required to pay the amount due to the landlord within five days, or that his goods would be distrained and he ejected from the premises. The wretched man was in despair; he knew not to whom to apply, and want and misery stared his dear helpless ones in the face.

"The five days expired, and Burly and his clerk entered the premises. 'Well, old chap,' said the man of the law—a large-faced small-eyed personage, whose nasal organ seemed to have been steeped in logwood, and polished before a raging fire—' are you goin' to fork up the tin?—no dilly-dallying; you know bisness is bisness.'

"'I really have not the money to pay you,' said the poor laborer, weeping.

"'Well, Bill, proceed to bisness,' said the fiery-faced man; 'put the chattels in the middle of the floor, so we can take the inwentory.' His creature obeyed, and the scanty furniture was pulled from its accustomed place, and huddled together in the middle of the room. Mr. Bill Skinner seated himself at the table, and Mr. Burly, throwing one of his legs on the back of a chair, after the most approved method, looked upon the scene before him with the eye of a connoisseur. And what a scene to witness! The wretched husband and father, his disabled arm hung in a sling, was seated at the table, upon which was piled the crockery and table-ware which his wife had cleansed so often and prized so much. Beside him stood his feeble wife, holding in her arms the youngest child; and beside her, her two daughters, all looking on with grief and dismay; the eldest, a lad of about twelve years, wept leaning upon the back of his father's chair.

"'Oh, mother!' said Charles, the eldest, 'what shall we do? We have no friends! where shall we go?'

"'God is our friend, my child,' said the weeping mother; 'look to him, my dear.'

"'Now, Bill, wake up, and take the inwentory,' said Burly; 'here goes now: be alive, will you?' 'All right, boss,' said the clerk, looking up; 'go a-head.' 'Well, now, one lot of crockery, one wash-tub, two small ditto, one clock—we takes the clock, cause as how the covey here could'nt come to time. Ha! ha! Bill, what d'ye say to that?' 'Ha! ha! ha! capital,' chimed in Mr. Skinner. 'Well, now, be alive, Bill, go a-head!'

"'What's all this, friend?' said Harry Franklin, walking into the room; 'what's this about?' 'All right, sir,' said Burly, winking at Harry; 'we're 'straining under this 'ere warrant,' tapping it knowingly with his finger; 'can't pay up, sir; and we're just taking an inwentory, and then we're goin' to eject these sarpents from the *primisis*."

"'What is the amount of the claim?' said Harry. 'More nor they are able to fork—hey, Skinner?' said Burly, with a brutal laugh.

"'No insolence, sir,' said Harry. 'Write a receipt for the full amount and costs, and I will pay it."

"'You pay it!' said Burly, looking puzzled; 'why, good Lord, sir, it's eighty dollars, costs and all!'

"'Write the receipt, sir, instantly,' said Harry, bringing out his pocket-book, while the amazed Mr. Skinner gazed at him in speechless astonishment; for had the Archangel appeared before him, he could not have been more astounded than he was at the bare idea of a stranger's paying eighty dollars for 'a beggar and his brats,' as he termed May and his children.

"'There's all my storage and auction fees gone to the devil!' said the angelic Skinner, as he penned the receipt, while the poor family overwhelmed Harry with their honest gratitude.

"Harry at once removed them to a more comfortable location; and so long as they needed his assistance, they lived comfortably and happily. James has now received the use of his arm, and, under the patronage of Harry, is now supporting his family comfortably, and is able to send his children to school. That's my story," said the 'squire, knocking the ashes out of his pipe.

"Your friend Franklin is indeed a noble fellow," said I; "I long to know him."

Reader, this may appear a trifling incident to record, but, believe me, I shall never forget the impression made upon my mind by the recital of this simple story of THE DISTRESS FOR RENT.

A. A. P.

THE SERENADERS.

What ! go a serenading !
And stand beneath the moon,
To listen to a dozen boys,
All singing out of tune !
To leave, on chilly nights like these,
My comfortable bed,
And run the risk of rheumatiz,
Or chance a broken head !

To you, my boys, it may be sport
To strum guitars and sing,
But I am not romantic, sirs,
And shall do no such thing.
It is no doubt poetical,
Upon a cloudless night,
When the heart with hope is buoy'd up,
And the head is still more light ;

To sit upon a marble stoop,
Or lean against a tree,
And tickle a guitar, and sing,
" Come, dearest, down to me."
And then to see the watchman stand,
And listen to your lay,
As if he were too much entranced,
To travel on his way.

'Tis pleasant, when a light appears,
And up the window goes,
And some music-hating old papa
Upon your cranium throws
Something you do not relish much,
To interrupt your lay,
Compelling you to stop your song,
And quickly go away.

It is no use—I will not join
In such affairs as these;
I do not choose to run such risks,
Or brave the night's chill breeze.
Go serenading, if you will;
Sing—play—do what you choose,
But do not 'neath my window come
To interrupt my snooze.

THE COFFIN VENDER'S DAUGHTER,

OR, MY HUSBAND'S GHOST.

BY WILLIAM S. BROWN.

Hiram Theodorous Spingleton was a highly respected and extensive coffin-dealer. His large and spacious warehouse, situated in a fashionable part of the city of New York, was a delightful place for a morning lounge, presenting as it did to the contemplative and admiring eye a scene of much interest and beauty. Here the visitor gazed with rapture upon the splendid and superb mahogany coffins that stood on end resting against the wall, and completely lining the four sides of the ample sales-room. And so forcibly struck would he be with their superior finish and elegance, as almost to wish himself asleep in death merely to have the pleasure of occupying one of these tempting narrow houses. But the crowning embellishment of this inviting place was the presence of Hiram Theodorous Spingleton's daughter, who was his principal, indeed, only assistant in the sales department. Cecilia Spingleton was a sweet young lady, in the nineteenth year of her age, and probably the most accomplished salesman, or rather saleswoman, in New York, in her father's line of business. Her complexion was delicately pale, her eyes of a melting blue, her hair of a light auburn, and her form very slight, but exhibiting the most perfect symmetry and harmony of proportion. Her appearance, however, was

so ethereal that she looked as if a breath of wind would blow her out of sight, or as if she was destined at an early day to become a tenant of one of her father's beautiful coffins. Yet she enjoyed a high degree of health, and had no idea yet awhile of reposing in one of those elegant chests, however alluring they might be to the eye. No: her thoughts were not upon death, but upon love. Yes, the beautiful Cecilia was in love, deeply in love. But, alas! she was experiencing the truth, the sad and melancholy truth, that "the course of true love runs not smooth." He to whom she had given the affections of her virgin heart, and to whom her faith was plighted, was an object of invincible dislike to her worthy father; and he was resolved that the matrimonial connection which his daughter contemplated, and which so ill accorded with his own views regarding her, should never be consummated. In truth, Hiram Theodorous Spingleton, from some cause or other, had imbibed a strong and incurable prejudice against Yankee wooden clock-makers; and such was the occupation of Timothy Loonsleg, the accepted lover of Cecilia. And, besides, he was not at all pleased with the personal appearance of Mr. Timothy Loonsleg, and he thought that his daughter, in fancying such a man, showed a very strange and perverted taste. Timothy Loonsleg was a tall, thin, sallow, lank and raw-boned specimen of humanity, standing six feet and five inches in his shoes; his nose was prodigiously long and very singularly shaped, and looked as if it might have once been the proboscis or trunk of a young elephant before it became the prominent and graceful appendage of his attenuated and lantern-jawed visage. Swampy Hollow, a place somewhere in Connecticut, had the honor of being the birth-place of this luminous genius; but being of an enterprising turn of mind, he settled himself in New York, about a year pre-

vious to the time of our narrative, as a manufacturer of wooden clocks, in which business we are happy to add he soon became highly successful. But it certainly was a matter of surprise that the young, the beautiful, the ethereal Cecilia Spingleton, should have given her love to a man who seemed so little formed by nature to make an impression on the female heart; it furnished a proof, however, among a thousand others, of the truth of the assertion, so often made, that "there is no accounting for a woman's taste in love matters;" and, besides, love is proverbially blind and capricious. Cecilia first became acquainted with Timothy Loonsleg about two months prior to the period of our story, in the following manner: Timothy Loonsleg (who was now a widower,) called at the time in question at the warehouse of Mr. Spingleton to purchase a coffin for the body of his late wife, who had departed this life on the previous day. His purpose was to buy one of the cheapest description; but the superior eloquence and persuasive powers of Miss Cecilia, who officiated as saleswoman on the melancholy occasion, induced him to take the most superb and costly coffin in the shop. Indeed, if the truth must be told, the powerful and all-subduing charms of Cecilia made so sudden and deep an impression on the sensibilities of Mr. Loonsleg, and held his will in such complete subjection to her sway, that we verily believe, had she suggested the propriety of his purchasing a dozen coffins, he would have taken them all without hesitation. In short, Timothy Loonsleg was deeply smitten with Cecilia Spingleton, while his deceased wife was yet lying unburied. It is an axiom among physicians, that two diseases cannot exist at the same time in the body; that one will necessarily absorb the other. The same principle will apply to any two passions of the mind, roused into excitement at the same time; one will

speedily engross the other. So it was with Timothy Loonsleg. The conflicting passions of love for Cecilia, and grief for his late wife, were excited to phrensy in his breast, and produced a tornado like the violent meeting of opposing clouds in the heavens. The tempest raged with unabating fury for the space of twenty-four hours, when, love getting the mastery, his grief became entirely merged in that divine passion. And although, for some little time afterwards, a sad and tender thought of the dead would occasionally flit through his mind like a passing shadow, yet love, all-conquering love, for the living, reigned supreme in his bosom, and the memory of his departed wife soon ceased to have a place there. The day after the funeral, Timothy Loonsleg again presented himself at the coffin-warehouse of Spingleton, and he repeated his visit on the following day, and he made his appearance there on the day succeeding that; in short, he became a daily visitor. But whether he made use of any magical arts other than those which love employs, to win the affections of Cecilia, we have not the means of knowing.

Certain it is, however, that after the lapse of one short and fleeting month, she responded to the ardent passion he professed for her, by consenting to become his bride at an early period. In order to conceal his real intentions from Cecilia's father, the visits of Loonsleg had for their ostensible purpose a desire to purchase some fifty or one hundred coffins on speculation. He told Spingleton that he was making up an invoice of clocks for the New Orleans market, and he designed adding to the shipment eight or nine gross of coffins; an article, he thought, particularly adapted to that meridian. Spingleton, though he hated the man, yet the hope of securing a customer who purchased coffins by the wholesale, prompted him to treat Loonsleg at first with marked attention. But as day

after day passed, and Loonsleg seemed to manifest no particular desire to come to any immediate arrangement regarding his proposed purchase, Spingleton began to suspect that all was not right, that his customer harbored some secret design that he wished to keep from his knowledge; and he was confirmed in this suspicion as one day he observed Loonsleg engaged in a sort of by-play with Cecilia, when he pretended at the same time to be pricing coffins. To make "assurance doubly sure," he resolved to watch them on the morrow by occupying a secret place, where he could see and not be seen. The next day, about the time at which Loonsleg usually made his appearance, Spingleton sent his daughter on some trifling pretext back into the dwelling-house for a moment. The house communicated with the warehouse by a door in the rear of the latter. His daughter's back was no sooner turned than he slipped into one of the coffins that stood up against the wall, and, drawing the lid over, left a narrow space through which he could take a peep at what might be going on outside. Presently the tall and meagre Mr. Loonsleg stalked into the warehouse, and at the same moment Cecilia returned. They both cast an eye around them, and, seeing the coast clear, rushed into each other's arms. Their lips, by the power of mutual attraction, instantly met. But who can describe the kissing and hugging of that blissful moment? Loonsleg in his ecstasy declared that such a moment was worth the price of a dozen clocks at the retail price. They now renewed their oath of eternal fidelity to each other, and declared that nothing should ever, ever, ever divide their united hearts.

"I say, Cecilia, my sweet honey, you look plaguey handsome to-day; I'll be swamp'd if you don't!" exclaimed Loonsleg, as he gazed upon her with admiration; "you're the prettiest gal in the three kingdoms—if you

ain't, I'll give all the wooden clocks in my shop, and all my old shoes into the bargain—I'll be darn'd if I won't. So the old man aint here just now; he's gone, I s'pose, to take the measure of some poor critter who's kicked the bucket. Well, when the cat's away the mice will play, and so, my sweet gal, give me another kiss. Ah! by golly, that's a sweet kiss—now give me another; sweeter yet—now give me one more; delicious, by hoaky! What would old dad say if he saw me bussing you after this fashion?"

"My dearest, dearest Timothy! my precious love and husband elect!" said Cecilia, "don't talk in this manner: don't call my father old dad, even though he does hate you as he does poison! still, he is my father, and very shortly will be yours; speak of him, therefore, with more respect, for all will come right after a while."

"How long has he been out?" asked Loonsleg; "do you know where he is now?"

"Here he is, you scoundrel!" roared Spingleton, leaping from the coffin into the middle of the room.

Timothy sprang up into the air as if he had been struck by a musket-ball, and descending fell heels over head on the floor, where he lay completely powerless from the effects of sudden fear and alarm. Cecilia screamed at the top of her voice, and made several ineffectual attempts to swoon away. But somehow or other she was unable to succeed in this truly feminine performance. Spingleton stood the picture of indignation and astonishment while he surveyed for a moment the fear-stricken pair. He now ordered his daughter, in an angry and authoritative tone, to quit the room and go into the house—a mandate she instantly obeyed. "As for you, sir," he said to the still prostrate Timothy, "you will immediately gather up those long legs of yours, and take yourself out of this room into the street with all convenient speed, unless you want me

to make you a fit tenant for one of these coffins that you've been chaffering about for the last six or seven weeks; and if ever you darken the door of this warehouse again, I'll break your head. Come sir, tramp—begone!"

Mr. Timothy Loonsleg, with a crouching bend of his body, made his exit like a culprit after the judge has passed sentence upon him.

We will not attempt to describe the scene that now took place between Spingleton and his daughter. Suffice it that he stormed and he raved, and that she wept and she screamed, and shed floods of tears. He declared that she should never marry a Yankee clock-maker. She declared she would. He called her a forward and disobedient daughter. She called him a cruel and unnatural father. Her mother now put in a word, and tried by reason and argument to represent the folly of her unfortunate attachment. She then appealed to her daughter's family pride. She said the best blood in New York ran in the veins of the Spingleton's, and it would be the death of her should her daughter vitiate it by a union with a paltry Yankee. But independent of all considerations of birth, she said, one would suppose that self-respect would deter the daughter of an eminent coffin merchant from degrading herself by a connection with a Yankee clock-maker, a "profession" so infinitely below that of her worthy sire's. Cecilia turned a deaf ear to every argument and to every entreaty; and threats she regarded not, for she was determined at all hazards to fulfil the great purpose of her heart, that of uniting herself to her "Dear Timothy," the man of her choice; and as for his occupation, she was free to say that she thought a clock-dealer was nearly, if not quite, as respectable as a coffin-dealer. Her father, enraged beyond measure at his daughter's contumacy, said it now remained to take the only step that presented itself to prevent her

from disgracing the time-honored name of Spingleton, and that was to remove her to a remote part of the country, where, in the family of a relation, she would remain until she came to her senses; and he bade her prepare to set off on her journey in one week; but in the mean time he strictly forbade her going out of the house; but as she would be needed in the warehouse until he could find a person to supply her place there, he commissioned Giles Scragg, a big over-grown apprentice boy in the coffin factory, to keep watch, as a sentinel, on the pavement in front of the warehouse-door, and permit neither the egress of Miss Cecilia nor the ingress of Master Timothy. Scragg the more willingly entered on the performance of this duty as he secretly aspired to the hand of Miss Spingleton himself, though he had never told his love; but he seemed to think that his master must have an inkling of the state of his heart; for, if otherwise, why should he invest the said Giles Scragg with so responsible and delicate a trust—a trust that involved the preservation of his own daughter? and, in his judgment, it was perfectly clear that the confidence thus reposed in him furnished conclusive evidence that Mr. Spingleton smiled approval upon the secret aspiration of his soul; and if the father did so, why not the daughter? and visions of unspeakable bliss danced before his imagination, as he encouraged the soul-ravishing thought of making the beautiful Cecilia Mistress Scragg at no distant period of time. Full of this idea, he had, in order to make himself as attractive as possible to his lady-love, besmeared his long hair with soap, pomatum, hog's lard, and a variety of oils and essences without stint or measure. The consequence was, as he stood before the door with the staff of office in his hand, beautiful parti-colored rills were streaming from his hair down his face, to the no little amusement of the passers-by. But as he was

quite unconscious of the figure he made of himself, he construed the notice he attracted into tokens of admiration. Scragg really believed himself a superb-looking young man, though he squinted awfully, had a turned-up nose, and a mouth wide and as gaping as an open sepulchre; and he believed that the heart of Miss Cecilia was surrendering at discretion before the power exerted by so much beauty. Yet he thought it strange that Miss Spingleton was not inclined to conversation with him; for he not unfrequently approached the door, and strove to engage her in a little friendly chit-chat; but she took not the slightest notice of him by word or look, though, as a last resort to recommend himself to her favorable notice, and draw her into conversation, he denounced in set terms, and in language more vigorous than graceful, "the infernal Yankee clock-maker."

Loonsleg made no attempt to visit the warehouse again, but he very frequently passed the door, and when he did so, Scragg drew himself up, put himself in a posture of defiance, and squinted daggers at him, as much as to say, "Come on if you dare." Meantime, Miss Spingleton looked the very pattern of meekness and resignation, and seemed to acquiesce without a murmur in her father's design to send her into the country. The truth was, she was constantly engaged in a written correspondence with her lover. She revealed to him her father's purpose concerning herself, and he was taxing his ingenuity to defeat it. At last, after several letters had passed between them, they hit upon the following plan of operation: On the evening preceding the day designated for her departure from the city, Loonsleg was to send two men, in his confidence, to the warehouse, to purchase a coffin for himself, whose sudden death they would announce; Miss Cecilia would watch her opportunity, and unseen by any one but the two

in the secret, place herself in the coffin, and the men at the same moment would screw the lid down loosely, so as to admit air sufficient to enable her to breathe freely. Loonsleg would meet them at a given place in the street, and conduct them with their precious burden to his own house, where the fair prisoner would be released from her narrow prison-house, and be immediately united to him in the nuptial bonds by a clergyman previously engaged for that purpose.

The day preceding that appointed for the departure of Cecilia arrived. During the day there was the usual bustle and busy care incident to active preparations for a long journey. The work of packing trunks and filling bandboxes went on vigorously. Cecilia was in high spirits, and seemed pleased with the prospect of inhaling the fresh and pure air of the country. Her parents joked with her and laughed heartily, as they hinted at the possibility of her marrying her country "Cousin Sam;" and she, with great good humor, joined in the laugh. But in the midst of all this she did not forget to make a bundle of some of her best wearing apparel, and secrete it in the warehouse. The day at length drew to a close, and the family gathered round the tea-table to partake of the evening repast. Cecilia was silent and thoughtful, and ever and anon cast an anxious look in the direction of the door that opened into the warehouse. Presently the tinkling of the shop-bell announced that a customer had come in. The father and daughter both went into the sales-room. They found two men there, who said they wanted to buy a pine coffin of the cheapest kind, six feet six inches long, to receive the corpse of the late Timothy Loonsleg, Esq.

"What! Loonsleg dead!" exclaimed Spingleton in great astonishment.

"Dead! why, yes, dead as a door nail!" said one of

the men, with an affected carelessness of manner. "He died four hours ago of a broken heart, or some other outlandish complaint; and the last words the dying man uttered, were, Bring Cecilia Spingleton to me as soon as possible; that's true as the gospel."

Cecilia gave a loud and terrific scream—tore out her hair—beat her forehead, and seemed as if sudden and violent grief had deprived her of her senses. And so well did she act her part, that he who had announced the death of her lover, began to think that she was laboring under the delusive impression that death had indeed given a fatal blow to all her hopes. He therefore whispered in her ear, "Don't take on so; I tell you it's all a sham about Tim's death; he's alive and kicking, and is impatient to see you: keep your wits about you—watch your opportunity, and jump into a coffin as soon as possible, for we want to be off." At length Cecilia became sufficiently calm to assist in the selection of a coffin for her dead lover. Spingleton told the man to take one of the five or six splendid mahogany coffins that were together on the floor, and which had been finished that day—that he would make no charge for it—he would present it as a gift—that as poor Timothy was no longer in the land of the living, he really felt a sort of respect for his memory, and would like to have him buried like a gentleman—he should go out for a minute or two on some little business—in the meantime, his daughter would attend to them. The truth was, Spingleton felt greatly relieved by Loonsleg's supposed death, and in the fullness of his gratitude for that dispensation of Providence, he opened his heart, and gave away one of his most beautiful coffins. He had no sooner gone out, than Cecilia, with a bundle of clothes, deposited herself in one of the elegant coffins already referred to; the two agents of Timothy hastily screwed on the lid—that is, partly so,

in order to leave space for the admission of air. It was well they had been so expeditious in the accomplishment of their purpose, for Spingleton almost immediately returned; and two other persons entered at the same time, to get a coffin for Ralph Scrooney, an aged gentleman who had paid the debt of nature that day. Spingleton inquired for his daughter. The trusty agents of Master Timothy answered, that the afflicted young lady, unable to sustain herself under the load of grief that oppressed her, had betaken herself to her bed. Spingleton therefore waited on his new customer himself. The size of the coffin wanted for the corpse of old Mr. Scrooney, was exactly that of Timothy's coffin. And Spingleton persuaded the two men, charged with the office of negotiating for that necessary article, to select a coffin from the same lot from which the one was chosen for our hero. But in his endeavors to exhibit in the most favorable light these beautiful specimens of superior taste and workmanship, he moved them about so much, and got them so completely out of the order in which they originally lay, that the agents of Timothy, when preparing to depart, were really at a loss to identify the coffin that contained the bride elect of their employer, for the whole six that composed the lot in question were precisely alike, in every particular. At last, however, they took possession of one, which, from its weight, they were very certain held Timothy's treasure, and departed with it. The other two men also took their departure at the same time, with a coffin upon their shoulders for the dead Mr. Scrooney.

On the same evening of the occurrences we have just detailed, there lay in the room of a house in the upper part of the city, the cold and exanimated body of a respectable old gentleman, who had in the morning of that day, closed his eyes in death. His corpse was decently

laid out, and a white covering or pall was thrown over it. By the side of it sat the widow of the defunct, a prey to grief and sorrow. Her name was Mistress Barbara Scrooney. She was a lady somewhat stricken in years and venerable in appearance. Near her were seated a number of friends, who were condoling with the bereaved widow in her affliction. Mrs. Scrooney, as well as her late husband, entertained some peculiar notions in regard to ghosts. They believed the world was full of ghosts, and that the world would see them with the naked eye, if the world were less skeptical. They believed that departed spirits had the power to revisit this world, and make their appearance in any form they thought proper to adopt. This belief formed a part of the religious creed of this worthy pair. It is therefore not to be wondered at, that some weeks before the death of Ralph Scrooney, while he was yet in the enjoyment of health, that he and his wife mutually agreed, that in the event of her leaving the world first, her ghost should visit him in the form of a very nice young man. But on the other hand, should he die first, his spirit should visit his widow in the form of a lovely and beautiful girl. Whether the widow Scrooney, as she sat weeping by the side of her husband's corpse, really believed that he would perform his promise, we know not; but the remark she made to the friends around her, that she expected a visit from her dear departed husband in a few days, seemed to countenance the opinion that she placed every confidence in the promise he had made her. The clock on the mantle-piece pointed to the hour of eight, when the street-door opened, and the sound of heavy footsteps was heard in the passage. Presently two men entered the room of the dead, bearing a coffin. They then proceeded to unscrew the lid of the coffin, while some others raised the corpse, and bore it toward the tables, and held

it in readiness to place it in the narrow habitation destined to receive it. The screws were taken out and the top of the coffin raised, when the two men uttered a cry of terror, and fell back upon the floor. At the same moment, the form of a beautiful girl rose up in the coffin. Those who were supporting the corpse, overcome by sudden and excessive fear, let it slip from their powerless hands, and it fell heavily upon the floor, presenting a most ghastly spectacle, while the widow raised her hands, and shouted in an unearthly voice, "It is MY HUSBAND'S GHOST!"

Fear and consternation seized the minds of all as they gazed with superstitious awe upon the beautiful ghost of old Ralph Scrooney. The widow religiously believed that her husband's spirit was before her. And such was the pale and spiritual aspect of the apparition that was now sitting up in the coffin, that one could hardly believe that aught of earthly mold belonged to it. Mistress Scrooney was entirely overcome by the various emotions that agitated her, but with tottering steps she moved up toward the coffin and dropped upon her knees; and the other persons present placed themselves in the same posture of lowly reverence. Thrice the widow essayed to speak, and thrice her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth, while her teeth chattered and her thin lips quivered convulsively as if terror had chilled her very life's blood. At length she exclaimed, while her whole frame shook violently,

"My-my-my dearest love! how-how shall I thank you for this a-a-a agreeable and-and un-un-unexpected visit! I-I-I re-re-really didn't ex-ex-expect you so-so soon—you've taken me, my love, quite by sur-sur-surprise—indeed you have. How long, my-my-my dear, do you intend to-to remain with us."

The beautiful spectre did not deign a reply, but looked

ten-fold more terrified than the beings of flesh and blood who had bent the knee in reverential homage. It cast a wild and phrensied look around the room, and shuddered when it fixed an eye upon the corpse, which was still lying unheeded upon the floor, as if it were nothing more than a worthless old casket, no longer containing the gem upon which every gaze was now riveted. At length it exclaimed, in a soft voice, which the kneeling group, however, thought had a very hollow and sepulchral sound, "Where is Timothy? tell me for mercy's sake!"

"Here I am uncle," answered a youth of sixteen, rising from his kneeling position, and striving to appear courageous, though he trembled with superstitious apprehension. His Christian name was Timothy, and he was the favorite nephew of the late Mr. Scrooney. "But that is not my Timothy," said the pretty ghost, honoring the young man with a broad stare of surprise. "Yes, my dear husband," exclaimed Mistress Scrooney, "this is indeed your own favorite and beloved Timothy, whom you was so fond of, and in whose society you took so much delight."

"Yes, uncle, what aunt says is true. I'm your own Timothy, indeed I am," said the youth stretching out his arms as if he should like above all things to receive within their embrace the lovely ghost of his dead uncle.

"They have, I'm sure they have, brought me to a madhouse, for the people here are all mad!" exclaimed the spectre, in a tone of great alarm. "There is a horrible, horrible mystery in all this."

"Yes my dear husband, it is a solemn and awful mystery," said Mistress Scrooney, in a mournful voice; "the world is full of mystery. We are ourselves a mystery, as you and I used to say, as we sat before a winter evening's fire, listening to the howlings of the tempest and the beating of the

storm against the window-panes, and talking about the ghosts of departed friends and relations."

"I am, I am in a mad-house," cried the fair spirit, shrieking in the most terrific manner. "I am in a mad-house;" they're all mad here, and I shall be mad myself if I remain here another moment. Timothy, Timothy Loonsleg! where in mercy's name are you?" Upon which, the spectre suddenly leaped out of the coffin, and not standing much "upon the order of going," overthrew it, together with the table on which it rested, causing a tremendous crash, and "confusion worse confounded." The terror and dismay of the good people in the room we are unable to describe. Quick as the lightning flash they sprang from their knees to give the spectre a "wide berth;" and, giving utterance to their fears in wild and discordant screams, rushed pell-mell to the remotest corner of the room, where they huddled closely together like a flock of sheep. The ghostly object of their terror having already reached the door, turned suddenly about, flew back and seized a bundle that had rolled out of the coffin upon the floor, and then again retreated with the speed of light, and vanished by passing out of the door into the passage where it fell lifeless into the arms of our old friend Timothy Loonsleg, who had at that opportune moment entered the house in search of his lost Cecilia. Timothy with his unconscious burden, got into a carriage, and drove off with Jehu speed. Cecilia soon recovered from her swoon, when Timothy explained the unfortunate mistake that had resulted in the trying scene through which she had just passed.

Timothy, on opening the coffin brought to him, and finding it empty, asked his agents for an explanation, and from the information they imparted, he thought at once that the coffin in which Cecilia had deposited herself might be the one taken to bury old Mr. Scrooney in, and he immediately

jumped into a hack, and hastened to the house where he found her as just described.

Loonsleg, with his bride elect, soon arrived at his own dwelling. He found already there the clergyman who was to unite them in the mystic tie of marriage. But as Loonsleg, in his written message to that gentleman omitted to name the purpose for which he was desired to visit him, the parson naturally concluded, when he saw the coffin, that he was wanted to perform the funeral rites over the remains of some poor mortal who had departed from among the living; but what was his surprise when he was informed that a wedding, not a funeral, was the business of that evening. He pointed to the coffin. Loonsleg told him that he had taken it in payment of a debt from a coffin-maker who owed him for a clock. The Rev. Mr. Spatterton shrugged up his shoulders and looked grave, and said it was a strange, very strange piece of business. After a few preliminary arrangements, the party to be married stood up. The nuptual ceremony was soon over, and the lovely bride had exchanged the pretty name of Cecilia Spingleton for the more musical one of Cecilia Loonsleg. The reverend gentleman having congratulated the happy couple and wished them all manner of happiness, Mr. Loonsleg desired to know how much he was required to pay for the very acceptable service just rendered him. Mr. Spatterton smilingly remarked that it was usual in such cases to leave the recompense entirely to the liberality of the groom. Mr. Loonsleg rejoined by remarking that he was disposed to be very liberal, and would therefore give him five dollars, but as the times were hard, and money scarce, and collection difficult, he hoped Mr. Spatterton would take the amount in trade; in a word, he proposed that the reverend gentleman should take the coffin. He said it was a prime and beautiful article, and worth every

cent of twenty dollars, at which price he, the said Mr. Spatterton, could sell it to one of his flock in less time than forty-eight hours, as people were dying daily. The reverend gentleman indignantly refused to listen to what he called an insulting proposition. So Timothy paid the five dollars in cash, but remarked, at the same time, that his reverend friend had lost a capital bargain. But the next question was, what should he do with the coffin? It was too pretty an article to throw away. He persuaded Cecilia to use it as a place to keep her pies, cakes and sweetmeats in; and to this convenient use it was devoted until after the birth of their first born. It was then converted into a cradle, by having two rockers attached to it. The same cradle was exhibited at the Fair of the American Institute, and obtained the first premium. It was very much admired as being very *unique* and beautiful. Some, indeed, thought it a very ordinary sort of affair. But those whose opinion in matters of this kind were worth having, pronounced it the invention and workmanship of superior genius and taste.

Cecilia made Timothy an exemplary and excellent wife; and she is the mother now of seven beautiful little Loonslegs; and great favorites they are of their grandfather, old Mr. Spingleton, between whom and Timothy a perfect reconciliation took place about the time of the birth of the latter's first child.

The Widow Scrooney still believes that the ghost which she and her friends saw occupying her husband's coffin, was the spirit of that dear man; and she avers that since that memorable evening she has frequently met the same veritable ghost walking on the side-walks in Broadway—that it moved silently along with a light and noiseless tread, and was as pretty as ever. But what is still more strange, she is ready to take her oath that about a year after her hus-

band's death, she saw his pale and lovely spirit, looking just as it did when it rose up in the coffin, standing in the door of a clock-maker's shop, with a babe in its arms. The circumstance of the baby puzzled her exceedingly. It was beyond the reach of her comprehension. The more she thought of it, the less was she able to come to any satisfactory conclusion in her own mind concerning it; and it is supposed that her laborious attempts to solve the mystery overtasked her brains and unsettled her reason. She is now called "Old Crazy Bab," and is very aged and nearly blind, and harps incessantly upon "MY HUSBAND'S GHOST AND THE BABY," and occasionally mumbles, when she is in a particularly bad humor, something about the ghost's infidelity, and her own revenge when her soul shall have taken its flight to the Elysian Fields. But as this is the senseless and unmeaning gibberish of insanity, no notice is taken of it.

THE CAPTIVE BIRD.

BY MRS. C. E. DAPONTE.

Go, captive bird, thy wings are free,
To flutter in the morning air;
Go, drink the dew, from flower and tree,
And sing thy song of freedom there.

Go, skim the clear and rapid stream,
Bird of the dark and brilliant eye;
Go, float with clouds, whose orient beam
Gilds the fair face of earth and sky.

Away! the breath of spring is near,—
The woods are crowned with rosy light;
Ah! *could* I now retain thee here,
From scenes so lovely, skies so bright?

My lips are prest upon thy wing,
My hand is on thy little heart;
I catch thy last notes, as they ring,
In thrilling sweetness, ere we part.

Forth on thy way!—and pour thy strain
Where fields are green, and waters flow;
Mine own sweet bird, thy voice again
Shall never speak a captive's woe!

THE SHAKERESS.

"Love is not the growth of human will."

It was during the early rise of Shakerism in America, and while the zeal of the continent sect was still glowing with *inextinguishable* and *extinguishing* fervor, kindled by the famous Ann Lee and her missionaries, that one of those settlements, sacred to everlasting celibacy and common rights, grew up and flourished in the wilderness of New York.

Visitors came from afar to attend the public worship of this people: and even those who disputed their peculiar tenets, were forced to confess that the solemnity of their unearthly shakings was calculated to impress the mind with awe and reverence toward that Being whom they worshipped in so singular a manner. Perhaps the interest the world took in this novel sect was considerably heightened, by the reflection that they had voluntarily deprived themselves of those common enjoyments, without which, life would be insupportable to the mass of mankind.

There might be seen, in their assemblies, young men with glowing eyes and florid brows, whose deep glance bespoke the natural ardor of their souls; young ladies with light tresses and large blue eyes, breathing love into the hearts of spectators, like the cold flint scattering fire upon the kindling embers; stern manhood was also there, and matrons grave—all engaged in a crusade against nature, united in a desperate resolve to brave her most universal command.

They had torn themselves from their families and friends; they had burst asunder every tender tie of earthly affection; they had left the world and its attractions; they had voluntarily relinquished their hold on time; they had become candidates for eternity, and looked wistfully toward the dark confines of that better country, where they should reap the reward of their awful sacrifices, and find that happiness which alone could compensate them for their lorn pilgrimage in the thorny path of virtue. There was something sublime, to say the least, in the countenances of these self-devoted enthusiasts, as with arms folded on their breast, and eyes turned up to heaven, they mingled in the solemn dance, and invoked the great God to have mercy upon *them*—his "unprofitable servants." The stoic may look unmoved upon this picture of Shakerism, and the epicure may laugh at the infatuation which can induce reasonable men to forego all the advantages of connubial blessedness and the delights of domestic felicity; while philosophers of more modern lore, may tell of the equality of human happiness and misery—they may maintain that the wild and thrilling emotions of the enthusiast are an equivalent for his long penance, and that the bright hope of a happy immortality must make that life tolerable which is spent in the furnace of affliction. I cannot assent to this theory. Does the vivid glare of the pointed lightning, as it cleaves the midnight air and burnishes the dark cloud with momentary brilliancy, atone for the absence of the sun's perpetual rays? Or does the distant view of a cottage render the traveller less sensible to the pelting storm? We may rejoice in the prospect of a joyous termination to our sufferings; but the reason that we rejoice at the prospect of their termination is, because we feel that they are real.

Then, let not the epicure desire the principles, however

erroneous, which bind his fellow-creatures in mental thraldom, and fearfully add to the sum of human misery.

If the stoic can look unconcerned at the sufferings of his fellow-men, and deem it a mere point of honor to endure natural privation with fortitude—a triumph of veteran intellect over matter; let him at least relax a little of his rigidity, when he contemplates that class of the community who have not yet learned to curb the spontaneous emotions of their souls, in whom the unsophisticated law of nature is the law of God, and whom reason cannot render more wise, because it has not yet made them fools. They have not yet drank of that spring whose "shallow draughts intoxicate;" therefore they need not drink deeply to become sober again.

Those young hearts which are trained up in the principles of Shakerism, and early imbued with a firm prejudice against the general customs of society, are surely objects of compassion. The pure and holy flame of genuine affection is smothered, but the embers are not extinguished; Nature asserts her rights, but her claims are denied; and the glowing soul of innocence is allowed to wilt and wither in its greenness—to taste the bitter draught—cut off from the common privileges which nature herself withholds not from the sojourners in this vale of tears. It is with such a one that we have to do in the present narrative.

The day was spent, and the sun had shot his last ray athwart the plains of Niskayuna. The feathered tribe had gathered to their repose; and the panther nestled in the forest, impatient for the approaching darkness.

Two figures might now be discerned ascending the hill which overlooked the wide plain, whose remotest verge was shadowed by the tenements of the Shaker community.

One of the wanderers was an elderly female, whose primitive dress announced her as a member of that body. At

her side walked an interesting girl, who seemed not to have reached her twentieth year. But the long-waisted gown and matron-like hood which wrapped her slender form in their grotesque folds, gave antiquity credit for at least three years more than his due. Her small feet were encased in small-toed shoes, mounted by buckles of the most orthodox dimensions; and so completely was her youthful form disguised by the rude badges of her profession, that a superficial observer would have judged her as old as her companion. On closer inspection, however, a pair of bright blue eyes might be seen glistening under the drab bonnet which shadowed her white brow, and two rows of ivory appeared whenever she answered the formal inquiries of her aged partner. A shade of melancholy sat upon her countenance, and her low voice was sweet and plaintive as the lute sighing upon the reedy lake, when the despairing lover woos the midnight moon.

"Why dost thou linger, Matilda Braithwaite?" said the elder to her charge. "Seest thou not the dark cloud which riseth in the east? We have far to go before we reach the settlement, and thou knowest we must arrive in time to *labor* with the brethren and sisters. We must not be absent to-night when the God of our fathers is invoked."

"I know what thou sayest, Mother Jemima Richardson," answered the other, "and I would not delay thy journey; but I am weary with much travel. Thou mayst journey on apace, and leave me to follow more leisurely."

"What words have passed thy lips?" said the other. "I will not leave thee on the hill-tops, and return alone, lest the elders say unto me, 'Where is the lamb we gave thee, and wherefore hast thou returned alone like one that fleeth from the battle?'"

"Great is thy knowledge in the Scriptures, Mother Jemima Richardson," replied Matilda. "Canst thou not

say it is even thus, that 'two should be walking in the field; that one should be taken and the other left?' "

"Nay, Matilda Braithwaite! I study not the Scriptures to find excuses for ill-doing," answered Jemima, sternly. Thou knowest the travail of the church on thy account. Have the vanities of the world found favor in thy eyes, Matilda Braithwaite? Hast thou looked upon the face of men, wantonly?"

"How is it with thee, mother, and how is thy heart this day turned to bitterness?" answered Matilda, with great emotion. Have I not proved faithful, in that, as severe temptation befel me, and I yielded not?"

"Glory not vainly in thy own works," replied the matron; "but be the language of thy heart, 'thus far hath the Lord helped,' for thou knowest thou wert weak in the deed, but thy hands were lifted up that were hanging down, and the feeble knees were strengthened, by the brethren and sisters. Thou didst weep when thou wast shut up from the presence of the destroyer. Thou didst sigh when he came near thee—and although thou didst bid him begone with thy words, thy eyes were lit up with brightness when he spoke fawning words unto thee."

"Wherefore dost thou counsel me as one weak in the faith?" sighed Matilda. "Was it not just that I should pity the unhappy one? He spoke kindly unto me, and my heart burned within me. His voice sounded to my soul like the music of birds, when the spring bursts the icy bands of winter, and the leaves are green upon the trees and shrubs. But I did not love; for ye have told me I must not love."

"The evil one hath beguiled thee," answered Jemima; "thou didst verily love. How wilt thou atone for this great sin?"

"Nay, Mother Jemima Richardson, I did not love!"

exclaimed Matilda. "Was it love to drive him from me? Could I talk unkindly to one that I loved?"

"Thou didst talk harshly to him, but thy words were not like unto thy thoughts. Thou didst not feel unkindly."

"Tell me then, mother," said Matilda, "do the beatified spirits feel unkindly in that holy place to which we are bound? I should be very miserable even there, if I must not treat others kindly."

"Thou must mortify the flesh," replied Jemima; "thou must put off the old man with all his deeds. Why dost thou halt so oft in thy journey? Why wouldst thou be left alone? Wouldst thou even now be overtaken by the young man Edward?"

"He will speak to me no more. Fear not for him," said Matilda. "Dost thou not know that he——" She paused.

"What of him?" said Jemima, impatiently, and fixing her steadfast gaze upon the countenance of the damsel.

"Nay, Mother Jemima Richardson!" said Matilda, turning very pale, "seek not to know what is not revealed. Thou mayest pass on, for I am weary, and cannot keep pace with thee."

"What dost thou meditate, thou strange girl?" inquired Jemima; "the shades of night have already overtaken us—wouldst walk alone? The highway is but a stone's throw beyond us. We shall come out the cross-roads, and——" She stopped, for Matilda gave a faint cry, and seemed about to swoon.

She threw her arms around the sinking girl, and ejaculated—"How is this! what aileth thee, child? Shall I leave thee in this condition?"

"Yes, thou must leave me; it cannot be otherwise," answered Matilda. "I shall recover when thou leavest me."

"I dare not leave thee," said Jemima; "I understand thee not."

The girl, suddenly regaining her strength, rose upon her feet as if by supernatural effort, and said solemnly—"Mother Jemima Richardson, hast thou ever known me to be guilty of falsehood!"

"Never: but what meanest thou?"

"That thou mayst leave me without fear or misgivings. I seek no interview with mortal man. My purpose must remain unknown to thee. I conjure thee to leave me!"

"Be it even as thou desirest, then," replied Jemima; "but should evil befall thee——"

"Fear not for me," said Matilda, hastily, and rushed from the presence of her protectress. Mother Jemima paused a moment, and then turned to pursue her journey.

When Matilda fled from her aged companion, she had taken momentary refuge in a thicket; but when the retreating footsteps of the latter were no longer heard, she stepped cautiously forth, and followed in the direction of Jemima, until she reached the cross-roads. She shrunk back, and became violently agitated, as her eyes first fell upon an upright stake in the middle of the highway, which, surrounded by the shadowy darkness, nearly resembled the form of a human being. She pressed her hands upon her breast, as though endeavoring to check the violent throbbings of her heart. After giving vent to one long, deep sigh, she slowly advanced; and in another moment she stood over the mangled remains of her lover—Edward, the suicide.

It is with love as with religion—those who talk the most of it, generally know the least of its power. A fire may be made to blaze considerably by the aid of the bellows, but the wind-enlivened flame dies away when extraneous support is withheld, while that fire which kindles natu-

rally, and burns without interruption, must be supported by combustible materials, and will not easily go out.

Poor Matilda had strongly loved, but she knew it not. Love had been represented to her as something criminal; but her own conscience told her there was nothing in those pure and generous emotions which swelled her heart, when she first listened to the voice of Edward Worthington, that deserved censure. He was virtuous, and she respected him; he was brave, and she honored him; he loved her, and she was grateful; he was unhappy, and she pitied him; all these feelings inspired her with tenderness. But she did not know that this was love—pure, genuine affection. Edward first beheld the young Shakeress at the house of worship, where he had gone, out of mere curiosity. He was pleased with her appearance, and shortly afterwards obtained an interview with her. She listened to his discourse, and it was such as virtue herself would not have blushed to hear; and he, perceiving that she was not indifferent to him, asked her in marriage of her father, a conspicuous member of the Shaker community.

As may naturally be expected, the old man was much alarmed, when he learned that Edward had already conversed with his daughter. She was closely confined in a dark chamber, where no human being was allowed to visit her, excepting an elder, who occasionally waited upon her, and strove to bring her to repentance.

As Matilda had been taught to consider marriage the most heinous of all crimes, it did not require much time to obtain from her a promise that she would discard Edward for ever, when she learned that he was "in love with her."

Edward was sent for, that he might hear her determination from her own lips; and a smile of triumph played around the mouths of the brethren and sisters, when they

heard her tell him she did not love him, and he must visit her no more.

Matilda was then released from her confinement, but was still closely watched; as the emotions which she betrayed, when Edward, with an agonized look, bade her adieu, and the hectic flush and wasted cheek which followed hard upon, convinced the faithful ones that her heart was with the exile.

There was no kind breast upon which she could lean for support—no confidant to whom she could unburden her full heart. Had she acknowledged the deep interest which she felt in the banished youth, punishment and severe reproof would have followed the confession.

She pined in hopeless anguish. She did not strive to combat her feelings, for she knew not that love was gradually undermining her existence, and hastening her to that grave which kindly offers its asylum to the wretched. She did not conjecture that the holy flame which lit her young bosom, was that self-same love which her worthy friends so severely censured; and therefore indignantly protested that her heart was untouched by passion, when insinuations were thrown out to that effect.

She had languished thus for several months, when she accidentally heard that her disconsolate lover had put a period to his existence; that he was buried at the cross-roads, and that a stake, driven through his breast, marked the spot where his dishonored remains were bestowed. For the first time, Matilda suspected her heart of affection for Edward. The certainty that he was lost to her for ever, fell like a sudden blight upon her spirits, and she felt an almost irresistible inclination to rush to the place of his interment, and pour out her lamentations upon his grave.

Fortunately the tidings of Edward's death did not reach the ears of her fastidious guardians so soon; as, in that

case, they would have given a true interpretation to her frequent sighs and incoherent exclamations.

But Matilda strove to control her grief, and so far succeeded in quelling every outward demonstration of sorrow, that the Shakers suspected not the real cause of her infirmity, but looked upon her as one whom death had marked out for an early victim.

It was while things were in this situation, that one of the old ladies, who has already figured in this narrative under the title of Mother Jemima Richardson, had occasion to go to an adjacent village, to purchase some implements of housewifery, and Matilda asked permission to accompany her, with the intention of visiting Edward's grave, should they fall in with it during their journey. Matilda had been disappointed in the morning, for Jemima took the nearest route through the woods when she went to town; but in returning she preferred getting into the road as soon as possible, not relishing sylvan scenery after nightfall. By this means, Matilda gained her point with much less trouble than she had anticipated at the commencement of her journey.

Upon approaching the melancholy spot, Matilda felt a superstitious awe, which caused her to pause for a few moments; but during those few moments, memory came with ebon wing, and brushing aside every idea save that of Edward, traced deeply on her heart every word which she had heard him utter; the look of despondency which blanched his features when he left her in hopeless misery; and, oh! deepest of all did it carve the recollection of her harshness and indifference—yes, for here her heart bled, and its tenderest fibres were strained to bursting.

She convulsively grasped the stake for support; but hastily relinquishing it, she cried, "No, no—once have I placed the shaft in his heart—shall I plunge it still deeper

in his cold bosom ?" She sat down upon the damp ground, and then her feelings were vented without control. Female timidity no longer chained her trembling tongue, but in all the recklessness of despair, she made the surrounding woods echo with her moans and lamentations.

"I *did* love thee, murdered Edward!" she exclaimed, and heaven approved my love—but I, wretch that I was, spurned the generous proffer of thy affection, and listened to the counsels of those who have destroyed thee! Oh! were it in my power to recall the past—could I but make amends for——"

She ceased, for at that moment her eye fell upon a white figure emerging from a thicket by the side of the highway. It approached her slowly. 'Twas a human form, bound in death-clothes; its white garments fluttered in the wind, and with noiseless step it came majestically on.

Did Matilda swoon or cry out with terror? No: had "a thousand ghosts shrieked at once on the hollow wind," the desperate soul of that broken-hearted girl would have looked carelessly on, and deemed apprehension folly, when the reality of her misery admitted of no aggravation.

"Now, by the manes of him thou mournest, by the voice that's hushed for aye, and the eyes which are closed in their long, last slumber, tell me, maiden, what boon would thou ask of one who hath the power to grant thy dearest wish ?" said the spectre, in a low, sepulchral tone.

"Even to be laid beside him!" answered Matilda, wildly.

"Didst thou not drive him from thee ?" asked the other, in a severe tone.

"Yes, yes!" exclaimed she; "but if thou art an inhabitant of the spiritual world, take this heart from my bosom, and bear it to Edward. Tell him 'tis all I can

offer as a propitiation for my unkindness—'twill be a most eloquent mediator."

"He accepts the offering!" cried the other; and throwing off his ghostly disguise, Edward pressed the repentant Matilda in rapture to his heart.

"My brain is bewildered," sighed the astonished girl. "What tantalizing dream is this?"

"Ah, Matilda, forgive the deception," said Edward; "I knew that you loved me in despite of your assumed indifference, and commissioned a confidential friend to relate to you a forged story of my death. I justly imagined that you would visit my grave, and I have watched your movements until now. I saw you approach—I planted my decoy, and it drew you to this spot, where I awaited you. Do you forgive the artifice?"

But Matilda seemed to have paid but little attention to Edward's explanation. Her arms were thrown about his neck, her head was reclined against his bosom, and, as if fearing he should again be torn from her, she started at every noise in the brake, and clung more firmly to his breast when the rising gusts of wind swept by them.

"Will not my dear Matilda tell me that I am forgiven?" repeated Edward.

"I hear thy words," she replied, without lifting her head; "go on, I will listen while thou talkest; I cannot see thy eyes, for it is dark, but I can hear thee. I am very happy, and yet I can do nothing but weep: but thou shalt talk until my tears are dry, and my heart has ceased to beat so violently. Tell me that thou lovest me!"

"Yes, Matilda, you know I love you," answered Edward; and, as a first proof of that, I will bear you to a shelter; for the storm is ready to burst over our heads, and your fragile form is but ill qualified to cope with the tempest."

"Not now, my best beloved," said she; "rise not from this sacred spot. 'Tis too happy a place to leave. Let me hear thy words. Support me with thy right hand." She then hid her face again in his bosom, and her emotion redoubled.

"Happy moment!" exclaimed Edward. "After all my anxiety, my ceaseless watchings, and tormenting fears, I am assured that thou art mine." The heavens were overspread with blackness, and heavy drops of rain began to fall.

"Let me convey you to some shelter," said Edward. "The night wind is cold, and the storm threatens us."

She answered not. A heavy clap of thunder rang through the forest, and the earth trembled.

"Matilda! come, we must leave this place," said Edward.

She answered with a long sigh.

He pressed his cheek to hers—he became alarmed, for her breathing was short and quick; she pressed him convulsively to her bosom for a moment. Her grasp suddenly relaxed. Her head sunk upon his breast. Edward seized her in his arms, and bore her lifeless form to a cottage not far distant; but ere he reached it, the rain poured in torrents, the thunder roared and rattled along the heavens, the forked lightning leaped from cloud to forest tree, the brooks were swelled, and the broad streams, as they rushed tumultuously from the hills, threw their spray high upon the foliage of the bowing wood.

Now wading up to his arm-pits, and now ploughing his way through sloughs and sands, Edward held firmly his precious burden, until he reached a small hovel, which, although not of very promising appearance, was lit up by a cheerful pitch knot, and built of the finest logs which the country afforded

Edward impetuously stove open the door, which, not being provided with hinges, answered his violent kick by a leap into the very middle of the room, quite to the discomfiture of some half a dozen chubby damsels, who were regaling themselves over a huge wooden dish of hominy, which was overturned by the onset of the flying door.

Starting up, more in sorrow than in anger, the astonished crew exclaimed: "A gentleman with a dead lady!" Some of the younger ones set up a violent scream as Edward entered with the pale and senseless Matilda. He called aloud for dry clothing, for restoratives; and then unceremoniously throwing a handful of brush upon the embers in the fire-place, proceeded to chafe the temples of Matilda She opened her eyes—she started on her feet, and gazing wildly round a moment, exclaimed: "Where am I? Where is——"

Her eyes met those of Edward. She rushed towards him, and he caught her fainting form in his arms. The inmates of the cottage stood around, regarding the scene with mute astonishment. The suddenness of their entry, the revival of Matilda, her wild expressions and her swoon, seemed to affect them like magic, and entrance their faculties so completely, that, after the first exclamation, they were rendered incapable of uttering a word. Still, an acute observer might have detected the ruling passion in the rueful side-glance which some of them cast at the ejected hominy, which covered nearly one-third of the circumscribed floor, and, gradually elongating, was beginning to assume the proportions of the broad-mouthed Rio de la Plata.

In vain did Edward use threats and entreaties to induce the family to take charge of Matilda, and divest her of her wet garments, until at last, thrusting his hand into his pocket, he drew out a handful of change. The jingling of

coin had a surprising effect upon the whole company, and introduced a new personage upon the stage. A low door slowly opened, and the bronzed features of a withered woodsman were thrust forth from their obscurity, and the squeaking tones of extreme old age demanded "What the good gentleman would please to have; and at the same time he proceeded to arouse his worthy helpmate, who slumbered beside him, and repeated to her all Edward's wishes so correctly, that it was fully evident that he had been a quiet observer of the whole scene from the first.

Suitable attentions were now paid to Matilda. She perfectly recovered, and Edward conveyed her to his mother's house. In a few days, Edward and Matilda plighted their vows in the presence of the "holy man." A happier couple never existed.

Edward related these facts to me with his own lips, and earnestly added: "If ever you marry, my boy, by all means marry a Shakeress—if you can."

TO A FRIEND

WHO DECRIED THE WOMEN.

THERE are, who say, that woman loves
With ardor, constancy, and truth,
To life's last day—whilst man but proves
Such passion, in the flower of youth.

It may be thus, with those who own
Ambition's proud and feverish joys;
Who sigh for splendor and renown,
And prize alone life's gaudy toys.

It may be thus with sordid souls,
Wrapt in the search of shining pelf;
Or those whose wish for all things rolls
On that one centre—self, dear self.

But men there are, with hearts as kind,
True, tender, constant, and sincere,
As dwell in woman's softer mind,
Or melt with woman's frequent tear.

Man mingles with the busy train
Of action, passion, business, strife;
He scales the mountain, tempts the main,
And mingles in the war of life.

Yet, 'midst the busy scene, his heart
Hath hours of happier feeling given;
And owns the charm that can impart
All earth can ever know of heaven.

H.

J.W. Basilear. J.C. Buttre.

The Shipwrecked Mariner.

THE SHIPWRECKED MARINER.

BY MRS. H. LIGHTHIPE.

O, SEA! that in thy sunny mirth
So wild a charm can fling;
That on the heavings of thy breast
So many a gift doth bring!
Thine anger on the tempest borne,
Is a dark and fearful thing!

"The sky was dark as Egypt's night"—
So ran the mariner's tale—
"And our bark was like a reed uptorn,
When swept before the gale.
The terrors of that awful night
Do make my cheek grow pale.

"What mortal strength could do, was done,
With fragments rent and torn—
The reckless many seized the boat:
Thus our only hope was gone;
And we felt no help could reach us there
E'en with the coming morn.

"No being, but myself alone,
Of all that daring host,
Hath lived to tell the story dire
Of that dark and rocky coast;
Of the crew, all buried in the deep,
And our brave vessel, lost.

" My brother's arm was strong, he said,
To save both him and me;
Together we had ever lived,
And should not parted be:
Then lashed my body to his own,
And plunged into the sea.

" When next to consciousness I waked,
The sun was shining bright;
And the waves, each like a crouching beast,
Lay dazzled in his sight,
While o'er them all the sea-bird wild
Screamed onward in his flight.

" We lay, by the rude waters left,
Upon that vacant shore;
There with the remnant of my strength
I turned my brother o'er.
But the film of death was on his eye—
His heart could beat no more.

" I called his name in accents wild,
I wept in bleak despair—
Stranger, 'twas then thy blessed aid
In pity sought us there:
Alas! I would that both had lived
To feel thy kindly care.

" Sure He that meteth out the land—
That ruleth o'er the sea—
Did lead thy heart to seek that strand
With succor unto me.
May mercies from His hand alway
Be given unto thee!"

Orange, N. J., 1847.

THE PRIDE OF INVERHALE.

Her air, her manners, all who knew, admired ;
Courteous, though coy, and gentle, though retired ;
The joy of youth and health her eyes displayed,
And ease of heart her very look conveyed.—CRABBE.

ONE of the loveliest valleys that ever bloomed was that of Inverhale. It was the abode of health, and contentment seemed to smile on the countenance of every inhabitant. Through the valley flowed a silver stream, on the green margin of which the lads and lasses of Inverhale would often stray at "moonlight's fairy hour," and it was pleasing to view the various groups that might then be seen dispersing along its flowery banks. Here a light-hearted few would be dancing merrily to the pibroch's note ; there another, more seriously inclined, would be seated on the velvet turf, singing, in chorus sweet, some Highland lay ; while in the distance the eye not unfrequently might catch a glimpse of some stray couple, treading the green sward where it was more solitary, breathing vows, or telling tales, of a character which I shall leave the imagination of the reader to determine. Such was Inverhale, and Inverhale's pride was a girl whose bloom was that of seventeen summers, whose tender care watched over the widowhood of an aged mother, and whose kind heart had won the love of all those who resided within the precincts of her native valley. Effie Graeme was as lovely as the wild rose which bloomed on the margin of the lake of Inverhale, and modest as the violet which grew in her carefully cultivated parterre ; like the hue of that flower were the eyes of Effie,

and spotless as the mountain snow was the maiden's heart. Effie was the pride and adoration of her parents; she was an only child, and faithfully did she discharge every duty as such. Her father died of a fever; many a weary night had she watched by his bedside, cooling his parched lips with a beverage of her own preparing; it was her filial hand that rendered his position on his bed comfortable when he complained of uneasiness, and to her care did he owe every delicacy that he tasted during his sufferings. But filial love can avail nought, when the hand of death has already touched his victim, and Effie received the last blessings of her father.

It was a sight well calculated to call forth the tear of sympathy, when the funeral of old Allen Graeme moved from the cottage to the humble church-yard. The old widow leaned on her young and lovely child, who subdued her own sorrows, that she might not add to the affliction of her mother; her bosom heaved with the agony of suppressed grief, and she spoke not, except at interval, when the language she uttered was that of consolation to her parent. Even in the bitterness of grief, the aged widow returned thanks to the Supreme Being, who had given her such a child to comfort her in her afflictions: she had found consolation in the kindness of her daughter; for to whom can parents look for comfort, when they are visited by the sorrows incidental to existence, if not to their children? in filial love, the only true Gilead for a wound such as that which the Widow Graeme had received, is to be found; and helpless indeed must be the parent who, looking to such a source for sympathy and consolation, is met with cold indifference. It was long before the cottage of the widow was lively once more; but time brought "healing on its wings," and Effie soon again gave cheerfulness to her parent, and gayety to the valley. Her song was the

sweetest and blithest of any maiden's, and her step in the dance the lightest and most graceful; with all these attractions, it is not to be marveled that many a youth should have sighed for her; and, although many a wealthy suitor had offered hand and heart, she rejected all, in favor of Roland Allison, who was all that a maiden need wish for, either as regarded personal beauty or mental accomplishments. They were betrothed, with the blessings of the Widow Graeme; for Rowland was an orphan, who had no being to look up to for advice, but his virtues had acquired for him friends, and his industry an ample and honorable subsistence. The day was fixed for the wedding, and many a frolic was enjoyed in anticipation of more substantial ones, when the ceremony should be consummated. It was at one of these merry-makings that Effie beheld a stranger, who was introduced as the son of a neighbor, who had for some time previous been pursuing the life of a seaman, but had then returned to settle with his father in the vale of his nativity. He was apparently about twenty-five years of age; with a sun-burnt visage, black and piercing eye, thick black hair, and dark heavy eyebrows, added to the sternness which a constant frown gave to him. When Effie was introduced to him, his frown relaxed, and he gazed on her for some minutes in silence. The maiden welcomed him to the valley, and was turning to take her station in the dance that was forming, when the stranger detained her, with the request that she would be his partner.

"Nay," replied Effie; "it may not be; accept my thanks, but Roland Allison waits for me; I am engaged to dance with him."

"The next dance, then!" continued the stranger.

"I cannot," returned the maiden; "I must be excused —you are a stranger to me."

"It is well," said the young man, releasing her; "we may yet be better acquainted."

Effie trembled for an instant, but she knew not why; innocent herself, she never suspected others, and she joined her impatient lover in the dance, forgetting, for a short time, the singular deportment of the stranger.

The dance had concluded, and Effie, seated by Roland, united her voice with his in a duet, to which the stranger listened with marked attention.

"They love each other," he said—"well they are both young, both fair." He left the room unobserved, and returned as the song concluded; he approached Effie, and presenting her with a lovely rose, said with emphasis:

"I am an admirer of flowers, and you see, maiden, I cull the fairest. Is not this rose beautiful? It is in the fullness of bloom—mark ye." Taking the flower, he shook it so violently, that its leaves fell to the ground, and the naked stem remained. "So," he continued, "can beauty and all its hopes be destroyed." He again arose, left the room, and returned not.

"He is a strange being," said Effie; "I know not why it is, but I tremble when he speaks; he is no sailor: they are generally frank and generous, there is mystery in this man."

"I knew not," replied Roland, "that Rob McDonald had a son; often as I have labored for him, he never mentioned it to me, and in truth I do not believe this youth is any wise related to him."

Such was the general opinion, and in the morning it was confirmed by Rob himself, who said "the strange man had gin him muckle gear to spread the tale abraid, and bring him to a sight o' the pride o' Inverhale."

Many were the inquiries that Rob received, but he was unable to say who the stranger was, or whence he came;

he left the valley on the morning succeeding his introduction to Effie Graeme, and before the next evening his existence was almost forgotten. Some days had elapsed since the departure of the stranger from the valley, when one evening a woman of singular appearance entered the cottage of the Widow Graeme; the widow was busy at her spinning-wheel, and Effie, pursuing her needle-work, listened to Roland, who was reading to her some tale "of other ages long ago betide." The woman was very tall; she wore a mantle of varied hues, which entirely shrouded her form, and a hood, formed of the same materials, concealed her features; seating herself, to the astonishment of the inmates of the cottage, she said:

"I am an unbidden guest, ay, and an unwelcome one I know—never did welcome smile on Lina of the Mount, and ever smiles have accompanied her departure."

"What is the purport of your visit here!" inquired Effie.

"To humble pride," was the laconic reply.

"Then linger not here," cried Roland, "for never did pride dwell in this cottage, nay—not in this valley. Innocence and humble, retiring virtue here reside."

"An' ye no need bide here," said the widow; "we dinna ken' o' th' holyday thing ye ca' preede—ye maun gang your gate, for it is ower and aboun bould to——"

"Peace!" sternly cried the sybil. "Beardless boys nor vain girls can't move me, until I have fulfilled my mission —mark ye, Roland Allison and Effie, listen: to-morrow is the eve of your bridal:

> But blood shall flow, 'ere the vow be past,
> And to-morrow the lover shall smile his last:
> For one who was scorned by the maiden's pride,
> Has vow'd to win from the youth his bride."

"Away!" cried Effie. "Mad-woman, young as I am, you cannot terrify me."

Roland rushed forward, as though to seize the sybil; but she drew from beneath her mantle a pistol, which presenting, she cried:

"Move not, youth, and provoke an earlier doom. I have spoken truth, although yonder vain girl affects a courage which she does not feel, and you assume valor which you do not possess—we meet again."

With these words, Lina, as she styled herself, left the cottage.

"Wa is me," cried the widow, "an' it's a sair thing when ane canna sit in ane's ain hoose, but warlocks break in to freeghten ane's wits awa'—I ken we maun keep our doors lockit, wilbins, we maun hae mair sic veesitors."

"It is some maniac," said Effie; "let it not alarm you, mother; and, Roland, surely her ravings will not depress you."

"Depress me, Effie?" returned Roland—"indeed, no: even should I feel the slightest depression, it would vanish in beholding your calmness."

Like the visit of the stranger, that of the wild woman was soon forgotten; the maiden and her lover thought of nothing but their own happiness, and waited impatiently for the arrival of that day on which it was to be cemented by the strongest tie of existence. On the evening previous to the day which was fixed for their marriage, Roland and his betrothed left the cottage to take their usual ramble. They pursued their walk with hearts buoyant with youth and innocence—it was early summer, every flower was in bloom, and every path smiled in fertility; they had reached the outskirts of the valley, and entered a youthful forest. Both were happy, for they anticipated the morrow; love breathed in every word and beamed in every smile.

"Yes, Effie," said Roland, "to-morrow's sun will rise smilingly upon us; it will cheer two hearts beating with love and happiness. Our hands will be united, as our souls have been from infancy, to-morrow ——"

"Thou never shalt behold," was cried with a stern voice. A dagger gleamed in the moonlight, and Roland fell bleeding at the feet of his betrothed. Effie did not shriek—her voice failed her, and she fell senseless upon the extended body of her lover. When she recovered, she found herself on a rude couch in a mean hut, and leaning over her she beheld the same stranger, in whose presence she had trembled, at the feast given in anticipation of her bridal. On recognizing him, she said:

"Stranger! I have no other claim on your protection or charity, than that which every weak and defenceless maiden, like myself, possesses to the generosity of every man. I scarcely know how I have become the inmate of this dwelling. I have beheld that which it is maddening to reflect upon. Restore me to my parent, my aged and tender mother; I have grief enough to contend with, without the addition of that which a separation from her would create."

"Nay," replied the stranger, "it cannot be. Effie, dost thou not remember I told thee I was an admirer of flowers, and ever choose the fairest. I have made choice of thee—watched thy rambles, and obtained a companion for my solitude. I have a rose in my wilderness which shall bloom."

"No, no!" wildly shrieked the unhappy girl; "wither, wither—it shall wither in sight of the murderer."

"Be calm, foolish girl!" said the stranger; "thy cries are unavailing; in this lone hut there is no being to whom thou canst look for assistance, save myself. I will cherish thee fondly, for I love thee, Effie of Inverhale."

"Love!" cried Effie; "love! thou art a stranger to the sacred feeling; a brute passion hath urged thee to the commission of murder. God help me! I know not how to act in this extremity. Once more let me entreat, implore thee, to restore an only child to a widowed mother. Refuse me this, I have but one boon more to crave, and it is this—my death."

"Restore thee to thy mother, I will not," said the savage—"murder thee, I cannot. Nay, Effie, thou must remain."

The unhappy girl was silent. The savage, seating himself on the couch beside her, attempted to console her, but in vain. She sprang from the seat, and in the phrensy of the moment, seized the lamp which burned on the table, and rushing to the door, which was open, applied it to the overhanging straw with which the roof was thatched. It was the work of an instant. Before her persecutor had an opportunity of preventing the act, the roof was in flames. In a few minutes the hut blazed, and the inhabitants of Inverhale, attracted by the light, hastened to the spot. Perceiving their approach, the savage seized Effie, (who was now too much exhausted to fly,) and thrusting her into the burning dwelling, cried, "Perish there, mad girl!" and darting into a thicket, escaped the fury of the fast collecting rescue. Effie's shriek's were heard, and in a few minutes she was brought in safety from the hut, and in a short time restored to her anxious and almost distracted mother. Released from the murderer of her lover, Effie had now time to reflect, and relate the dreadful story of Roland's assassination. It soon spread over the whole valley, and many went in search of the assassin; but their search was fruitless. They likewise searched for the corpse of Roland, but it had been removed, and there was no trace by

which they could discover the spot where it might have been interred.

The bloom of Effie withered fast, and she who once had been the liveliest lass in Inverhale, was now the most pensive. The occurrences of that fatal night were ever fresh in her memory; she never left the cottage of her mother, who now endeavored to console the child from whom she had so often received consolation.

Some time had elapsed since the occurrence before noticed, and no intelligence had been received of the assassin, when the same female who had predicted the murder of Roland, entered the apartment of the widow Graeme, in the same unceremonious manner she did on that occasion.

"Ye hae nae cause now," said the widow, "to come—ye canna bring joy, an' ye ken well enow, there is muckle dool already in hearts that aince beat joyfu'."

"I come," said the woman, "to speak with Effie." And she approached the melancholy girl, who shrunk from her extended hand.

"What!" cried Lina, "you fear me now? is thy courage so soon destroyed, Effie? it has fled with thy pride, I wot."

"I know not what you mean," said Effie; "there is mystery—nay, nay—no mystery now!" she cried; "it vanishes in that horid smile." And with maniac strength she sprang upon the pretended female, crying, "Mother, speed thee, speed thee! it is Roland's murderer—haste for assistance, mother!"

"Ay," cried the stranger—for it was he indeed—"thou hast spoken truly: it is the being whom thou hast scorned—revenge needs further satisfaction!" He broke from the maiden's grasp, and dragging her with violence to the earth, raised his poniard; the action was perceived by the

old woman, who was prevented by surprise and terror from obeying Effie, when she cried out to her to hasten for assistance; she shrieked, and caught his arm; but he threw her from him as he would an infant. Again was his weapon raised, but ere he had time to strike, the door was flung open, and a pistol fired with effective aim. He fell lifeless at the feet of his intended victim.

That pistol was fired by Roland Allison. Though the wound which the youth had received was deep, it did not prove dangerous. When he fell, the savage rushed from the place of his concealment, and seizing the senseless Effie, bore her, as we have already seen, to his hut. Roland, on recovering from the swoon which the anguish of the wound had occasioned, succeeded in reaching a cottage which was situated near the forest, where he remained until sufficiently recovered to return to Inverhale, and ascertain the fate of his well-beloved Effie.

On leaving the cottage, he provided himself with the pistol, by which he was enabled to save the life of the fair girl, to whom he was so ardently attached. He arrived at the cottage at the time already noticed. He heard the shrieks of the widow, and, through the open lattice, he beheld the situation of Effie; and, as we have seen, saved a life, to him, to all who knew her, so valuable. Joy and surprise overcame Effie, while the old woman, scarce knowing whether it was really Roland, or a friendly bogle in his shape, uttered a thousand exclamations, but all so mingled with joy and terror, that understanding them was impossible.

Roland, however, succeeded in convincing her that it was his "substantial self," and having restored Effie in a short time related the history of his recovery.

It never was ascertained who the author of their misery really was, but he was generally supposed to have been a

rover, who, having escaped justice, fixed his residence in the forest. Certain they were he deserved the fate he met with, and all rejoiced in Roland's restoration.

Soon again did health bloom on the cheeks of Effie Graeme; once more she smiled as she had been wont to smile, before her young heart felt the pangs of sorrow or disappointment. She was wed to Roland Allison, with the blessings of her mother, and amid the congratulations of the inhabitants of her native valley.

Long did the widow live to witness the felicity of her children, and nurse, as she had done their mother, the offspring of her child. The cottage of Allison was the abode of contentment; and the only daughter of Effie became, as she in her youth had been, the Pride of Inverhale.

THE ARTIST TO HIS MISTRESS.

Oh ! talk not to me of a name great in story !
The days of our youth are the days of our glory ;
And the myrtle and ivy of sweet two-and-twenty,
Are worth all your laurels, though never so plenty.

What are garlands and crowns to the brow that is wrinkled ?
'Tis but as a dead flower with May-dew besprinkled ;
Then away with all such from the head that is hoary !
What care I for wreaths that can *only* give glory ?

Oh, Fame ! if I e'er took delight in thy praises,
'Twas less for the sake of thy high-sounding phrases,
Than to see the bright eyes of the dear one discover
The thought that I was not unworthy to love her.

There chiefly I sought thee—*there* only I found thee :
Her glance was the best of the rays that surround thee,
When it sparkled o'er aught that was bright in my story,
I knew it was love, and I felt it was glory.

Ed. Fleming

The Artist

THE GOLD NECKLACE;

OR, LIFE AND ITS VICISSITUDES.

BY W. S. B.

CHAPTER I.

VINCENT STATELY, ESQ. possessed great wealth and the influence which wealth confers: hence he occupied a lofty position in society—a position to which the secret whispers of his vanity told him he was justly entitled; for his claims to the consideration of the world were not founded on idle assumption, but on the high and unequivocal merit of success in achieving a more than ordinary share of worldly riches—a merit which, above all others, makes itself felt by the gaping mass, and which, in spite of themselves, commands their secret homage and respect. The princely mansion in which he resided, and his showy and splendid equipage, as it rolled through Broadway in ostentatious pride and pomp, denoted the magnificence of his tastes; and his uniform readiness to contribute out of the abundance of his means to any undertaking having for its object the benefit of the community, provided the investment would yield him seven per cent. interest, was a proof of his public spirit. In short, he was one of the pillars upon which the fabric of society rested. His private virtues shone conspicuously in the practical illustration he constantly gave of the good old maxim that Charity begins at home: and in the exercise of that heaven-born benevolence, he showed that he was deeply impressed with

the opinion that the good of society required that it should not only begin, but end at home; for extended charity, he contended, only served to promote vagrancy and pauperism, which it should be the duty of every good citizen not to encourage, but rather to suppress. It must not be inferred from this, however, that none but his own household ever partook of the good things which a bountiful Providence had showered upon him. On the contrary, the fashionable world pronounced his mansion the very seat of hospitality. His entertainments were not only frequent, but of the most luxurious and costly description. His evening parties were distinguished for the profusion of every thing that could please the palate, delight the eye, or regale the senses: his disposition was eminently social, and he was never more happy than when he was dispensing the elegant hospitalities of his house to a large party of those whom he deemed worthy the honor of being admitted to his entertainments. True it is, no humble son or daughter of poverty—none of those who did not belong to the wealthy or fashionable classes—were ever found at his house, mingling in these festive scenes, and sharing his hospitalities. That would indeed have been a violation of every rule of fashionable propriety. Mr. Stately, like many others before him, in his condition of life, contended that the good order and welfare of society absolutely required that each class composing the social organization should be kept within its own limits, or, in other words, that the higher classes of society owe it to themselves to keep the lower at a convenient distance.

> "Order is Heaven's first law; and this confest,
> Some are, and must be, greater than the rest;
> More rich, more wise," etc.

So sung the poet, and so said Vincent Stately, Esq.,

while his bosom swelled with the proud idea of his own exalted position in the social scale. But although his elevated position placed him far above the reach of low, groveling and common mortals, yet the clouds and vapors of the airy region to which he was exalted, still floated above his head, and nothing obscured his vision, as he looked down with a calm, philosophic, but by no means favorable eye, on the various schemes and contrivances of a certain class of mankind to subvert, as he believed, the existing order of society, and throw down those barriers of distinction which divided the high from the low, and the rich from the poor, and which constituted in so eminent a degree the beauty and harmony of the social system : and all this too under the pretext of lessening the amount of human suffering, and improving and elevating the social condition of the mass. In fact, Vincent Stately was utterly opposed to all benevolent societies or voluntary associations that served in any degree to confound the distinctions of rank, by bringing the various classes of men nearer to each other in brotherly union and love. "Whatever is, is right," was a maxim of the poet he often repeated ; and it served as a short, pity, Johnsonian knock-down argument with which he uniformly silenced a timid guest at his table, who presumed to dissent from him in matters of this kind. But above all, Vincent Stately denounced, in the most unequivocal terms, all secret societies. The society of Free and Accepted Masons was an abomination to him ; but the Independent Order of Odd Fellows he held in special abhorrence. He said this society only served to encourage idleness and improvidence, and to place the high and low on one common platform of equality. Nor was that all : treason to the state—treason to the liberties of our country—secretly lurked under the more open and professed objects of the institution. But

when he discovered so many gentlemen of weight, influence and character joining this society, he lost all patience, and declared if he were an emperor, he would with a strong arm, and at a single blow, demolish the institution and all connected with it. How grateful ought the brethren of the order of Odd Fellows to feel that Vincent Stately was never permitted to assume the imperial purple! for in the exercise of his despotic power to crush their noble Order, what terror and dismay—what ruin and desolation—would he not have carried into their ranks! and what rivers of blood would have deluged the streets of Gotham! Humanity shudders—humanity weeps at the very thought of the terrible vengeance which the Emperor Vincent the First would have inflicted.

CHAPTER II.

It was a cold, stormy evening in the month of February. The snow fell thick and fast, and, driven by violent and tempestuous winds, swept through the streets of New York in clouds so dense and suffocating as to threaten those exposed to the fury of the storm with almost certain destruction. "There was a sound of revelry" proceeding from a princely mansion in the upper part of the city that mingled strangely with the shrill and discordant screams of the tempest. Music pealed forth its richest tones in a swell of instrumental and gushing harmony, that at times rose above the din of the conflicting elements. Festive joy, pleasure and delight reigned in the gay and splendidly lighted saloons of that magnificent abode. The brisk and lively dance correspondent to the enlivening tones of the inspiring music went merrily on, while the joyous expres sion of each countenance reflected the inspiration imparted

by the brilliant and exciting scene presented that evening. The wealthy and accomplished Vincent Stately, Esq. (whose house was the scene of the festivities we are describing) and his equally accomplished wife, looked around them with a feeling of much complacency. He stood for a moment, and surveyed the beauty and fashion that thronged his spacious and superb halls, and regarded attentively the gay and joyous look which every face wore; and a self-approving smile lighted up his features as he felt that to his own benevolent nature his guests were indebted for so much happiness.

> "Say, friend, was it true benevolence of soul,
> Or pompous vanity, that prompted the whole?"

He felt indeed that he was fulfilling his duty to himself and to society, and performing a part not unworthy of a man in his station of life—that while he continued after this manner to confer the boon of happiness upon his friends, no one could accuse him of using no part of his ample fortune for the benefit of his fellow-creatures. It is thus that too many self-constituted pillars of society in the "fashionable circles" mistake their overweaning vanity for a holier motive of action, and fancy that their own particular friends and acquaintance, whom they gather occasionally under their roof at an evening party, comprise the whole world, or rather that portion of it which has any claims upon their sympathies; and hence they know as little about the various ills of human life beyond their own immediate circle as the Chinese do about the "outside barbarians." How many on this stormy night, while the gay and thoughtless assemblage in the magnificent saloons of Vincent Stately were giving themselves up to pleasure and joy, were suffering all the horrors of exposure—of poverty—of destitution! And in a large and densely populated

metropolis, how close is the vicinity of luxurious and bloated wealth to gaunt and meagre want! Nor was it necessary to go out of Vincent Stately's own neighborhood to seek for a proof of the fact; for on the same evening of this gay and brilliant party, while this gentleman was presiding over a scene of princely splendor, "want, worldly want, that hungry, meagre fiend," was also holding *his* court, and feasting and gorging on human misery and disease, in an old two-story tenement, not more than eight or nine doors from Stately's residence. In an apartment of this abode of poverty, by the dim flickering light of a small lamp, whose lurid glare imparted an additional gloom to the forlorn and desolate aspect of everything in the room, might have been witnessed one of the many scenes in a large city, familiar to that portion of the benevolent who make it their business—their duty—to seek out the destitute and needy, in the season of winter, and minister to their relief. At one end of the apartment, on a wretched pallet, lay a feeble man, whose hollow eye, sunken features, and wasted form, showed the ravages which disease had made. In another part of the room, his son, a boy about twelve years of age, was also languishing on the bed of sickness. His thin, pale, and shadowy appearance, and exhausted look, sufficiently denoted that he, too, like his father, was laboring under extreme debility. The wife of the sick man was shivering and crouching low in the fire-place, vainly trying to extract a little warmth from the expiring embers of what had recently been a small fire. She held in her arms her youngest child, a little girl not quite four years of age. The little creature had a wan and sickly appearance, and drooped like a tender and delicate plant, nipped by an untimely frost. Ever and anon she looked up wistfully in her mother's face; but, as if she read there the anguish and misery of her parent, she

seemed for awhile to impose a restraint on any disposition she might have felt to complain of her own wants and sufferings. At length, however, the little girl whispered, while the tears started from her eyes, and her little bosom heaved with the effort she made to repress any audible expression of grief,

"Mother, I am very cold, and very hungry too. Can't I have some bread, mother? I've had nothing to eat since you gave me the bread and milk in the morning."

"Not to-night, my dear child," the half-distracted woman replied, while she pressed her little one closer to her bosom; "not to-night; but to-morrow morning when the storm is over, I will go out and try to get something for you."

"Then, mother," said the child, "may I go to bed, and lie by the side of brother Willie; I know Willie is very sick, mother, but I will lie still as a mouse, and not make any noise. Mother, why did you sell your bed and some chairs the other day?"

"To procure necessaries for your poor sick father and brother," said the other.

"Mother, does God hear the prayers of a little girl like me?" asked the child.

"Yes, Mary, He always hears the prayers of good little children."

"Well, mother, this morning when I awoke, and was sitting up in Willie's bed, and saw you crying, and poor Willie crying, and father almost crying, too, and looking as white as a dead man, I felt very, very bad, and I looked up and prayed, and prayed a good while, that God would make father and Willie well again, and make you happy, and make us all happy, and send us wood to make a fire with, and something to eat." At this moment they were startled by a rap at the door; and presently three gentle-

men entered. After shaking off the snow from their garments, they came forward, and put down a large basket. The eyes of "little Mary," as the child was familiarly called, glistened with delight at the sight of a very inviting loaf of bread that peeped out of the top of the well-filled provision basket; and she whispered to her mother that she was sure all this was in answer to her prayers. The three individuals who had thus come to the timely relief of a distressed but very worthy family, were members of a benevolent society to which Ambrose Bentham belonged. This was the name of the sick man they were now visiting. Ambrose Bentham was an upright and highly meritorious man. He had been in comfortable, if not prosperous circumstances; but a serious illness of several months duration had made sad inroads upon his means of subsistence. The weekly stipend which those of his order on the sick list were entitled to, had, however, with the exercise of the most rigid economy, kept him and his family thus far through the winter, from sinking under the pressure of want. But within the last few days they had felt all the horrors of hopeless destitution; and this evening particularly, while the cold winds of a wintry storm whistled round the house, a feeling of deep and utter despair weighed upon the heart of Bentham, as he lay perfectly helpless on his bed, and saw nothing betwixt his family and destruction. He was in arrears for the last quarter's rent of the house he occupied. The greater portion of the usual allowance of money he had received the two preceding weeks, his wife had paid to the landlord, to soften, if possible, his unfeeling heart, and induce him to change his purpose of turning them all out of doors, though the money did not materially lessen the amount due. We will not attempt to describe the effect which the unexpected but seasonable relief brought by the three worthy brethren

had upon Bentham and his family—the hope and joy to which they were suddenly raised from anguish and despair. The assistance thus afforded Bentham, was the result of a voluntary contribution made from the private purses of the brethren of his Lodge, after they heard that his weekly allowance was insufficient to meet his wants. The three brothers having performed the office of kindness and mercy with which they were charged, departed, carrying with them the blessings and fervent thanks of a grateful family. But they had not long left the house before a rap was again heard, and Peter Gripp, familiarly known as "old Gripp," entered. This was an important personage, and the collecting agent of Vincent Stately, the landlord of whom Bentham rented the house he lived in. He came to announce his determination to proceed to extremities, in other words, to eject the family from the premises on the morrow, unless by that time the rent should be forthcoming. He dilated in eloquent terms on his employer's extraordinary benevolence of character, and said no man but the accommodating Vincent Stately, Esq. would have granted them a whole week to contrive the means of liquidating the amount; but as that unusual period of indulgence had expired, justice required that the most effective measures should be adopted to make them feel that the lenity shown them by his patron was not to be abused with impunity. And then, without waiting to hear the humble supplication of Bentham's wife for mercy, he flew out of the house without much regard to ceremony. It were vain to attempt a description of the painful emotions, and fearful anticipations of the morrow which now agitated the bosoms of this unhappy and afflicted family; we will, therefore, without attempting it, leave them for the present.

CHAPTER III.

The morning following the events recorded in the last chapter, was clear and bitterly cold. The storm had passed away, leaving the streets covered with a thick mantle of drifted snow. The sleigh-bells jingled merrily in the thoroughfares. Every vehicle having runners attached to it, was put in requisition, and filled with gay and frolicsome beings, heedless of the biting atmosphere of a frosty morning. But while all without presented the enlivening scene which the goodly city of Gotham usually presented after a snow-storm, Vincent Stately sat at the breakfast-table dull and spiritless, sipping his coffee, and every few moments inquiring, with a long, sleepy yawn, if the morning paper had come. At length it was brought to him. With an earnest but feverish look, he ran his eye over it. His countenance fell, and he seemed vexed and disappointed at not finding what he expected to see in that number of the "Morning Star and Mirror of Fashion," for such was the name of the paper. He threw down the journal, and then took it up again, and once more hurried over its columns with a rapid glance, as if to make himself sure that he had not missed the article he was seeking. But his second examination was as unsatisfactory as the first. In a fit of rage he tore the Morning Star and Mirror of Fashion into fragments, and exclaimed, in an indignant tone, "I will no longer take this paper; I will teach the conductors of the Morning Star and Mirror of Fashion that Vincent Stately occupies much too high a position in this community to be treated in this manner by a vagabond reporter, who, by an act of great condescension on my part, was permitted the rare honor of mingling in the brilliant scenes of my party last night; yes, I will do

this, and more than this." And to give a peculiar force of signification to his words, he dealt the table a thump with his doubled fist that caused the plates and dishes to rattle with no little violence.

"What has happened, my dear? you seem much disturbed," said Mistress Stately.

"I *am* disturbed," replied the gentleman, emphatically; "I *am* disturbed, and justly indignant that my good nature should have been imposed upon in this manner—that a benevolent act should be requited after this sort—I am almost tempted to bind myself by an oath, never to do a good-natured thing again, as long as I live. It is deplorable, absolutely deplorable, that there should be so little gratitude in this world. You recollect, my dear, that among our guests last evening, there was a Mr. Lucilius Puffendorf—a stranger to you. And you recollect, my dear, I commended him to your kind notice and attentions, and requested you to place him at his ease, as I was fully persuaded that he was entirely unaccustomed to the refinements and elegancies of that society of which you and myself, Mistress Stately, I may affirm without vanity, are the distinguished ornaments. Well, this Mr. Puffendorf is a reporter for the Morning Star and Mirror of Fashion; I condescended to offer him the honor of an invitation to the splendid party we gave last evening, with the express understanding that he was to draw up a flattering and glowing description of it, and report it in his paper of this morning. I gave him, at the same time, a bonus of fifty dollars, to spur him on to the faithful performance of the task I committed to his charge. And now, lo and behold! nothing of the kind appears in the columns of that paper this morning. I will immediately go to the office of that journal," he continued, rising from the table, "and see what I am to understand by all this, for I will not sub-

mit to such vile treatment." But he had scarcely risen from his chair, ere a servant entered and handed him another paper. This proved to be the "Extra Morning Star and Mirror of Fashion." With a hasty but tremulous motion of his hands, he opened the paper, and directed an eager glance at its contents. His eye sparkled with delight as it rested on the title or head of a long article, extending through two columns. It ran thus: "A description of a magnificent entertainment given last evening by Vincent Stately, Esq , one of our most esteemed and public-spirited citizens."

"Ah! yes, yes, that's it—we have it now!" Stately exclaimed, rubbing his hands, and looking highly delighted.

He drew himself up to the fire—stretched out his slippered feet—threw back his head against the stuffed back of his easy-chair; and having thus placed himself in a position of ease and comfort, he commenced perusing the article in question. Every word he devoured was so much food, nourishing and strengthening his excessive vanity. He continued to read on, while the smile of self-complacency that played upon his features showed that no flattery could be too thick or too gross for him. He was now interrupted by the entrance of a servant, who said that a woman at the door wished to see him. He inquired her name, and was told that she called herself Mrs. Bentham. "Tell her I can't be seen—that I am too busily engaged," said Stately, without taking his eye off the paper before him. The servant withdrew, but almost immediately returned with the intelligence that the woman would not leave the house until she was favored with the interview she desired. Highly provoked, Stately rose, hurried into the passage, and demanded in an angry tone what business she had with him. Mrs. Bentham, trembling with excessive cold, and nearly sinking under the weight

of an anxious and troubled mind, at first was unable to speak. Stately told her, if she had any communication to make, to speak out at once, and not keep him in the passage all day exposed to the cold. She said the purpose of her visit was to speak to him on the subject of the rent of the house which she and her family occupied; and she then proceeded to describe the situation of her husband—his illness, and that of her son, and the fatal consequences that would result to them, should they be driven from the house in the midst of a severe winter. She appealed to his better feelings for permission to remain in it until she could devise some means of paying the rent.

"My good woman," said Stately, in reply, "I have nothing to do with matters touching the rent of my houses; the management of that part of my concerns is left entirely to my faithful and trusty agent, Peter Gripp, who collects all my rents, and does everything else that is necessary to be done in the premises; therefore, if you wish to make any proposition in regard to this matter, or ask for any indulgence, you must apply to him."

Mrs. Bentham replied, while the convulsive sobs almost choked her utterance, that she had no indulgence to expect from Peter Gripp, as he assured her, the night previous, that the following day would witness the expulsion of herself and family from the house, unless she was prepared to pay every farthing of the rent due. Stately rejoined that that was no affair of his, as it rested entirely with herself and Mr. Gripp; and he had no doubt that gentleman would do what was right; and if Ambrose Bentham and his family found themselves in the street, the alms-house was open to them. A beautiful little girl, Stately's only child, about ten years of age, had come into the passage and listened to this conversation. She looked for a moment very attentively at Mrs. Bentham, while

sorrow and pity were vividly pictured in her sweet, innocent countenance. She moved up to the distressed woman, and, watching her opportunity, when she thought she was not observed by her father, took from her neck a gold necklace of great value, and tried secretly to force it into the hand of Mrs. Bentham; but in vain—for the latter, by her manner, refused to receive it: but the young creature whispered, "Take it, dear madam, do take it—it is of no earthly use to me; you can sell it for money, more than enough to pay your rent." Stately, however, had his eye upon his daughter. He thought he perceived something very singular in her manner toward Mrs. Bentham; and when she accidentally dropped the necklace, and it fell at the feet of the poor woman, he suspected the truth at once, for she had before, in repeated instances, manifested the kindness and benevolence of her disposition in a similar way, by divesting herself of some costly trinket that she happened to have about her person, and pressing it upon the acceptance of some poor and needy being who enlisted her sympathies. Her father had often reproved her for this, and sought to cure her of what he termed her childish folly. He marvelled much that she felt so deeply for every low and necessitous vagabond that happened to approach her; he was sure that in this respect she did not copy after him; and the reader will be precisely of the same opinion. But to rid himself of Mrs. Bentham, he now boldly accused her of secretly practicing on the feelings of his child, to obtain the necklace in question. Sarah Stately looked at her father with astonishment, and declared, while the blood rushed to her cheeks, that he was doing Mrs. Bentham great injustice, who would not so much as look at the necklace, much less receive it; but she hoped the lady would change her mind, and consent to accept of the trinket, for it would be of great use to

her, but none whatever to the present owner. Her father, highly incensed, told her to go instantly into the parlor. She did as he bade her; but before doing so, she lingered a brief moment, and addressed Mrs. Bentham in the following manner:

"Sarah Stately," my father says, "is a young and inexperienced girl; but she is old enough, my dear madam, to feel deeply for your situation, and she sincerely laments that she is forbidden to use the means she possesses to relieve you." Her father's face grew black with rage. He turned to Mrs. Bentham, and told her it was thus she taught his daughter to forget the respect due to a parent. He ordered the trembling woman, in no gentle language, to quit his house instantly. She obeyed, and her heart sunk within her as she passed out of the door. And that very day, "old Gripp" executed his threat, and turned Bentham, ill as he was, and his family, out of doors into the street. Yet a kind Providence watched over them, for the same benevolent friends that had the night before ministered to their necessities, having prepared a house to receive them, in anticipation of this emergency, caused them to be immediately removed into it.

CHAPTER IV.

It was a cold, blustering day, in the early part of November, twelve years or nearly so after the occurrences narrated in the preceding chapter. Every thing indicated the near approach of winter. The atmosphere was keen and penetrating. The pedestrians, as they hurried along the sidewalks, muffled their faces in their cloaks—that is, such of them as had on that convenient and comfortable garment, while others, who were less protected, bowed their

heads in humble submission to the assailing blast. Those who were within doors and surrounded with the comforts of life, drew their chairs up to the fire, and called for more fuel, and began to form plans for the winter, and talk of its pleasures—its enjoyments—its conveniencies and privations. In a neat, indeed elegant mansion, in one of the fashionable avenues of the city, an interesting family circle had gathered around the fireside. A young lady of sixteen, possessing a singularly mild and pleasing countenance, was engaged on a piece of embroidery; and near her was her work-stand, on which lay a valuable gold necklace, of rare and beautiful workmanship. Her elder brother, William by name, a young man of highly prepossessing appearance, and about twenty-four years of age, had his eye fixed upon the page of an open volume which he held in his hand; but it was evident from his manner that his thoughts were straying far away from his book, and that he felt little or no interest in what he was seemingly reading.

"William, how are you pleased with the new work you are perusing?" Mary exclaimed—for such was the name of the young lady who was employing herself on her embroidery.

The young gentleman started, as if suddenly roused from a deep revery, and asked his sister if she spoke to him. She smiled, and repeated her question. He frankly confessed he had not read a single word since he opened the book; that his thoughts, in spite of himself, were constantly recurring to the lovely and beautiful, and, he feared, unhappy girl who had made so singular an impression upon him, and whom he had already described to his sister. It appeared that the fair being he referred to, he accidentally met for the first time some three or four days previous, as he was sauntering up the avenue; he was struck with her exceeding beauty and her elegance of form, as well as

with the expression of deep melancholy upon her countenance; and each subsequent day he happened to encounter the same fair girl in the course of his walks; and that very morning he again met her, thinly clad, and shivering with the cold as she passed along. He observed with pain the sad change her appearance had undergone since he last saw her; not only were anxious care and deep solicitude depicted in her pale countenance, but she exhibited unequivocal tokens of indisposition. That she was a young lady of respectability he entertained no doubt; her general appearance fully warranted this conclusion; and he felt equally sure that she was in reduced circumstances, and had seen more prosperous days. Her singular beauty had evidently made an impression upon his susceptibilities, but at the same time her desolate and forsaken appearance had enlisted every benevolent feeling of his heart. "Who can she be?" was the question he had been asking himself while he appeared to be poring over the book before him. His sister was not a little interested in the description he had given her of the person in question; and having great confidence in his knowledge of character, she entertained no doubt that he had formed a correct estimate of the lady. She suggested that means should be employed to learn who she was, and what were her circumstances. But how this desirable object was to be accomplished, should he not happen to meet her again, puzzled the brains of both. While they were yet conversing on this subject, the door-bell rang, and immediately afterward, to the confusion and astonishment of William, the fair, mysterious stranger herself—she of whom they had just been talking—she whose whereabouts they wished to learn—was ushered into the drawing-room. William blushed scarlet, while the young lady herself, looking faint and greatly agitated, sank involuntarily into a chair. Mary immediately took her by

the hand, and led her to a seat nearer the fire. At this moment Mrs. Bentham, the mother of Mary, entered the room, and both she and her daughter, for a moment, gazed with admiration upon the extreme beauty of the pale and exhausted girl. It will scarcely be dreamed that the Mrs. Bentham, now living in affluence, and surrounded by the elegancies of life, was the same lady of that name whom in another part of the narrative we introduced to the reader's notice under different and less prosperous circumstances; or that her daughter Mary, now the blooming and lovely girl of sixteen, was once the emaciated sickly "little Mary," who raised up her tiny hands and supplicated Heaven in behalf of her wretched parents and "Brother Willie;" or that William, now the handsome, the love-smitten, the noble-minded young man of twenty-four, was once the poor, helpless boy, wasted to a skeleton on the bed of sickness. Twelve years or more had elapsed, however, since that memorable period of their misfortunes —a space of time sufficient to exalt the humble and abase the high, and produce numberless changes in the affairs of life. Eighteen months after the ejection of Ambrose Bentham from the house he rented of Stately, he was suddenly elevated to wealth and affluence by the death of a relative. An immense estate reverted to him; and he no longer experienced the ills of poverty and want. Six years after this favorable change in his circumstances, business matters took him to England, and as he anticipated a protracted stay in that country, his family accompanied him. It was now about two weeks since they returned to New York, after a residence of about five years in England.

The interesting visitor from whom our attention has, for a moment, been withdrawn, having in a degree recovered herself, had already, though not without considerable per-

turbation in her manner, communicated the purpose of her call. It appeared that her father, whose name she inadvertantly omitted to mention, occupied one of the houses of Bentham, having, during the absence of the latter from the country, rented it of his agent. This father, she said, was lying very ill of a wasting consumption, and it would be impossible for him to pay at that time the last quarter's rent then due; she solicited a month's indulgence, to afford her sufficient time to devise some way of liquidating the amount. Mrs. Bentham, feeling much interested in the fair girl, and greatly moved by her appearance and manner, replied that her husband was not at that moment within, but she would herself assure her, that if she needed the indulgence even of six months or a year, it would be most readily and cheerfully granted; in a word, they might occupy the house just as long as they thought proper to do so, without giving themselves a thought concerning the rent. The other, in suitable terms, expressed her sense of Mrs. Bentham's kindness. Mrs. Bentham was still conversing with her, and with much skill and tact, shaping her questions so as to avoid wounding a delicate mind, with a view to obtain from her a more distinct knowledge of her situation, when their conversation was interrupted by the loud and sudden exclamation of surprise of two or three of the younger children. These little ones, for the want of a more suitable plaything, had seized the necklace that was lying on their sister's workstand. One of the little boys, in his eagerness to bear off the prize from his competitors, grasped the small round case attached to the chain, and in so doing, pressed a secret spring, which Mary had in vain tried to detect. The case instantly flew open, and disclosed a very small miniature painting of an exquisitely beautiful child. It was this unexpected discovery, that caused the loud scream of wonder on the part of

the children. They immediately ran to their mother to show her the "pretty picture." Mrs. Bentham, for a moment, regarded the miniature with close attention. She was struck with the resemblance it bore to the fair stranger before her, though the painting represented a mere child. She again gazed upon the miniature, and then looked eagerly at the lady, utterly unconscious of the pain and confusion she was causing. "The likeness is indeed striking," said she, without being sensible that she was giving audible expression to her thoughts. But the next moment she gave a sudden and involuntary start, and exclaimed, in a tone of great surprise, "Sarah Stately, aged ten years," for such was the name and age she found engraved in very small letters underneath the picture, and which had hitherto escaped her notice. This name suddenly recalled to her mind the memory of other days.

"Yes," said she, mentally, while she was yet examining the miniature with an earnest and steadfast gaze,—"yes, these are the beautiful features—I recollect them well—of that sweet and sympathizing child, whose young and tender heart, when my petition to her father was so scornfully and insultingly rejected, was so deeply moved with compassion for my painful situation, and who strove to force upon my acceptance the costly gold chain or necklace that decorated her person; and this no doubt is the identical necklace. And can it be possible that the lovely but apparently poor and friendless girl before me is the original of this picture—the same Sarah Stately who felt so deeply for my misfortunes, but now grown up to womanhood and reduced to poverty and want, and needing the same kind assistance which she so earnestly desired to extend to me in the hour of adversity? It must be so."

These reflections, suggested by a view of the miniature, though we have employed considerable space in recording

them, occupied but a moment in passing through the mind of Mrs. Bentham. The fair girl, looking surprised and confused, exclaimed, in faltering accents:

"I perceive, Mrs. Bentham, that you have traced a resemblance between the miniature and myself, and, if I am right in my conjecture, you associate with the necklace a sad reminiscence of the past; for I have some recollection, young as I was at the time, of a painful trial to which you was most cruelly subjected. It were folly to deny that the miniature was designed as a picture of myself, in my earlier days, for I was but ten years of age when I sat for it. And the name engraved on the frame, it is unnecessary to say, is my own."

Sarah Stately, for by that name we must now call the fair stranger, then proceeded to remark, that stern necessity, about a year since, had compelled her to part with the necklace by pawning it. In passing, we will observe that the necklace in question came into Mary Bentham's possession as a gift from William, her brother, who had purchased it, the day previous, at a pawnbroker's sale. Little did Sarah dream, years before, at the time she was striving so urgently but unavailingly to persuade Mrs. Bentham to receive the necklace, that a combination of circumstances, growing out of her own poverty and necessities, would ultimately place the very trinket into the possession of that lady's daughter; and much less that the sight of the miniature attached to the same rejected gift, would revive in that daughter's mother the grateful recollection of the almost forgotten child who had sought so earnestly to render her assistance; and still less that, in the order of Providence, its change of possession in the manner already described, when misfortune should weigh heavily upon her maturer years, was destined to be a prominent link in the chain of causes that was to result in rescuing her from the

griping hand of penury, and restoring her to peace and happiness. We will not detail what now passed between Mrs. Bentham and Sarah Stately; suffice it, that in a protracted conversation they interchanged the thoughts and feelings nearest to their hearts with all the unreserved familiarity of long-established friends. And Mary Bentham herself, who saw so much to admire and love in Sarah Stately, deported herself towards her with the most affectionate kindness. As for William Bentham, he remained perfectly silent, and took no part in the conversation, though there was a language in the admiring gaze which he fastened upon Miss Stately that told how deeply his feelings had become interested in her. And if the truth must be told, the young lady, on her part, if her timid and stolen glances at him, and the slight blush that suffused her cheeks whenever their eyes met, expressed her feelings, was by no means indifferent to the attractive appearance of the handsome young man.

She now took her departure with a lighter heart than she had experienced for many a long and wearisome day; and William, as her escort, saw her safely at the door of her residence. Henceforth the most familiar intimacy subsisted between Sarah Stately and the family whose acquaintance she so unexpectedly made; and Mrs. Bentham charged herself with the pleasing duty of placing her above the reach of the thousand ills incident to penury and destitution.

It may now be asked, what caused the fall of Vincent Stately from a state of affluence to that of poverty and ruin? It appeared that in the year 1836 he was smitten with the speculating mania, which about that period seized the minds of every class of persons, and spread itself like a pestilence over the whole country. Urged on irresistibly by the madness of the day, he embarked in land and stock

speculations until his liabilities exceeded four times the estimated value of his large property. The bubble broke, and he was a ruined man. His friends, or those who called themselves such in the palmy days of his prosperity, deserted him—all—all deserted him. His parasites and flatterers, who had time out of mind feasted at his table—the fashionables to whom he had given so many magnificent entertainments—all forsook him; and he found himself alone in the hour of need, neglected and despised. And the death of his wife happening at about the same time, concurred, with the loss of all his worldly possessions, to overwhelm his mind, naturally weak, with grief, and abject, hopeless despair. He became a prey to a gloomy melancholy, which speedily affected his health; and a wasting, consumptive malady fastened itself upon his system, and he was journeying rapidly to the tomb. Yet there was one friend who never deserted him. His daughter, by her filial devotion—by her constant and unremitting attention to his wants—by her unceasing care and watchfulness over him, made him feel that he was not entirely forsaken.

Ambrose Bentham came in, about an hour after Sarah Stately left his house. Mrs. Bentham gave her husband a faithful and minute account of the visit of that young lady; upon which he resumed his cloak, and went out again to visit Vincent Stately, and render such aid to the sick man as he might require. Bentham had not forgotten Stately's conduct to him as a landlord, nor had he ceased to remember the indignity he offered his wife, much less had he forgotten the benevolent part performed by the sweet and gentle Sarah. But, obeying the benevolent impulse of his own heart, it was sufficient for his purpose that a fellow-being in distress, languishing on the bed of sickness, needed assistance. "Do unto others as you would

have them do unto you," the great principle taught by the Founder of Christianity, and inculcated by the benevolent institution of which Bentham was still an active and zealous member, was the motive of action that governed him in his dealings with his fellow-men. He soon reached the habitation he sought. On entering the sick chamber he was struck with Stately's appearance. The flesh of the sick man had almost entirely wasted away, leaving naught but skin and bones. The sunken, ghastly, and death-like appearance of his countenance showed but too plainly that there was but a step between him and the tomb. In low and feeble accents he expressed his gratitude to Bentham for calling upon him; he said he was not often favored with a call from any one. He spoke of his past life, and remarked that it had been vain and unprofitable, and frittered away in fashionable but trifling and empty frivolities; in a word, that he had failed in fulfilling the great end of his existence; but his illness had brought him to a humble sense of his dependence upon that good Being who was able to free his soul from every moral impurity which a worthless and sinful life had imparted to it; he relied with confidence upon the atoning merits of the Saviour of the world for his acceptance with God, and was ready at any moment to obey the summons of the angel of death. Bentham continued to visit him daily; and both he and his family did all they could to smooth his passage to the grave, and that was all they could do for him, for no earthly power could save him from the fate to which he was doomed. After the lapse of two weeks he ceased to exist. Peace to his manes!

A year after the demise of her father, in 1840, Sarah Stately became the bride of William Bentham. "Little Mary" at this present writing has attained to toe respectable age of twenty-one years. She is still single, and the

admired of all admirers. She declares, and in very positive terms too, that she will live and die a single lady, much to the chagrin and surprise of a score or two of both old and young bachelors of limited means, who have placed a covetous eye upon her ample fortune. Indeed, Miss Mary Bentham seems to have none of that "secret dread and inward horror" of an old maid's destiny, which so many young ladies feel in these degenerate days, and for this simple reason: Mary is to be married this present week, but to whom, is a profound secret, which she has committed to the custody of the author of this narrative for safe keeping, he having a deep and important interest in the matter. But, gentle reader, let this go no farther, as the said author is not yet prepared to receive the congratulations of his friends.

REMEMBRANCE.

I TURN to the cot, where roses bloom
In beauty rare, and with rich perfume;
Where they raise their heads at dawning light,
Sparkling with gems of the dewy night;
And I think of the days when, a merry boy,
I plucked the fairest with gleesome joy;
And wished—how vain!—that its blushing hues
Might never change: but, like early dews,
They faded, while yet with care 'twas press'd,
As a matchless rose to my youthful breast.
My wish was crossed, and the tear-drop fell
On the faded rose I loved so well.
It taught my heart, what I since have found,
That the dearest thing to affection bound,
Like the sweet rose plucked 'neath the summer sky,
Is sure to wither, and fade, and die.

G.

The Good Samaritan.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

BY M. WARD, ESQ.

Who is thy neighbor? Not alone
The one with whom thy youth was reared;
The friend whom thou art proud to own,
The brother to thy soul endeared.
The heart, to yield its all of good,
Demands a wider neighborhood.

Yon lonely wayfarer has met
A ruthless robber band;
What succor hath he, sore beset?
What aid from kindly hand?
Of anguish are his cries, and fear—
Alas! and is no neighbor near?

Hush! traveller, hush! thy groans be ceased—
In yonder friends confide;
A Levite and a holy priest
Pass on the other side!
Their eyes, whose upward glances greet
High Heaven, see nothing at their feet.

Yet succor comes—ah! how surprised
Must be this wounded man,
To take it from a race despised,
A scorn'd Samaritan!
How bless'd the hand, so often spurn'd,
That good for evil hath return'd!

Sweet Pity's universal pow'r
Knows neither stint nor bound;
In rags or purple, hut or tow'r,
Its gentle trace is found.
Her friends are all the sun can see,
Her kindred, all humanity.

This brief, sad tale, so simply told,
A blessed moral leaves;
Heaven will its grace to both unfold,
Who gives and who receives.
Still shed thy bright rays, pure and free,
Fair star of smiling charity!

Who is thy neighbor? Not alone
The poor, the feeble, the oppress'd;
The good, the brave, this title own,
Whose hearts beat kindly in the breast.
Whoever come at Mercy's call—
"Do likewise"—and be righteous all.

NEWARK, N. J.

LEAVES

FROM THE JOURNAL OF A POOR VICAR.

The following Journal is translated from the German of Tschokke, who intimates that it is taken from the English, and that it probably gave Goldsmith the first hint toward his Vicar of Wakefield. If it were originally English, it is not easy to understand why it was allowed to die; and our readers, we trust, will deem it not unworthy of being restored to our mother-language.

Dec. 15, 1764.—Received to-day, from Dr. Snarl, ten pounds sterling, being my half-year's salary. The receipt even of this hardly-earned sum was attended with many uncomfortable circumstances.

Not until I had waited an hour and a half in the cold ante-room, was I admitted into the presence of his reverence. He was seated in an easy-chair, at his writing-desk. My money was lying by him, ready counted. My low bow he returned with a lofty side-nod, while he slightly pushed back his beautiful black silk cap, and immediately drew it on again. Really he is a man of much dignity. I can never approach him without awe. I do not believe I should enter the king's presence with less composure.

He did not urge me to be seated, although he knew that I had this very morning walked eleven miles in the bad weather, and that the hour and a half's standing in the ante-room, had not much helped to rest my wearied limbs. He pointed me to the money.

My heart beat violently when I attempted to introduce the subject which I had so long thought over, of a little increase of my salary. I shall never be able to conquer

my timidity, even in the most righteous cause. Twice, with an agony as if I were about to commit a crime, I endeavored to break ground. The sweat started in great drops from my forehead.

"What do you wish?" said the rector, very politely.

"I am—everything is so dear—scarcely able to get along in these hard times with this small salary."

"Small salary, Mr. Vicar! How can you think so? I can at any time procure another vicar for fifteen pounds sterling a year."

"For fifteen pounds! Without a family, one might, indeed, get along with that sum."

"Your family, Mr. Vicar," said the rector, inquiringly, "has not received any addition, I trust. You have only two daughters?"

"Only two, your reverence; but they are growing up. My Jenny, the eldest, is now eighteen, and Polly, the younger, will soon be twelve."

"So much the better. Can't your girls work?"

I was about to reply, when he cut me short by rising, and observing, while he went to the window and drummed with his fingers on the pane, that he had no time to talk with me to-day. "Think it over," he concluded, "whether you will retain your place at fifteen pounds a year, and let me know. If you relinquish it, I hope you will have a better situation for a New-Year's present."

He bowed very politely, and again touched his cap. I swept up the money, and took my leave. I was thunderstruck. He had never received nor dismissed me so coldly before. Without doubt, somebody has been speaking ill of me. He did not once invite me to dinner, as had always before been his custom. I had depended upon it, for I came from home without breaking my fast. I bought a loaf in the outskirts of the town, at a baker's

shop which I had observed in passing, and took my way home.

How cast down was I, as I trudged along! I cried like a child The bread I was eating was wet with my tears.

But fy, Thomas! Shame upon thy faint heart! Lives not the gracious God still? What if thou hadst lost the place entirely? And it is only five pounds less! It is, indeed, a quarter of my whole little yearly stipend, and it leaves barely ten-pence a day to feed and clothe three of us. What is there left for us? He who clothes the lilies of the field! He who feeds the young ravens! We must deny ourselves some of our luxuries.

Dec. 16.—I do believe Jenny's an angel. Her soul is even more beautiful than her body. I am almost ashamed of being her father. She is so much better and more pious than I.

I had not the courage, yesterday, to tell my girls the bad news. When I mentioned it to-day, Jenny at first looked very serious, but suddenly she brightened up and said: "Thou art disquieted, father!"

"Should I not be so?"

"No, thou shouldst not."

"Dear child, we shall never be free of debt and trouble. I do not know how we can stand it. Our need is sore. Fifteen pounds hardly suffice for the bare necessaries of life. Who will assist us?"

Instead of answering, Jenny gently passed one arm round my neck, and pointed upward with the other—"He, there!" said she.

Polly seated herself on my lap, patting my face, and said: "I dreamed last night that it was New-Year's day, and that the king came to C——. There was a splendid show. The king dismounted from his horse before our front door, and came in. We had nothing to set before

him, and he commanded some of his own dainties to be brought, in dishes of gold and silver. The kettle-drums and trumpets sounded outside; and, only think! with the sound of the music, in came some people, with a bishop's mitre upon a satin cushion, a New-Year's present for thee! It looked very funny, like the pointed caps of the bishops in the old picture-book. But it became thee, right grandly. Yet I laughed myself almost out of breath; and then Jenny waked me up, which made me quite angry. This dream has certainly something to do with a New-Year's present. It is only fourteen days to New-Year's."

I said to Polly, "Dreams are but seems;" but she said, "Dreams come from God."

I believe no such thing. Still I write the dream down, to see whether it be not a comforting hint from Heaven. A New-Year's present would be acceptable to all of us.

All day I have been at my accounts. I do not like accounts. Reckoning and money-matters distract my head, and make my heart empty and heavy.

Dec. 17.—My debts, God be praised, are all now paid, but one. At five different places I paid off seventeen pounds eleven shillings sterling. I have, therefore, left, in ready money, two pounds nine shillings. This must last a half year. God help us!

The black hose that I saw at tailor Cutbay's I must leave unpurchased, although I need them sorely. They are, indeed, pretty well worn, yet still in good condition, and the price is reasonable. But Jenny needs a cloak a great deal more. I pity the dear child when I see her shivering in that thin camlet. Polly must be satisfied with the cloak which her sister has made for her so nicely out of her old one.

I must give up my share of the newspaper which neighbor Westburn and I took together. It goes hard with me.

Here in C——, without a newspaper, one knows nothing of the course of affairs. At the horse-races at Newmarket, the Duke of Cumberland won five thousand pounds of the Duke of Grafton. It is wonderful how literally the words of Scripture are always fulfilled, "To him who hath shall be given," and those other words, too, "From him who hath not, shall be taken away." I must lose five pounds of even my poor salary.

Fy, Thomas! already murmuring again; and wherefore? For a newspaper, which thou art no longer able to take? Shame on thee! Thou mayest easily learn from others whether General Paoli succeeds in maintaining the freedom of Corsica. The French have, indeed, promised assistance to the Genoese; but Paoli has twenty thousand veterans.

Dec. 18.—Ah! how happy are we poor people, still! Jenny has got a grand cloak at the slop-shop, for a mere song, and now she is sitting there with Polly, ripping it to pieces, in order to make it up anew. Jenny understands how to trade and bargain, better than I do. But they let her have things at her own price, her voice is so gentle. We have now joy upon joy. Jenny wants to appear in the new cloak, for the first time, on New-Year's day. Polly has a hundred comments and predictions about it. I wager, the Dey of Algiers had not greater pleasure in the costly presents which the Venetians made him—the two diamond rings, the two watches set with brilliants, the pistols inlaid with gold, the costly carpets, the rich housings, and the twenty thousand sequins in cash.

Jenny says we must save the cloak in eatables. Until New-Year's we must buy no meat. This is as it should be.

Neighbor Westburn is a noble man. I told him yesterday I must discontinue my subscription for the newspaper, because I am not sure of my present salary, nor even of my

place. He shook my hand, and said, "Very well: then I will take the paper, and you shall still read it with me."

One must never despair. There are more good men in the world than one thinks, especially among the poor.

The same day. Eve.—The baker is a crabbed man. Although I owe him nothing, yet, when Polly went to fetch a loaf, and found it very small, and badly risen or half burned, he struck up a quarrel with her, so that people stopped in the street. He declared that he would not sell upon trust; that we must go elsewhere for our bread. I pitied Polly.

I wonder how the people here know everything. Every one in the village is telling how the rector is going to put another curate in my place. It will be the death of me.

The butcher even must have got a hint of it. It certainly was not without design that he sent his wife to me, with complaints about the bad times, and the impossibility of selling any longer for anything but cash. She was indeed very polite, and could not find words to express her love and respect for us. She advised us to go to Colswood, and buy the little meat we want of him, as he is a richer man, and is able to wait for his money. I cared not to tell the good woman how that usurer treated us a year ago, when he charged us a penny a pound more than others for his meat; and, when his oaths and curses could not help him out, and he could not deny it, how he declared roundly that he must receive a little interest when he was kept out of his money a whole year, and then showed us the door.

I still have, in ready money, two pounds one shilling and three-pence. What shall I do, if no one will trust me, so that I may pay my bills quarterly? And, if Dr. Snarl appoints another curate, then must I and my poor children be turned upon the street.

Be it so ; God is in the street, also !

Dec. 19, *early*. *A. M.*—I awoke very early to-day, and pondered what I shall do in my difficult situation. I thought of Master Sitting, my rich cousin at Cambridge ; only poor people have no cousins ; only the rich. Were New-Year's day to bring me a bishop's mitre, according to Polly's dream, then I should have half England for my relations.

I have written and sent by post the following letter to the Rev. Dr. Snarl :

" I write with an anxious heart. It is said that your reverence intends to appoint another curate in my stead. I know not whether the report has any foundation, or whether it has arisen merely from my having mentioned to some persons the interview I had with you.

" The office with which you intrusted me I have discharged with zeal and fidelity ; I have preached the word of God in all purity; I have heard no complaints. Even my inward monitor condemns me not. I humbly requested for a little increase of my small salary. Your reverence spoke of reducing the small stipend, which scarcely suffices to procure me and my family the bare necessaries of life. Let your humane heart decide.

" I have laboured sixteen years under your reverence's pious predecessors, and a year and a half under yourself. I am now fifty years old. My hair begins to grow gray. Without acquaintances, without patrons, without the prospect of another living, without the means of earning my bread in any other way, mine and my children's fate depends upon your compassion. If you fail us, there remains no support for us but the beggar's staff.

" My daughters, gradually grown up, occasion, with the closest economy, increased expense. My eldest daughter, Jenny, supplies the place of a mother to her sister, and

conducts our domestic concerns; we keep no maid; my daughter is maid, cook, washerwoman, tailoress, and even shoemaker, while I am the carpenter, mason, chimney-sweeper, wood-cutter, gardener, farmer, and wood-carrier of the household.

"God's mercy hath attended us hitherto. We have had no sickness. We could not have paid for medicines. C—— is a little place.

"My daughters have in vain offered to do other work, such as washing, mending, and sewing. They very rarely get any. Here, in the country, every one does her own housework; none are rich.

"It will be a hard task to carry me and mine through the year upon twenty pounds; but it will be harder if I am to attempt it upon fifteen pounds. But I throw myself on your compassion and on God, and pray your reverence at least to relieve me of this anxiety."

After I had finished this letter I threw myself upon my knees, (while Polly carried it to the post-office) and prayed for a happy issue. I then became wonderfully clear and calm in my mind. Ah! a word to God is always a word from God—so cheerfully came I from my little chamber, which I entered with a heavy heart.

Jenny sat at work at the window. She sat there with the repose and grace of an angel. Light seemed to stream from her looks. A slender sunbeam came through the window, and transfigured the whole place. I was in a heavenly state. I seated myself at the desk, and wrote my sermon "On the joys of poverty."

I preach in the pulpit as much to myself as to my hearers; and I come from church edified, if no one else does. If others do not receive consolation from my words, I find it myself. It is with the clergyman as with the physician. He knows the power of his medicines, but

not always their effect upon the constitution of every patient.

The same day. A. M.—This morning I received a note from a stranger, who had tarried over night at the inn. He begs me, on account of urgent affairs, to come to him.

I have been to him. I found him a handsome young man of about six-and-twenty, with noble features and a graceful carriage. He had on an old well-worn surtout, and boots, which still bore the marks of yesterday's travel. His round hat, although originally of a finer material than mine, was still far more defaced and shabby. The young man appeared, notwithstanding the derangement of his dress, to be of good family. He had on at least a clean shirt of the finest linen, which perhaps had just been given him by some charitable hand.

He led me into a private room, begged pardon a thousand times for having troubled me, and proceeded to inform me, in a very humble manner, that he found himself in most painful circumstances; that he knew nobody in this place, where he had arrived last evening, and had therefore had recourse to me as a clergyman. He was, he added, by profession, an actor, but without employment, and intending to proceed to Manchester. He had expended nearly all his money, and had not enough to pay his fare at the inn—to say nothing of the expense of proceeding on his journey. Accordingly he turned in his despair on me. Twelve shillings would be a great assistance to him. He promised, if I would favor him with that advance, that he would honorably and thankfully repay it, so soon as he was again connected with any theatre. His name was John Fleetman.

There was no necessity of his painting his distress to me so at large. His features expressed more trouble than his

words. He probably read something of the same kind in my face; for, as he turned his eyes upon me he seemed struck with alarm, and exclaimed: "Will you leave me, then, without help?"

I stated to him that my own situation was full of embarrassment, that he had asked of me nothing less than the fourth part of all the money I had in the world, and that I was in great uncertainty as to the further continuance of my office.

He immediately became cold in his manner, and, as it were, drew back into himself, while he remarked: "You comfort the unfortunate with the story of your own misfortunes. I ask nothing of you. Is there no one in C—— who has pity, if he has no wealth?"

I cast an embarrassed look at Mr. Fleetman, and was ashamed to have represented my distressed situation to him as a reason for my refusal to assist him. I instantly thought over all my townsmen, and could not trust myself to name one. I did not perhaps know their hearts well enough.

I approached him, laid my hand upon his shoulder, and said: "Mr. Fleetman, you grieve me. Have a little patience. You see I am poor. I will help you if I can. I will give you an answer in an hour."

I went home. On my way I thought to myself, "How odd! the stranger always comes first to me, and an actor to a clergyman! There must be something in my nature that attracts the wretched and the needy, like a magnet. Whoever is in need comes to me who has the least to give. When I sit at table with strangers, one of the company is sure to have a dog who looks steadily at what I am eating, and comes and lays his cold nose directly on my knee."

When at home, I told the children who the stranger was, and what he wanted. I wished for Jenny's advice.

She said, tenderly, "I know, father, what thou thinkest, and therefore I have nothing to advise."

"And what do I think?"

"Why, that thou wilt do unto this poor actor as thou hopest God and Dr. Snarl will do unto thee."

I had thought no such thing, but I wished I had. I got the twelve shillings, and gave them to Jenny to carry to the traveller. I did not care to listen to his thanks. It humbles me. Ingratitude stirs my spirit up. And, besides, I had my sermon to prepare.

The same day. Eve.—The actor is certainly a worthy man. When Jenny returned from the inn she had much to tell about him, and also about the landlady. This woman had found out that her guest had an empty pocket, and Jenny could not deny that she had brought him some money. So Jenny had to listen to a long sermon upon the folly of giving, when one has nothing himself, and the danger of helping vagrants, when one has not the wherewithal to clothe his own children. "The shirt is nearer than the coat." "To feed one's own maketh fat."

I had just turned to my sermon again, when Mr. Fleetman entered. He could not, he said, leave C—— without thanking his benefactor, by whose means he had been delivered from the greatest embarrassment. Jenny was just setting the table. We had an omelet and some turnips. I invited the traveller to dine with us. He accepted the invitation. It was very timely, he intimated, for he had eaten a very scanty breakfast. Polly brought some beer. We had not for a long while fared so well.

Mr. Fleetman seemed to enjoy himself with us. He inferred that we were very happy, and of that we assured him. He supposed also that I was richer and better to do in the world than I desired to appear. There he was mistaken. Without doubt the order and cleanliness of our

parlor dazzled the good man; the clearness of the windows, the neatness of the curtains, of the dinner-table, the floor, and the brightness of our tables and chairs. One usually finds a great lack of cleanliness in the dwellings of the poor, because they do not know how to save. But order and neatness, as I always preached to my sainted wife and to my daughters, are great save-alls. Jenny is a perfect mistress therein. She almost surpasses her mother, and she is bringing up her sister Polly in the same way. Her sharp eyes not a fly-mark can escape.

Our guest soon became quite familiar and intimate with us. He spoke more, however, of our situation than of his own. The poor man must have some trouble on his heart, I hope not upon his conscience. I remarked that he often broke off suddenly in conversation, and became depressed; then again he would exert himself to be cheerful. God comfort him!

As he was quitting us after dinner, I gave him much friendly counsel. Actors, I know, are rather a light-minded folk. He promised me sacredly, as soon as he should have money, to send back my loan. He must be sincere in that, for he looked very honest, and several times asked how long I thought I should be able, with the remainder of my ready money, to meet the necessities of my household.

His last words were: "It is impossible it should go ill with you in the world. You have heaven in your breast, and two angels of God at your side." With these words he pointed to Jenny and Polly.

Dec. 20.—The day has passed very quietly, but I cannot say very agreeably, for the grocer Jones sent me his bill for the year. Considering what we had had of him, it was larger than we had expected, although we had nothing of which we did not ourselves keep an account. Only he

had raised the price of all his articles. Otherwise his account agreed honestly with ours.

The worst is the arrears of my last year's bill. He begged for the payment of the same, as he is in great need of money. The whole of what I owe him amounts to eighteen shillings.

I went to see Mr. Jones. He is a very polite and reasonable man. I hoped to satisfy him by paying him in part, and promising to pay the remainder by Easter. But he was not to he moved, and he regretted that he should be forced to proceed to extremities. If he could, he would gladly wait; but only within three days he would have to pay a note which had just been presented to him. With a merchant, credit is everything.

To all this there was nothing to be said in reply, after my repeated requests for delay had proved vain. Should I let him go to law against me as he threatened? I sent him the money, and paid off the whole debt. But now my whole property has melted down to eleven shillings. Heaven grant that the actor may soon return what I loaned him! otherwise I know not what help there is for us.

Now go to, thou man of little faith! If thou knowest not, God knoweth. Why is thy heart cast down? What evil hast thou done? Poverty is no crime.

Dec. 24.—One may be right happy, after all, even at the poorest. We have a thousand pleasures in Jenny's new cloak; she looks as beautiful in it as a bride; but she wishes to wear it the first time abroad at church on New-Year's day.

Every evening she reckons up and shows me with how little expense she has got through the day. We are all in bed by seven o'clock, to save oil and coals. That is no great hardship. The girls are so much the more industrious in the day, and they chat together in bed until mid-

night. We have a beautiful supply of turnips and vegetables. Jenny thinks we can get through six or eight weeks, without running in debt. That were a stroke of management without parallel. And until then, we all hope that Mr. Fleetman will keep his word, like an honest man, and pay us back the loan. If I appear to distrust him, it awakens all Jenny's zeal. She will allow no evil of the comedian.

He is our constant topic. The girls especially make a great deal out of him. His appearance interrupted the uniformity of our life. He will supply us with conversation for a full half year. Pleasant is Jenny's anger, when the mischievous Polly exclaims: "But he is an actor!" Then Jenny tells of the celebrated actors in London, who are invited to dine with the princes of the royal family; and she is ready to prove that Fleetman will become one of the first actors in the world, for he has fine talents, and a graceful address, and well-chosen phrases. "Yes, indeed!" said the sly Polly to-day, very wittily, "beautiful phrases! he called thee an angel." "And thee too," cried Jenny, somewhat vexed. "But I was only thrown into the bargain," rejoined Polly: "he looked only at thee."

This chat and childish raillery of my children awakened my anxiety. Polly is growing up; Jenny is eighteen. What prospect have I of seeing these poor children provided for? Jenny is a well-bred, modest, handsome maiden; but all C—— knows our poverty. We are therefore little regarded, and it will be difficult to find a husband for Jenny. An angel without money is not thought half so much of, now-a-days, as a devil with a bag full of guineas. Jenny's only wealth is her gentle face: that, everybody looks kindly on. Even the grocer, Jones, when she carried him his money, gave her a pound of al-

monds and raisins for a present, and told her how he was grieved to take my money, and that, if I bought of him, he would give me credit till Easter. He has never once said so much to me.

When I die, who will take care of my desolate children? Who?—the God of Heaven. They are at least qualified to go to service any where. I will not distress myself about the future.

Dec. 26.—Two hard days these have been. I have never had so laborious a Christmas. I preached my two sermons in two days, five times in four different churches. The road was very bad, and the wind and weather fearful. Age is beginning to make itself felt. I have not the freshness and activity I once had. Indeed, cabbage and turnips, scantily buttered, with only a glass of fresh water, do not afford much nourishment. I have dined both days with Farmer Hurst. The people in the country are more hospitable, by far, than here in the town, where nobody has thought of inviting me to dinner, these six months. Ah! could I have only had my daughters with me at table! What profusion was there! Could they have only had, for a Christmas feast, what the farmer's dogs received of the fragments of our meal! They did have some cake, and they are feasting on it now, while I write. It was lucky that I had courage, when the farmer and his wife pressed me to eat more, to say that, with their leave, I would carry a little slice of the cake home to my daughters. The good-hearted people packed me a little bag full, and, besides, as it rained pitifully, sent me home in their wagon.

Eating and drinking are indeed of little importance, if one has enough to satisfy his hunger and thirst. Yet it may not be denied, that a comfortable provision for the body is an agreeable thing. One's thoughts are clearer; one feels with more vivacity.

I am very tired. My conversation with Farmer Hurst was noteworthy. I will write it off to-morrow.

Dec. 27.—We have lived to know what perfect joy is. But one must be moderate in his joys. The girls must learn self-restraint, and practice themselves therein; therefore I lay aside the packet of money which Mr. Fleetman has sent. I will not break the seal until after dinner. My daughters are Eve's daughters. They are dying of curiosity to know what Mr. Fleetman writes. They are examining the address, and the packet is passing from one to the other three times in a minute.

Indeed, I am more disturbed than rejoiced. I lent Mr. Fleetman only twelve shillings, and he sends me back five pounds. God be praised! He must have been very successful.

How joy and sorrow interchange! I went early this morning to the alderman, Mr. Fieldson, for I was told that the wagoner, Brook, at Watton Basset, had, on account of his embarrassments, destroyed himself. Some eleven or twelve years ago, I went security for him to the amount of one hundred pounds. He was distantly related to my sainted wife. The bond has never been cancelled. The man has latterly had much trouble, and given himself up to drinking.

The alderman comforted me not a little. He said he had heard the report, but that it was very doubtful whether Brook had destroyed himself. There had been no authentic intelligence. So I returned home comforted, and prayed by the way that God would be gracious to me.

I had hardly reached the house, when Polly ran to meet me, exclaiming, almost breathless: "A letter! a letter from Mr. Fleetman, father, with five pounds! But the packet had cost seven pence." Jenny, with blushing looks, handed it to me, before I had laid down my hat and staff. The children were half out of their wits with joy; so I pushed aside their scissors, and said: "Do you not see, children,

that it is harder to bear a great joy with composure, than a great evil? I have often admired your cheerfulness, when we were in the greatest want, and knew not where we were to find food for the next day; but now the first smile of fortune puts you beside yourselves. To punish you, I shall not open the letter nor the packet of money until after dinner."

Jenny would have it that it was not the money, but Mr. Fleetman's honesty and gratitude that delighted her; and that she only wanted to know what he wrote, and how he was: but I adhered to my determination. This little curiosity must learn to practice patience.

The same day. Eve.—Our joy is turned into sorrow. The letter, with the money, came not from Mr. Fleetman, but from the Rev. Dr. Snarl. He gives me notice that our engagement will terminate at Easter, and he informs me that, until that time, I may look about for another situation, and that he has accordingly not only paid me up my salary in advance, that I may bear any travelling expenses I may be at, but also directed the new vicar, my successor, to attend to the care of the parish.

Thus the talk of the people here in town was not wholly without foundation; and it may also be true, what is said, that the new vicar had received his appointment thus readily, because he has married a near relative of his reverence, a lady of doubtful reputation. So I must lose my office and my bread, for the sake of such a person, and be turned into the street, with my poor children, because a man can be found to buy my place at the price of his own honor.

Jenny and Polly turned deadly pale, when they found that the letter came not from Mr. Fleetman, but from the rector, and that the money, instead of being the generous return of a grateful heart, was the last wretched gratuity

for my long and laborious services. Polly threw herself, sobbing, into a chair, and Jenny left the room. My hand trembled, as I held the letter containing my formal dismissal. But I went into my little chamber, locked myself in, and fell upon my knees and prayed, while Polly wept aloud.

I rose from my knees refreshed and comforted, and took my Bible; and the first words upon which my eyes fell were: "Fear not, for I have redeemed thee: I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine."

Then all fear vanished out of my heart. I looked up and said: "Yea, Lord, I am thine."

As Polly appeared to have ceased weeping, I went back into the parlor; but when I saw her upon her knees, praying, with her clasped hands resting on a chair, I drew back, and shut the door very softly, that the dear soul might not be disturbed.

After some time I heard Jenny come in. I then returned to my daughters. They were sitting at the window. I saw by Jenny's eyes that she had been giving relief to her anguish in solitude. They both looked timidly at me. I believe they feared lest they should see despair depicted on my countenance. But when they saw that I was quite composed, and that I had addressed them with cheerfulness, they were evidently relieved. I took the letter and the money, and humming a tune, threw them into my desk. They did not allude to what had happened the whole day. This silence in them was owing to a tender consideration for me; with me it was fear, lest I should expose my weakness before my children.

Dec. 28.—It is good to let the first storm go by, without looking one's troubles too closely in the face. We have all had a good night's sleep. We talk freely now of Dr. Snarl's letter, and of my loss of office, as of old affairs.

We propose all kinds of plans for the future. The bitterest thing is that we must be separated. We can think of nothing better, than that Jenny and Polly should go to service in respectable families, while I betake myself to my travels, to seek somewhere a place and bread for myself and children.

Polly has again recovered her usual cheerfulness. She brings out again her dream about the bishop's mitre, and gives us much amusement. She counts almost too superstitiously upon a New-Year's present. I have sometimes thought much of dreams, but I do not believe in them.

As soon as the new vicar, my successor, shall have arrived, and is able to assume the office, I shall hand over to him the parish books, and take my way in search of bread elsewhere In the meantime I will write to a couple of old friends at Salisbury and Warminster, to request them to find good places for my daughters, as cooks, seamstresses, or chambermaids. Jenny would be an excellent governess for little children.

I will not leave my daughters here. The place is poor, the people are unsocial, proud, and have the narrow ways of a small town. They talk now of nothing but the new vicar. Some are sorry that I must leave, but I know not who takes it to heart.

Dec. 29.—I have written to-day to my Lord Bishop of Salisbury, and laid before him, in lively terms, the sad, helpless situation of my children, and my long and faithful services in the vineyard of the Lord. He must be a humane, pious man. May God touch his heart! Among the three hundred and four parishes of the county of Wiltshire, there must certainly be found for me at least some little corner! I do not ask much.

Dec. 30.—The bishop's mitre that Polly dreamed of must soon make its appearance, otherwise I shall have

to go to jail. I see now very plainly that the jail is inevitable.

I am very weak, and in vain do I exert myself to practice my old heroism. Even strength fails me for fervent prayer. My distress is too much for me.

Yes, the jail is unavoidable. I will say it to myself plainly, that I may become accustomed to the prospect.

The All-merciful have mercy on my dear children! I may not—I cannot tell them.

Perhaps a speedy death will save me from the disgrace. I feel as if my very bones would crumble away; fever-shivering in every limb—I cannot write for trembling.

Some hours after.—Already I feel more composed. I would have thrown myself into the arms of God and prayed. But I was not well. I lay down on my bed. I believe I have slept; perhaps also I have fainted. Some three hours have passed. My daughters have covered my feet with pillows. I am weak in body, but my heart is again fresh: everything which has happened, which I have heard, flits before me like a dream.

So the wagoner Brook has indeed made way with himself. Alderman Fieldson has called and given me the intelligence. He had the coroner's account, together with the notice of my bond. Brook's debts are very heavy. I must account to Withell, a woollen-draper of Trowbridge, for the hundred pounds sterling.

Mr. Fieldson had good cause to commisserate me heartily. Good God! a hundred pounds sterling! How shall I ever obtain it! All that I and my children have in the world would not bring a hundred shillings. Brooks used to be esteemed an upright and wealthy man. I never thought he would come to such an end. The property of my wife was consumed in her long sickness, and I had to sacrifice the few acres at Bradford which she inherited.

Now I am a beggar. Ah! if I were only a free beggar! I must go to prison, if Mr. Withell is not merciful. It is impossible for me even to think of paying him.

Same day. Eve.—I am ashamed of my weakness. What! to faint! to despair! Fie! And yet believe in a Providence! And a priest of the Lord! Fie, Thomas!

I have recovered my composure, and done what I should. I have just carried to the post-office a letter to Mr. Withell, of Trowbridge, in which I have stated my utter inability to pay the bond, and confessed myself ready to go to jail. If he has any human feeling, he will have pity on me: if not, he may drag me away, whithersoever he will.

When I came from the office, I put the courage of my children to the proof. I wished to prepare them for the worst. Ah! the maidens were more of men than the man, more of Christians than the priest.

I told them of Brook's death, of my debt, and of the possible consequences. They listened earnestly and in great sorrow.

"To prison!" said Jenny, silently weeping, while she threw her arms around me. "Ah, thou good, poor father! thou hast done no wrong, and yet hast to bear so much! I will go to Trowbridge; I will throw myself at Withell's feet; I will not rise until he releases thee!"

"No!" cried Polly, sobbing; "do not think of such a thing. Tradesmen are tradesmen. They will not for all thy tears give up a farthing of father's debt. I will go to the woollen-draper, and bind myself to live upon bread and water, and be his slave, until I have paid him with my labor what father owes."

In forming such plans, they gradually grew more composed. But they saw also the vanity of their hopes. At last said Jenny: "Why all these useless plans? Let us

wait for Mr. Withell's answer. If he will be cruel, let him be so. God is also in the jail. Father, go to jail. Perhaps thou wilt be better there than with us in our poverty. Go, for thou goest without guilt. There is no disgrace in it for thee. We will both go to service, and our wages will procure thee every thing needful. I will ot be ashamed even to beg. To go a-begging for a father has something honorable and holy in it. We will come and visit thee from time to time. Thou shalt be well taken care of. We will fear no more."

"Jenny, thou art right," said Polly; "whoever fears, does not believe in God. I am not afraid. I will be cheerful—as cheerful as I can be, separated from father and thee."

Such conversations cheered my heart. Fleetman was right when he said that I had two angels of the Lord at my side.

Dec. 31.—The year is ended. Thanks be to Heaven, it has been, with the exception of some storms, a right beautiful and happy year! It is true, we often had scarcely enough to eat; still, we had enough. My poor salary has often occasioned me bitter cares; still, our cares have had their pleasures. And now I scarcely possess the means of supporting myself and my children half a year longer. But how many have not even as much, and know not where to get another day's subsistence! My place have I lost. In my old age I am without office or bread. It is possible that I shall spend the next year in a jail, separated from my good daughters. Still, Jenny is right; God is there also in the jail!

To a pure conscience there is no hell even in hell, and to a bad heart no heaven in heaven. I am very happy.

Whoever knows how to endure privation is rich. A good conscience is better than that which the world names

honor. As soon as we are able to look with indifference upon what people call honor and shame, then do we become truly worthy of honor. He who can despise the world, enjoys heaven. I understand the gospel better every day, since I have learned to read it by the light of experience. The scholars at Oxford and Cambridge study the letter, not the spirit. Nature is the best interpreter of the Scriptures.

With these reflections I concluded the year.

I am very glad that I have now for some time persevered in keeping this journal. Every body should keep one. One may learn more from himself than from the wisest books. When, by daily setting down our thoughts and feelings, we in a manner portray ourselves; we can see at the end of the year how many different faces we have. Man is not always like himself. He who says he knows himself, can answer for the truth of what he says only at the moment. Few know what they were yesterday; still fewer what they shall be to-morrow.

A day-book is useful also, because it helps us to grow in faith in God and Providence. The whole history of the world does not teach us so much about these things as the thoughts, judgments, and feelings of a single individual for a twelvemonth.

I have also had this year new confirmation of the truth of the old saying: "Misfortunes seldom come singly, but the darkest hour is just before morning." When things go hard with me, then I am most at my ease, always excepting the first shock, for then I please myself with the prospect of the relief which is sure to succeed, and I smile because nothing can disturb me. On the other hand, when every thing goes according to my wishes, I am timid and anxious, and cannot give myself up freely to joy. I distrust the continuance of my peace. Those are the hardest

misfortunes, which we allow to take us by surprise. It is likewise true, that trouble looks more terrible in the distance than when it is upon us. Clouds are never so black when near as they seem in the distance.

I have learned from all my calamities to consider, with the quickness of lightning, what will be their worst effect upon me. So I prepare myself for the worst, and it seldom comes.

This also I find good: I sometimes play with my hopes, but I never let my hopes play with me. So I keep them in check. I have only to remember how rarely fortune has been favorable to me; then all air-castles vanish, as if they were ashamed to appear before me. Alas! for him who is the sport of his hopes! He pursues will-o'-the-wisps into the bogs and mire.

New-Year's day, 1765, *A. M.*—A wonderful and sad affair opens the year. Here follows its history:

Early, about six o'clock, as I lay in bed, thinking over my sermon, I heard a knocking at the front door. Polly was up, and in the kitchen. She ran to open the door and see who was there. Such early visits are not usual with us. A stranger presented himself with a large box, which he handed to Polly, with these words: "Mr. ——" (Polly lost the name) "sends this box to the reverend vicar, and requests him to be very careful of the contents."

Polly took the box with joyful surprise. The man disappeared. Polly tapped lightly at my chamber-door to see whether I was awake. I answered, and she came in; and wishing me "a happy new year," as well as "good morning," added, laughing: "You will see now, dear father, whether Polly's dreams are not prophetic. The promised bishop's mitre is come!" And then she told me how a New-Year's present had been given her for me. It vexed me that she had not asked more particularly for the name of my unknown patron or benefactor.

While she went out to light a lamp and call Jenny, I dressed myself. I cannot deny that I was burning with curiosity, for hitherto the New-Year's presents for the Vicar of C——e had been as insignificant as they were rare. I suspected that my patron, the farmer, whose good-will I appeared to have won, had meant to surprise me with a box of cake, and I admired his modesty in sending me the present before it was light.

When I entered the parlor, Polly and Jenny were standing at the table on which lay the box directed to me, carefully sealed, and of an unusual size. I had never seen exactly such a box before. I lifted it, and found it pretty heavy. In the top were two smoothly cut round holes.

With Jenny's help, I opened the box very cautiously, as I had been directed to handle the contents carefully. A fine white cloth was removed, and lo!——But no, our astonishment was indescribable. We all exclaimed, with one voice, "Good God!"

There lay a little child asleep, some six or eight weeks old, dressed in the finest linen, with rose-colored ribbons. Its little head rested upon a soft blue silk cushion, and it was well wrapped up in a blanket. The covering, as well as the little cap, was trimmed with the costliest Brabant lace.

We stood some moments gazing at it with silent wonder. At last Polly broke out into a comical laugh, and cried: "What shall we do with it? This is no bishop's mitre!" Jenny timidly touched the cheek of the sleeping babe with the point of her finger, and in a tone full of pity, said: "Poor, dear little creature! thou hast no mother, or might as well have no mother! Great God! to cast off such a lovely, helpless being! Only see, father; only see, Polly, how peacefully and trustfully it sleeps, unconscious of its

fate, as if it knew that it is lying in God's hand. Sleep on, thou poor, forsaken one! Thy parents are perhaps too high in rank to care for thee, and too happy to permi- thee to disturb their happiness. Sleep on, we will not cast thee out. They have brought thee to the right place. I will be thy mother."

As Jenny was speaking, two large tears fell from her eyes. I caught the pious, gentle-hearted creature to my breast, and said: "Be a mother to this little one! The step-children of fortune come to her step-children. God tries our faith—no, he does not try it, he knows it. There- fore is this forsaken little creature brought to us. We do not indeed know how we shall subsist from one day to another, but He knows, who has appointed us to be parents to this orphan."

Thus the matter was soon settled. The child continued to sleep sweetly on. In the mean while, we exhausted our- selves in conjectures about its parents, who were undoubt- edly known to us, as the box was directed to me. Polly, alas! could tell us nothing more of the person who brought it than she had already told. Now, while the little thing sleeps, and I run over my New-Year's sermon upon "the Power of the Eternal Providence," my daughters are hold- ing a council about the nursing of the poor stranger. Polly exhibits all the delight of a child. Jenny appears to be much moved. With me, it is as if I entered upon the New Year in the midst of miracles, and—it may be superstition, or it may not—as if this little child were sent to be our guardian angel in our need. I cannot express the feelings of peace, the still happiness which I have.

Same day. Eve.—I came home greatly exhausted and weary with the sacred labors of the day. I had a long and rugged walk. But I was inspirited by a happy return home, by the cheerfulness of my daughters, by our pleasant

little parlor. The table was ready laid for me, and on it stood a flask of wine, a New-Year's present from an unknown benevolent hand.

The looks of the lovely little child in Jenny's arms refreshed me above all things. Polly showed me the beautiful little bed of our nursling, the dozen fine napkins, the dear little caps and night clothes, which were in the box, and then a sealed packet of money directed to me, which they had found at the feet of the child when it awoke, and they took it out.

Anxious to learn something of the parentage of our little unknown inmate, I opened the packet. It contained a roll of twenty guineas and a letter, as follows:

"Relying with entire confidence upon the piety and humanity of your reverence, the unhappy parents of this dear child commend it to your care. Do not forsake it. We will testify our gratitude when we are at liberty to make ourselves known to you. Although at a distance, we shall keep a careful watch, and know everything that you do. The dear boy is named Alfred. He has been baptized. His board for the first quarter accompanies this. The same sum will be punctually remitted to you every three months. Take the child. We commend him to the tenderness of your daughter Jenny."

When I had read the letter, Polly leaped with joy, and cried: "There's the bishop's mitre!" Bountiful Heaven! how rich had we suddenly become. We read the letter a dozen times. We did not trust our eyes to look at the gold upon the table. What a New-Year's present! From my heaviest cares for the future was I thus suddenly relieved. But in what a strange and mysterious way! In vain did I think over all the people I knew, in order to discover whom it might be who had been forced by birth or rank to conceal the existence of their child, or who

were able to make such a liberal compensation for a simple service of Christian charity. I tasked my recollection, but I could think of no one. And yet it was evident that these parents were well acquainted with me and mine.

Wonderful are the ways of Providence!

Jan. 2.—Fortune is heaping her favors upon me. This morning I again received a packet of money, twelve pounds, by post, with a letter from Mr. Fleetman. It is too much. For a shilling he returns me a pound. Things must have gone well with him. He says as much. I cannot, alas! thank him, for he has forgotten to mention his address. God forbid I should be puffed up with my present riches. I hope now, in time, to pay off honestly my bond to Mr. Withell.

When I told my daughters that I had received a letter from Mr. Fleetman, there was a new occasion for joy. I do not exactly understand what the girls have to do with Mr. Fleetman. Jenny grew very red, and Polly jumped up laughingly, and held up both her hands before Jenny's face, and Jenny behaved as if she was vexed with the playful girl.

I read out Fleetman's letter. But I could scarcely do it, for the young man is an enthusiast. He writes many flattering things which I do not deserve. He exaggerates everything, even indeed when he speaks of the good Jenny. I pitied the poor girl while I read. I did not dare to look at her. The passage, however, which relates to her is worthy of note. It runs thus:

"When, excellent sir, I went from your door, I felt as if I were quitting a father's roof for the bleak world. I shall never forget you; never forget how happy I was with you. I see you now before me, in your rich poverty, in your Christian humility, in your patriarchal simplicity. And the lovely, fascinating Polly; and the—Ah! for your

Jenny I have no words! In what words shall one describe the heavenly loveliness by which everything earthly is transfigured? For ever shall I remember the moment when she gave me the twelve shillings, and the gentle tone of consolation with which she spoke to me. Wonder not that I have the twelve shillings still. I would not part with them for a thousand guineas. I shall soon perhaps explain everything to you personally. Never in my life have I been so happy or so miserable as I am now. Commend me to your sweet daughters, if they still bear me in remembrance."

I conclude, from these lines, that he intends to come this way again. The prospect gives me pleasure. In his unbounded gratitude, the young man has sent me his all, because I once lent him half of my ready money. That grieves me. He seems to be a thoughtless youth, and yet he has an honest heart.

We have great delight in the little Alfred. The little thing laughed to-day upon seeing Polly, as Jenny was holding him, like a young mother, in her arms. The girls are more handy with the little citizen of the world than I had anticipated. But he is a beautiful child. We have bought him a handsome cradle, and provided abundantly for all his little wants. The cradle stands at Jenny's bedside. She watches day and night, like a guardian spirit, over her tender charge.

Jan. 3.—To-day Mr. Curate Thompson arrived with his young wife, and sent for me. I went to him immediately at the inn. He is an agreeable man, and very polite. He informed me that he was appointed my successor in office; that he wished, if I had no objections, to enter immediately upon his duties, and that I might occupy the parsonage until Easter: he would in the mean while take up his abode in lodgings prepared for him at Alderman Fieldson's.

I repeated that, if he pleased, I would resign my office to him immediately, as I should be thus more at liberty to look out for another situation. I desired only permission to preach a farewell sermon in the churches in which I had for so many years declared the word of the Lord.

He then said that he would come in the afternoon to examine the state of the parsonage.

He has been here with his wife and Alderman Fieldson. His lady was somewhat haughty, and appears to be of high birth, for there was nothing in the house that pleased her, and she hardly deigned to look at my daughters. When she saw the little Alfred in the cradle, she turned to Jenny, and asked whether she were already married. The good Jenny blushed up to her hair, and shook her little head by way of negative, and stammered out something. I had to come to the poor girl's assistance. My lady listened to my story with great curiosity, and drew up her mouth, and shrugged her shoulders. It was very disagreeable, but I said nothing. I invited them to take a cup of tea. But they declined. Mr. Curate appeared to be very obedient to the slightest hint of the lady.

We were very glad when the visit was over.

Jan. 6.—Mr. Withell is an excellent man, to judge from his letter. He sympathizes with me, in regard to my unfortunate bond, and comforts me with the assurance that I must not disquiet myself if I am not able to pay it for ten years, or ever. He appears to be well acquainted with my circumstances, for he alludes to them very cautiously. He considers me an honorable man. That gratifies me most. He shall not find his confidence misplaced. I will go to Trowbridge as soon as I can, and pay Mr. Withell Fleetman's twelve pounds sterling, as an instalment of my monstrous debt.

Although Jenny insists that she sleeps so soundly, that little Alfred is very quiet o' nights, and only wakes once, when she gives him drink out of his little bottle, yet I feel anxious about the maiden. She is not so lively by far as formerly, although she seems to be much happier than when we were every day troubled about our daily bread. Sometimes she sits with her needle, lost in reverie, dreaming with open eyes; or her hands, once so active, lie sunk upon her lap. When she is spoken to, she starts, and has to bethink herself what was said. All this evidently comes from the interruption of her proper rest. But she will not hear a word of it. We cannot even persuade her to take a little nap in the daytime. She declares that she feels perfectly well.

I had no idea that she had so much vanity. Fleetman's praises have not displeased her. She has asked me for his letter, to read once more. And she has not yet returned it to me, but keeps it in her work-basket!

I don't care, for my part; the vain thing!

Jan. 8.—My farewell sermon was accompanied with the tears of most of my hearers. I see now, at last, that my parishioners love me. They have expressed their obligations on all hands, and loaded me with gifts. I never before had such abundance of provisions in the house, so many dainties of all kinds, and so much wine. A hundredth part of my present plenty would have made me account myself over fortunate in past days. We are really swimming in plenty; but a goodly portion has already been disposed of. I know some poor families in C———, and Jenny knows even more than I. The dear people share in our pleasure.

I was moved to the inmost by my sermon; with tears I had written it. It was a sketch of my whole past course, from my call and settlement. I am now driven from the

vineyard as an unprofitable servant, and yet I have not labored as a hireling. Many noble vines have I planted, many deadly weeds cut away. I am driven from the vineyard where I have watched, and taught, and warned, and comforted, and prayed. I have shrunk from no sick-bed. I have strengthened the dying for the last conflict, with holy hope. I have gone after sinners. I have not left the poor desolate. I have called back the lost to the way of life. Ah! all these souls that were knit to my soul, are torn from me—why should not my heart bleed? But God's will be done!

Gladly would I now offer to take charge of the parish without salary, but my successor has the office. I have been used to poverty from my birth, and care has never forsaken me since I stepped out of my boy's shoes. I have enough for myself and my daughters in little Alfred's board. We shall be able indeed to lay up something. I would never again complain of wind and weather beating against my gray hairs, could I only continue to break the bread of life to my flock.

Be it so! I will not murmur. The tear which drops upon this page, is no tear of discontent. I ask not for riches and good days, nor have I ever asked. But, Lord! Lord! drive not thy servant forever from thy service, although his powers are small. Let me again enter thy vineyard, and with thy blessing win souls.

Jan. 13.—My journey to Trowbridge has turned out beyond all expectation. I arrived late, with weary feet, at the pleasant little old city, and could not rouse myself from sleep until late the next morning. After I had put on my clean clothes, (I had not been so finely dressed since my wedding-day—the good Jenny shows a daughter's care for her father,) I left the inn and went to Mr. Withell's. He lives in a splendid great house.

He received me somewhat coldly at first; but when I mentioned my name, he led me into his little office. Here I thanked him for his great goodness and consideration; told him how I had happened to give the bond, and what hard fortunes had hitherto been mine. I then laid my twelve pounds upon the table.

Mr. Withell looked at me for a while, in silence, with a smile, and with some emotion. He then extended his hand, and shook mine, and said, "I know all about you. I have informed myself particularly about your circumstances. You are an honest man. Take your twelve pounds back. I cannot find it in my heart to rob you of your New-Year's present. Rather let me add a pound to it, to remember me by."

He arose, brought a paper from another room, opened it and said, "You know this bond, and your signature? I give it to you and your children." He tore the paper in two, and placed it in my hand.

I could find no words, I was so deeply moved. My eyes filled. He saw that I would thank him, but could not, and he said, "Hush, hush! not a syllable, I pray you! This is the only thanks I desire of you. I would gladly have forgiven poor Brook the debt, had he only dealt frankly with me."

I don't know a more noble-hearted man than Mr. Withell. He was too kind. He would have me relate to him much of my past history. He introduced me to his wife, and to the young gentleman, his son. He had my little bundle, containing my old clothes, brought from the inn, and kept me at his house. The entertainment was princely. The chamber in which I slept, the carpet, the bed, were so splendid and costly, that I hardly dared to make use of them.

The next day Mr. Withell sent me home in his own

elegant carriage. I parted with my benefactor with a heart deeply moved. My children wept with me for joy, when I showed them the bond. "See," said I, "this light piece of paper was the heaviest burthen of my life, and now it is generously cancelled. Pray for the life and prosperity of our deliverer!"

Jan. 16.—Yesterday was the most remarkable day of my life. We were sitting together in the forenoon; I was rocking the cradle, Polly was reading aloud, and Jenny was seated at the window with her needle, when she suddenly jumped up, and then fell back again, deadly pale, into her chair. We were all alarmed, and cried, "What is the matter?" She forced a smile, and said, "He is coming!"

The door opened, and in came Mr. Fleetman in a beautiful travelling cloak. We greeted him right heartily, and were truly glad to see him so unexpectedly, and, as it appeared, in so much better circumstances than before. He embraced me, kissed Polly, and bowed to Jenny, who had not yet recovered from her agitation. Her pale looks did not escape him. He inquired anxiously about her health. Polly replied to his questions, and he then kissed Jenny's hand, as though he would beg her pardon for having occasioned her such an alarm. But there was nothing to be said about it, for the poor girl grew red again like a newly-blown rose.

I called for cake and wine, to treat my guest and benefactor better than on a former occasion; but he declined, as he could not tarry long, and he had company at the inn. Yet at Jenny's request, he sat down and took some wine with us.

As he had spoken of the company which had come with him, I supposed that it must be a company of comedians, and inquired whether they intended to stop and play in

C——, observing that the place was too poor. He laughed out, and replied, "Yes, we shall play a comedy, but altogether gratis." Polly was beside herself with joy, for she had long wanted to see a play. She told Jenny, who had gone for the cake and wine. Polly inquired whether many actors had come with him. "A gentleman and lady," said he, "but excellent players."

Jenny appeared unusually serious. She cast a sad look at Fleetman, and asked, "And you—will you also appear?" This was said in that tone peculiarly soft, yet very penetrating, which I have seldom observed in her, and only upon rare occasions, and at the most serious moments.

Poor Fleetman himself trembled at her tone, so like the voice of the angel of doom. He looked up to her with an earnest gaze, and appeared to struggle with himself for an answer, and then advancing towards her a step, he said, "Miss, by my God and yours, you alone can decide that!"

Jenny dropped her eyes. He continued to speak. She answered. I could not comprehend what they were about. They spoke—Polly and I listened with the greatest attention, but we neither of us understood a word, or rather we heard words without any sense. And yet Fleetman and Jenny appeared not only to understand one another perfectly, but, what struck me as very strange, Fleetman was deeply moved by Jenny's answers, although they expressed the veriest trifles. At last Fleetman clasped his hands passionately to his breast, raised his eyes, streaming with tears, to heaven, and with an impressive appearance of emotion, exclaimed, "Then am I indeed unhappy!"

Polly could hold out no longer. With a comical vivacity, she looked from one to the other, and at last cried

out, "I do believe that you two are beginning to play already!"

He pressed Polly's hand warmly, and said, "Ah! that it were so!"

I put an end to the confusion by pouring out the wine. We drank to the welfare of our friend. Fleetman turned to Jenny, and stammered out, "Miss, in earnest, my welfare?" She laid her hand upon her heart, cast down her eyes, and drank.

Fleetman immediately became more composed. He went to the cradle, looked at the child, and when Polly and I had told him its history, he said to Polly with a smile, "Then you have not discovered that I sent you this New Year's present?"

We all exclaimed in utter amazement, "Who! you?" He then proceeded to relate what follows: "My name," said he, "is not Fleetman. I am Sir Cecil Fairford. My sister and myself have been kept out of our rightful property by my father's brother, who took advantage of certain ambiguous conditions in my father's will, and involved us in a long and embarrassing lawsuit. We have hitherto lived with difficulty upon the little property left us by our mother, who died early. My sister has suffered most from the tyranny of her uncle, who was her guardian, and who had destined her for the son of an intimate and powerful friend of his. But my sister, on the other hand, was secretly contracted to the young Lord Sandom, whose father, then living, was opposed to their marriage. Without the knowledge either of my uncle or the old lord, they were secretly married. The little Alfred is their son. My sister, under the pretence of benefiting her health and availing herself of sea-bathing, left the house of her guardian, and put herself under my protection. When the child was born, our great concern was to find a

place for it where it would have the tenderest care. I accidentally heard a touching account of the poverty and humanity of the parish minister of C——, and I came hither to satisfy myself. The manner in which I was treated by you decided me.

I have forgotten to mention that my sister never returned to her guardian; for about six months ago I won the suit against him, and entered into possession of my patrimony. My uncle instituted a new suit against me for withdrawing my sister from his charge, but the old Lord Sandom died suddenly a few days ago of apoplexy, and my brother-in-law has made his marriage public. So that the suit falls to the ground, and all causes for keeping the child's birth secret is removed. Its parents have now come with me to take the child away, and I have come to take away you and your family, if the proposal I make you shall be accepted.

"During the lawsuit in which I have been engaged, the living, which is in the gift of my family, has remained unoccupied. I have at my disposal this situation, which yields over £200 per annum. You, sir, have lost your place. I shall not be happy unless you come and reside near me, and accept this living."

God only knows how I was affected at these words. My eyes were blinded with tears of joy. I stretched out my hands to the man who came a messenger from heaven. I fell upon his breast. Polly threw her arms around him, with a cry of delight. Jenny thankfully kissed the baronet's hand. But he snatched it from her with visible agitation, and left us.

My happy children were still holding me in their embraces, and we were still mingling our tears and congratulations, when the baronet returned, bringing his brother-in-law, Lord Sandom, with his wife. The latter was an

uncommonly beautiful young lady. Without saluting us, she ran to the cradle of her child. She knelt down over the little Alfred, kissed his cheeks, and wept freely, with mingled pain and delight. Her lord raised her up, and had much trouble in composing her.

When she had recovered her composure, and apologized to us all for her behavior, she thanked first me, and then Polly, in the most touching terms. Polly disowned all obligation, and pointed to Jenny, who had withdrawn to the window, and said, "My sister, there, has been its mother!"

Lady Sandom approached Jenny, gazed at her long in silence, and with evidently delighted surprise, and then glanced at her brother with a smile, and folded Jenny in her arms. The dear Jenny, in her modesty, scarcely dared to look up. "I am your debtor," said my lady; "but the service you have rendered to a mother's heart, it is impossible for me to repay. Become a sister to me, lovely Jenny; sisters can have no obligations between them." As they embraced each other, the baronet approached. "There stands my poor brother," said my lady; "as you are now my sister, he may stand nearer to your heart, dear Jenny, may he not?"

Jenny blushed and said, "He is my father's benefactor."

"Will you not be," replied the lady, "the benefactress of my poor brother? Look kindly on him. If you only knew how he loves you!"

The baronet took Jenny's hand, and kissed it, and said, as Jenny struggled to withdraw it: "Miss, will you be unkind to me? I am unhappy without this hand." Jenny, much disturbed, let her hand remain in his. The baronet then led my daughter to me, and begged me for my blessing.

"Jenny," said I, "it depends upon thee. Do we dream? Canst thou love him? Do thou decide."

She then turned to the baronet, who stood before her, deeply agitated, and cast upon him a full, penetrating look, and then took his hand in both of hers, pressed it to her breast, looked up to heaven, and softly whispered, "God has decided."

I blessed my son and my daughter. They embraced. There was a solemn silence. All eyes were wet.

Suddenly Polly sprang up, laughing through her tears, and flung herself upon my neck, while she cried, "There! we have it! The New Year's present! Bishop's mitres upon bishop's mitres!"

Little Alfred awoke.

It is in vain—I cannot describe this day. My happy heart is full, and I am continually interrupted.

WHO IS THY NEIGHBOR?

BY H. S. DE GROVE.

Who is thy neighbor? He who comes
With hollow heart to seek thy gains?
With smooth-faced smile, and blandest tone,
In bargaining the best obtains?
Views mankind as the stepping-stone
By which self higher point attains?
Whose heart ne'er rejoiced in the joy of another,
Nor wept the dark woe or the wrong of his brother?

Who is thy neighbor? He who comes
To list the sufferer's heart-felt pains—
And hears, in feeble voice of one,
The cry of mankind's hoarser strains;
Asks not if ill that grief atone,
Be direful guilt or folly's stains;
With heart of love, extends his hand to labor
For good and right of man—he is thy neighbor!

THE DYING CONFESSION.

A LEAF FROM A LAWYER'S NOTE-BOOK.

December 29, 18—. How painful it is to sit beside a sick-bed—to hear the groans of the invalid, and gaze upon his distorted features, without the power to assuage his sufferings! And yet, painful as is this duty to a friend who lies upon a bed of pain beneath his own roof, it is far more so, to stand beside the couch of one who moans in agony within the cell of a prison. The clink of bolts—the clank of chains—the harsh voices of turnkeys—the demoniac cries of fresh victims, and the curses of those already incarcerated, are not calculated to soothe the tortured mind, or whisper consolation to the burdened spirit.

I have just left the bedside of one who must, ere many hours have passed, stand in the presence of his Maker, to answer for a life steeped in the blackest crimes. He is confined upon a charge of having committed a most daring robbery, and wished to retain me to conduct his defence; but the case was one of so desperate a character, and his guilt so palpably manifest, that I declined my services. To-day he sent for me, stating that he had a communication to make to me alone, adding, that he was very ill, and that he wished to make a full disclosure of certain matters before death closed his career. I called to see him, and found him in a most critical situation; death had already marked his victim. I sat beside his bed, and his distress of mind was indeed great. Reckless and aban-

doned as he was, I could not but pity him, for he appeared truly penitent.

"Counsellor," said he, "I desire to open my breast to you, and disclose a tale of horror, which will freeze your blood. I am dying—I feel it; and as I trust for mercy, I cannot die without doing justice to the character of the innocent, and avowing my guilt of an offence for which another has suffered.

"You remember the case of Jackson, who was tried, convicted, and executed a few months since, for the murder of Kannif, a German emigrant? Jackson kept a public house in the vicinity of Philadelphia, and was universally esteemed as a man of integrity and benevolence. Being on my way from Carlisle to this city, I put up at his house for the night, and was received by him with the greatest kindness, for I had been his guest before. A severe snow-storm detained me for several days, and while there, a German by the name of Kannif took up his quarters at the same place. He was a man of singularly attractive exterior, and seemed from his manner to be a model of modesty and kindness. He represented himself as the agent of a body of Germans, who were about settling in that State, and he had come for the purpose of purchasing a tract of land, for the payment of which he had with him a large sum of gold. This was told to Jackson in the presence of a number of his boarders, and he promised the stranger his assistance in the enterprise which had brought him thither. The night after this, those in the neighborhood of Kannif's room were alarmed by cries proceeding therefrom; and upon repairing to the spot, he was found weltering in his blood, and Jackson, the landlord, beside the bed with the knife reeking with blood in his hands. Search was made for the money of the German; this was found to be gone. Jackson was arrested

and imprisoned for the murder. Although protesting his entire innocence of the crime imputed to him, public opinion had already convicted him of the murder of his guest, and his protestations and declarations were useless. He was tried, and, upon the evidence of the facts as I have stated them, convicted and sentenced to death. Upon the gallows he reiterated his declaration of innocence, and insisted that if he had murdered the German for his money, the evidence of his guilt would have ere this been found. But he was doomed; the cord was cut, and the soul of an innocent being was sent to its Maker's presence. *A murder was committed under color of law.* I am the guilty perpetrator of the murder for which poor Jackson was executed. Even now I see him writhing in his death struggles. I see his limbs contract, and his chest heave, as life departs; and now—there—there—they relax—and all is over! Oh, pardon! pardon! gracious God, my stubborn guilt—if there be pardon for such a wretch as I, pardon my horrible crime;" and the wretched man shut his eyes with his hands, as if to exclude the horrible scene. "Yes, sir, I am that guilty wretch. I should have been the victim, and yet—great God!—I permitted the innocent to suffer for my sin. I have seen his widow crushed to the earth in sorrow and shame—I have seen the fatherless children bewailing the loss of their protector, and shrinking debased and branded from the gaze of an unfeeling world—but, thank God, I can remove this stain from their name, and place them pure and unblemished again in their wonted position. Hearing Kannif declare that he had a large sum in gold about him, my cupidity became aroused, and I determined to possess myself of the glittering prize. That night I crept softly to his chamber, and by means of the instrument known as the 'nippers,' obtained access to his room. I seized the valise containing the treasure,

which lay upon his bed, and as I removed it, he grasped my arm and cried for assistance. Alarmed at his cry, I seized him by the throat, and as he continued his struggles, struck him to the heart, and with my booty rushed from the room; when, hearing footsteps advancing, I retreated into the adjoining room, which was empty. Almost immediately, Jackson, who had been alarmed at Kannif's cries, entered his room, and was followed by the boarders. I heard their exclamations, and profiting by the confusion which followed their discovery, succeeded in making my escape.

"My blood-stained treasure was soon expended in riotous excesses, and this bloody deed was rapidly followed by others of a less sanguinary, but equally as desperate a character; until at length the strong arm of the law arrested my dreadful career, and placed me within these walls. The iron hand of disease has overtaken me, and ere another day passes, the pale monitor will summon me to that world, where crime and pain are alike unknown. I have made confession of my crimes to Him who can pardon, and trusting in his mercy, I throw myself upon his kind arm. I am guilty, and utterly undeserving of grace, but He can save even a guilty wretch like me, and I trust Him. I have now only to ask, that you will have this statement properly authenticated, and sent to poor Jackson's family, that they may not remain under the stain so wrongfully attached to their name."

I complied with his request, and procuring the attendance of a magistrate, the dying man verified this confession by his oath; and I have just completed the melancholy duty of forwarding it to the relations of him who suffered the penalty of a horrible crime, of which he was truly innocent.

I cannot shake off the melancholy feelings which the

recital of this man's crime awakened. Dreadful is death in its mildest garb. Death by disease—death by accident—death at the cannon's mouth—death by the hand of the law, as the penalty of crime—death, in all its phases, is terrible; but how agonizing must an ignominious death, as the punishment for a diabolical crime, be to one who possesses the consciousness of innocence—who, amid the sneers and taunts of the rabble, amid the condemnation and upbraiding of the multitude, quails not with the fear that his guilt will be laid bare, but courts the severest scrutiny, and stumbles on wrapped in the serenity of innocency, until he finds himself convicted by his peers of the perpetration of so dreadful a crime, and standing upon the verge of eternity—the hangman his *physician*, and the officers of the law his mourners! Terrible is this reflection. Oh! ye ministers of justice, weigh well the consequences of your judgments. The word is easily spoken, which may carry ruin and death to a prisoner; but that little word, ere it can be recalled, has sent its victim to *eternity*. Appearances are ever deceitful, and often lead to error, and many a hapless wretch has been injured by a combination of circumstances, untoward in their character, which have wound themselves about their victim, and placed him within the clutch of the law ere he knew the cause of his arrest. Remember, oh, ye dispensers of the law,

"Who made the heart? 'tis *He* alone
Decidedly can try us;
He knows each chord—its various tone,
Each spring its various bias.
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it;
What's *done* we partly may compute,
But know not what's *resisted*."

A. A. P.
E.P.P.

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